ETHAN ALLEN'S

DRAMA OF THE

REVOLUTION

IN BLANK VERSE

Hazen S. Pingree.

(A Typical American.)

BY W. T. STEAD.

(Special Cable to the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

LONDON, June 19.—Ex-Governor Pingree, of Michigan, the one time famous Mayor of Detroit, lies dead at the Grand Hotel in London.

It is difficult to exaggerate the shock which this laconic message of death occasioned me. It was seven years since I had met Hazen S. Pingree at his hospitable home in Detroit, but his form ever towered before me as one of the most typical, perhaps in some respects the most typical, of American men; and now to learn that he has died, far from his own

To WM. O. McDOWELL,

Who has given more of his energy for extending the results of the American Revolution and for the political betterment of all mankind—than any other living man—this book is sent with the regards of the author.

ETHAN ALLEN.

HAZEN S. PINGREE.

people in the heart of the English capital, attended only by his son, seems to me almost incredible. Few men ever loomed so large in the Western horizon, so stalwart, virile, full of indomitable vigor.

Pingree returned to London from the Continent after a brief and eventful visit to South Africa, carrying with him a sentence of death.

He was conscious yesterday of everything but his approaching departure. He knew he was weak and ill, but longed to return home to his own people. From time to time he gave orders as to packing his trunks in order that he might start at once without delay. The fact that he was about to start on a still longer voyage over a trackless sea was mercifully withheld from him.

He had been attended constantly, all day, by his son, Hazen Pingree, who did everything he could in the way of personal tenderness or procuring the best advice in London, but nothing doctors do could arrest the disease. They say his weakness date a long time back, as long indeed as the time when he lay captive in a Confederate prison in the great civil war, but its acute form only manifested itself during his stay in Dresden.

He was making a tour of the Continent with a view to the development of America's export business in boots and shoes. On his arrival in London he was ailing rather badly, but it seemed so little to occasion alarm that his secretary and travelling companion, Colonel Sutton, deemed it safe to return home, leaving him with his son. The dysentery, instead of getting better, grew worse. Sir Thomas Barlow was called, but was unable to check the fatal flux, which, continuing day after day, was sufficient to sap the strongest constitution. It is accompanied by ulceration, which the physicians found impossible to deal with until the dysentery was checked. When to these intestinal complaints was added acute peritonitis the strength of the patient was unable to rally.

The career of one of the most notable of modern Americans is closed, a man who for strength of character, firmness of purpose, indomitable energy and immense public spirit presents an example to two worlds. It was but the other day that he laid down the office of Governor of Michigan.

There is somewhat of the strange irony of fate in the fact that the two men who more than any others incarnate the two great tendencies of the American commonwealth at the present time should both find themselves at the same moment in the capital of the British empire: Pierpont Morgan, at the very zenith of his fame and power, received by the King, feted by the city, regarded with fear and admiration by all, while unnoticed, almost unknown, in a hotel near Charing Cross, Pingree has gone down into the waters of the river of death.

Morgan represents the apotheosis of the trust; Pingree regarded the trust as the deadly enemy of the American republic.

Pingree had an extremely interesting experience in his brief visit to South Africa. He went out armed with recommendations from Chamberlain which enabled him to pass everywhere freely through the English lines. When he left London he was fed up by the jingoes with all the calumnies upon the Boers which have been resorted to to palliate the attempted extermination of the republics. But the ex-Governor of Michigan was not the man to allow himself to be confined within the leading strings of British officialism. The moment he got to South Africa the scales began to fall from his eyes.

Recommendations from the Colonial Office enabled him to penetrate regions hermetically sealed to the ordinary civilian. Accompanied only by his secretary he penetrated into the heart of the seat of war and soon had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Boers at first hand. Extraordinary though it may be, he was able to lunch in the British camp in the morning and dine with the

Boer commando in the evening. He found to his astonishment that the Boers were by no means so black as they had been painted. He found them courteous, civilized farmers, closely resembling those among whom his boyhood had been passed. They, as he put it, were by no means devoid of human intelligence; they dressed and washed like civilized beings, welcomed with generous hospitality the travelling American who found them far from in extremis.

The commandos he visited were well clothed and well armed, every man possessing at least two horses, with a good reserve of ammunition. They are safeguarding it, no doubt, but they still have stores of Mauser cartridges to fall back upon, but for the present they are doing all their fighting with Lee-Metfords and cartridges which they supply themselves with from the British stores.

It was impossible that such a man as Pingree, who always fought the battle of the poor and oppressed, could fail to be deeply touched by the spectacle of these heroic burghers maintaining their struggle against overwhelming odds for liberty and independence of their country. He found no difficulty whatever in traversing the hostile lines; he drove in a Cape cart, with his secretary and son riding bicycles as an escort. It was somewhat perilous for them, for the Boers have the disagreeable although natural habit of shooting all bicycle riders on sight, for with them cyclist and British dispatch-rider are synonymous terms.

They came back unscathed, having laid foundations for future business in American boots and shoes at the seat of war. It is much to be regretted that in the interests of truth and justice so keen an observer shouldn't have been spared to return to his own country to describe the Boers as he found them in a struggle which must have recalled at every turn the stirring episodes in the War of Independence.

I shall send you some other time an appreciation of H. S. Pingree as I had known him for the last seven years, but suffice it to-day to pay a tribute by the deathbed of one of the bravest, most unselfish and indomitable of modern men. His name and the work he did in the last twelve years I hope will be inspiration to many an American citizen. Alas! that such a stalwart Hercules should have been summoned hence with the Augean stables still uncleansed!

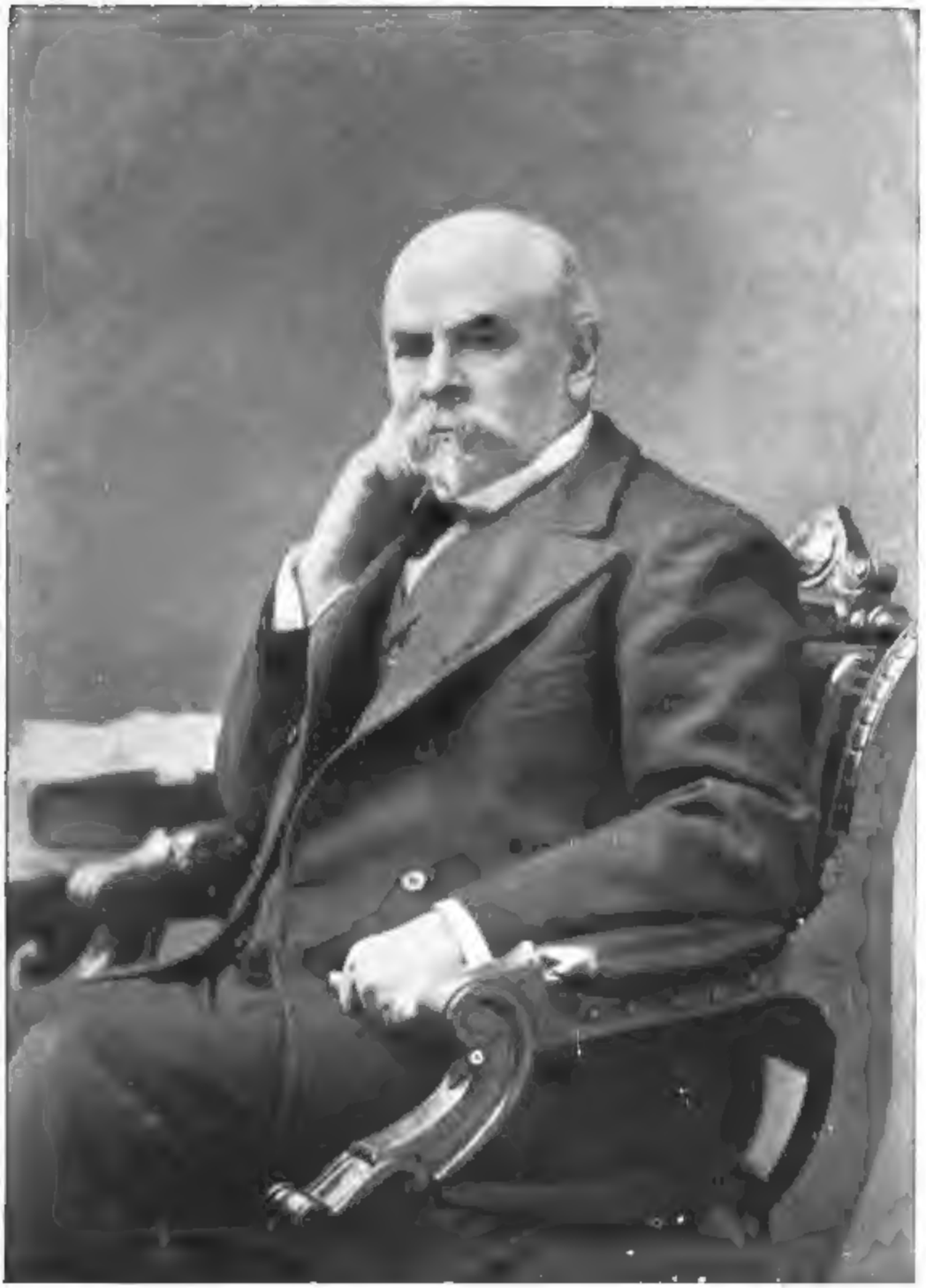
* * *

Presented to the University of Michigan
in memory of and in appreciation of
Hon. Hazen S. Pingree — a noble
American, with a most generous heart
for his fellows.

I look upon it as one of the prerogatives of my life to have counted him a friend.

William O'Dwyer
Room 403 — Empire Building
71 Broadway New York

June 19th
1901



Ethan Allen

WASHINGTON;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION.

A DRAMA.

(IN BLANK VERSE.)

FOUNDED UPON THE HISTORIC EVENTS OF THE WAR FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY

ETHAN ALLEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HENRY KRATZNER.

IN TWO PARTS. EACH PART, FIVE ACTS.

PART FIRST: From the Boston Massacre to Surrender of Burgoyne.
PART SECOND: From Red Bank and Valley Forge to Washington's Inauguration as President of the United States.

PART FIRST.

F. TENNYSON NEELY,
PUBLISHER,
LONDON. CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

a/

From Wm O. McDowell. (see fly leaf)
via Pres. Angell

TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF REVOLUTIONARY SIRES,

AND TO THE FRIENDS OF

HUMAN LIBERTY THE WORLD OVER,

WHO SUSTAIN THE

DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED BY

WASHINGTON AND HIS COMPATRIOTS,

THIS WORK IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

It was no part of the author's intention to prepare this drama for actual presentation upon the stage, although such a drama may be evolved from it. This drama, as here presented, is much too long, and in some parts too prolix and slow of action, for a place in the theater. This is because accuracy demanded the recital of many details necessary to a pretended full record of events within the time covered, and yet unnecessary for presentation behind the footlights. Therefore, the "acting play" was unavoidably sacrificed to the "historic drama," truthfully told. The chief aim of the author has been to secure to the reader a personal intimacy with the actors in the great struggle which made the United States of America, by having them live again in his presence. Every character has been drawn as closely as possible to that which he filled in life. History is descriptive, and hence cannot present a personality as vividly as the drama, which enables the dead to speak and walk as if within the hearing and the sight of the living. We plod through many volumes of historical narration and leave off with a knowledge of events, and of the actors in them, insignificant with that we gain from personal contact with the drama. The memory of those heroes who gave free government to the earth in the trials of the American Revolution is becoming weaker with advancing years; and if it can

be reawakened by a closer relationship with them through the drama, and thus be re-enkindled a greater appreciation of what they suffered one hundred years ago in the cause of liberty, much will be accomplished. And if, in addition to this, a firmer resolve is made by those who read this story to secure themselves against threatening dangers and to extend over the world the blessings our fathers gave by a devoted allegiance to law and order, as honestly expressed in the will of the majority, the only sovereign of an intelligent and a free people, then this has not been written in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

The foregoing introduction was used in the publication of this work when it was first given to the public in "prose." In response to a general demand this "drama" has now been changed to "blank-verse," and the same introduction, serving as well now as then, is reproduced without change.

THE AUTHOR.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMERICANS:

GEO. WASHINGTON.
GEN. PUTNAM.
GEN. ARNOLD.
GEN. GATES.
GEN. KNOX, at first Captain.
GEN. GREENE, at first Colonel.
GEN. SCHUYLER.
GEN. SULLIVAN.
GEN. MERCER.
GEN. STARK.
GEN. LINCOLN.
GEN. LEE.
FARMER DICK, afterward Col. STANDISH.
FARMER GEORGE, afterward Col. ALDEN.
NATHAN HALE.
BENJ. FRANKLIN.
SAM. ADAMS.
JOHN ADAMS.
EDWARD RUTLEDGE.
JOHN DICKINSON.
JOHN WITHERSPOON.

FRENCHMEN:

LOUIS XVI., King of France.
VERGENNES, his Minister.
LAFAYETTE, General in American Army.

ENGLISH:

GEORGE III., King of England.
LORD NORTH, his Prime Minister.
HILLSBOROUGH, ex-Secretary of State.
BARRINGTON, Secretary of War.
GERMAIN, Secretary of State.
GEN. GAGE.
GEN. HOWE.
ADMIRAL HOWE.
GEN. CORNWALLIS.
GEN. CARLETON.
GEN. BURGOYNE.
GEN. CLINTON.
GEN. FRASER.
COL. FAUCITT, English Embassador.
CAPT. CUNNINGHAM, English Provost Marshal.

GERMANS:

FREDERICK II., Landgrave of Hesse Cassel.
VON SCHLIEFFEN, his Minister.
COL. RALL.
GEN. RIEDESEL.
COL. BAUM.
COL. BREYMANN.

Females: Madam Riedesel, Lady Ackland, Mother Yost, a witch.

Unnamed Persons: Speakers, Aids, Orderlies, etc., etc.

First, Second, and Third Aid to Gen. Gage. First, Second, Third, and Fourth Speaker at the tea ships. First and Second Citizen at Richmond. American Captain, Militiaman, English Captain, Lieutenant and Sergeant at Lexington. First, Second,

and Third Aid, Orderly, Soldier, and Prisoner at Bunker Hill. First and Second Keeper; First, Second, and Third Soldier or Guard; First, Second, Third, and Fourth Prisoner to Provost Marshal Cunningham, and Corporal to Cunningham with Nathan Hale. British Captain who captured Gen. Lee. First and Second Countryman to Col. Rall. Hessian officer on Long Island and at Trenton. First and Second Aid to Cornwallis at Tenton. Aid to Washington at Princeton. Messenger to Arnold near Fort Stanwix. Aid to Stark at Bennington. Aids to Washington at Brandywine. Soldier on Bemis Heights. First Aid to Gates at Saratoga. Aid to Burgoyne at Saratoga. Aid reporting to Lincoln at Saratoga. "A Voice," Servant, Singers, Soldiers, and Citizens.

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WASHINGTON; OR, THE REVOLUTION.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Boston. Headquarters of the British Military Commander in America.*
Time: evening, 5th of March, 1770.[1]

Enter GEN. GAGE *and three* AIDS.

GEN. GAGE [*Musing*]—
Who was that audacious minion of the
South, who gave the head to this great disorder,
With his pernicious resolutions of
Resistance to England's law.[2] As memory
Now recalls, he offered and passed them, too,
In Virginia's House of Burgesses—Let
Me see— Yes, it is now five years ago.
Time beats a more rapid wing when affairs
Are so exacting. And in support thereof,
With unblushing impudence, said: "Cæsar
Had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell.
And George the Third may profit by their
Example."[3]

---

[1] On the evening of the 5th of March a collision took place [Boston] between the military and the people.—*Frost.*

[2] In Virginia House of Burgesses, at Williamsburgh, the Stamp Act being received in May, 1765, Patrick Henry in a series of resolutions offered by him, included these: "Sixth. The inhabitants of these Colonies are not bound to yield obedience to any law to impose any taxation upon them other than the laws of the General Assembly of this Colony. Seventh. That any person who shall, by speaking or writing, maintain otherwise, shall be deemed an enemy, etc."—*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

[3] Patrick Henry, on May 30, 1765, in support of his resolutions [thereafter adopted], reaching a climax, said: "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I. had his Cromwell, and George III. (cries of 'Treason, Treason') may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.—*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

Meantime, on the wings of the wind, were borne north and south, the fiery words of entire series [resolutions], to kindle a great flame of dauntless purpose, while Patrick himself was only half-conscious of his fatal work.—*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

They were a virtual declaration of resistance to the Stamp Act by the Legislature of a great Colony. And, moreover, they were the very first declaration of resistance which was so made.—*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

They [the resolutions] proved eventually the occasion of those great disorders which afterward broke out in the Colonies.—*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

Gen. Gage wrote to Secretary Conway, that the "Virginia resolves" had given the signal for a general outcry over the continent.—*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

FIRST AID—General, that was Patrick Henry.
GAGE—An arrant knave, whatever his name may
Be, thus to stun the ears of men with the
Name of his Gracious Majesty, in such
Suggestion. Has he hanged?
FIRST AID—Not that I have heard.
GAGE—Why not? Does treason to our King go
Unpunished?
FIRST AID—I cannot answer. This man is under
The shield of the civil law; and never
Has been within your authority.
GAGE—And lucky for him he has not. His
Resolves, charged with highest treason, and his
Supporting phrase linked therewith, have gathered
Force year by year, seducing loyalty
From contented hearts; and now upon the
Sky political, they are as a sign
In the Heavens
When angry Mars flames on the front of war.[4]
Here in Boston, around and near us, are
Those who look with his eyes, glancing defiance
In the face of royalty. British lead
Must cure these ills of state.
FIRST AID—The prescription, then, can come none too soon.
GAGE—Ah! Do you instruct your general?
FIRST AID—Pardon me; but the unruly crowd grow
Daily more so. I have seen our officers
Drink deep of humiliation, and yet,
As soldiers, no offense resenting. It
Is hard to bear taunts and stones and know that
Your musket's loaded.[5]
GAGE—I have issued the proper orders.
The hinds shall feel the rod of correction.
For seven years I have commanded the
King's forces in America: and since

[4] In the autumn of 1774, an able writer, looking back over the political history of the Colonies from the year of the Stamp Act, singled out the "Virginia resolves" as the baneful cause of all the troubles that had come upon the land. —*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

[5] The men of Boston applauded the spirit of the "Yankees." [The people of New York expressed open abhorrence of the soldiers, etc.] And the more they [the soldiers] paraded with their muskets, the more they were despised as men who desired to terrify and had no power to harm.—*Bancroft.*

October sixty-eight—now it is March
And seventy—have had headquarters here
In all that time I have borne my share of
Studied disrespect. Are not these people
Bone of our bone? If so, why not then, to
Law amenable as were their fathers?

SECOND AID—They contend that the law, no voice of theirs
Approving, is oppressive; and hence to
Be rejected as a weight laid on by
Foreign hands. The Stamp Act fires them to these
Deeds of violence.

GAGE—There it is again. Why, man, you talk the
Jargon of the mob, and should be feed their
Orator, The Stamp Act! The Stamp Act! On
Right and left—no other cry. Well, at this
Target, then! This law was made by King and
Parliament—a self-sufficient reason
For obedience. The record is the
Evidence of supreme forbearance. In
Sixty-five was this act proclaimed, and in
Sixty-six repealed—do you mark that word?
Repealed—by King and Parliament, in
Deference to the minions, who flout us
Here to-day. In sixty-seven—since balked
Authority will reassert itself,
Pride and duty stimulating—another
Act, retaining the principles of the
First, but with scope enlarged to cover
Taxation as port duties, was again
Proclaimed. This the law till now; and
Report is just at hand that, under the
Wise direction of Lord North—long may he
Live Prime Minister of England—this last
Statute is modified, or soon will be,
And the duties of sixty-seven therefrom
Erased, excepting that on tea. This is
Retained as expressive of the right to
Tax these colonies.[6] Can generosity
Further go? For five years a rebellious

[6] In 1770 Lord North was appointed Prime Minister. His first measure was a repeal of the port duties, with the exception of the duty on tea; this left the right to tax in full force.—*Frost.*

People have thus swayed back and forth the
Supreme powers of the realm. The law is
Now fixed, and we are here as the King's right.
Arm to enforce submission. [*A great uproar is heard from the street.*] What means this commotion?
[THIRD AID *rushes to the window and looks down into the street.* GAGE *agitated.*]
What is it, speak?

THIRD AID—The mob sullenly retreat before the
Military. The falling flakes obscure
Much, but as I see, the people pelt the
Soldiers with showers of snowballs as they
Advance.[7]

GAGE—Who commands the soldiers?

THIRD AID—Captain Preston leads and gives the orders.

GAGE—A valiant officer. Less than two months
Ago our comrades drew blood on Golden
Hill, in New York City, from these self-styled
Sons of Liberty,[8] who there assemble
In Hampden Hall—a name odious to
Loyalty—and plan their hostile schemes.
Retaliating, as they choose to say,
They conspire and combine with the other
Colonies to refuse English goods; and
Swear that tea shall not be landed nor be
Consumed upon this soil, because of duties.
To erect liberty poles to reckless
Sentiment is their chief contentment,
Which our lads cut down. One, Isaac Seers, I
Remember, is the chief malefactor
There; as are Hancock and Sam Adams here.

THIRD AID—Great God! There will be bloodshed. The soldiers
Prepare to fire.

---

[7] A detachment of soldiers [Boston massacre], under the command of Captain Preston, in King Street, after being assaulted with snowballs and other missiles, fired upon the populace, killing three men and wounding others.—*Frost.*

[8] In the course of the day, January 18, 1770, Seers [Isaac Seers, a Son of Liberty] and others entered into a skirmish with the soldiers, who had [on January 13] cut down the liberty pole. In a general fight the soldiers retreated to Golden Hill. In this trouble several were wounded and one killed. This was the first fight of the Revolution.—*Stone's History of New York City.*

GAGE—So be it then! [*All rush to the window. The rattling of musketry is heard, and the smothered cry of citizens. Returning from the window.*]
The hour has struck and death grapples with
Disloyalty. What street is this?
FIRST AID—It is King Street.
GAGE—And this is March, the month of Mars, the very
God of war; the place bears its name as if
In royal honor. Happy omen—Mars
And the king! War confronts us now—and it
Shall be a war of subjugation. [*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *Boston Harbor. Time: December 16th, 1773, evening. Ships at the dock. Upon the wharf enter a crowd of unarmed citizens, male and female.* FARMER RICHARD STANDISH *among them; called* FARMER DICK.

FIRST SPEAKER—There lies the evidence of our abasement.[1]
[*Pointing to the ships.*] Right here in Boston Harbor.
And this more shame to us.
SECOND SPEAKER—Won't wood burn? There are three of them.
[*Cries and shouts:* "Burn? Yes! Yes!
Try it, try it!"]
THIRD SPEAKER—The night is cold. A real
December nip. Nine days more and
Christmas. Always cold at Christmas.
FOURTH SPEAKER—A fire will do us good.
[*Cries:* "A fire! a fire!"]
FIRST SPEAKER—No! No! Citizens, hear me!

---

[1] The East India Tea Company had shipped cargoes to Boston. When the first ship appeared, December, 1773, in Boston Harbor, a mass meeting was held at Faneuil Hall. It was adjourned to the Old South Meeting House. Sam Adams, Hancock, and Warren, and others conducted the business. On motion of Sam Adams it was resolved the tea should go back. "The only way to get rid of it," said another, "is to throw it overboard." A watch was proposed to see that it did not land. A party of twenty-five was appointed to guard the tea ships during the night. At first the consignees refused to send it back. The master of one vessel, the Dartmouth, finally agreed the tea should go back. It was thought this ended the matter, as the other consignees did the same. But a clearance for the ships was refused at the Custom House. On December 16, 1773, two thousand citizens assembled in the Old South Meeting House. It was voted the tea should not be landed. Josiah Quincy tried to restrain them from violence and urged moderation.—*Bancroft.*

We must do no violence.

FOURTH SPEAKER—Why not? Tell me that?
Violence enough is done to us!
Who says we must do no violence?
Better keep such advice at home.

FIRST SPEAKER—Our leaders. This is private property. There are the ships as well as the cargoes. It is the cargoes with which we quarrel and not the ships.

FOURTH SPEAKER—We lead ourselves when we see a pirate. That is a pirate ship. No better than a pirate, and loaded with our poison; if we take it, it will surely take us, in chains. We'll sink her. What say you all?

[*Cries:* "Sink her, burn her, a tinder box, a box! Bring us a box!"]

FIRST SPEAKER—You will not sink her while I am here, unless you sink me, too. In the "Old South," this very night, yes, and for many nights in Faneuil Hall, you have heard Sam Adams, Hancock, Warren, and the rest, advise that these ships and cargoes be sent back to London, and you then applauded. Stand by your approval! That's what I say.

THIRD SPEAKER—That's what they do in New York, Philadelphia and Charleston. Send them back. What is good enough for them, is good enough for us.[2] We will stand together and obey our leaders.

[*Cries:* "Too late, too late. To the bottom with them."]

FARMER DICK—A word before you act. You shall not touch a single ratline upon this ship. I place myself between you and it, and he who reaches her deck must first meet me.

FOURTH SPEAKER—Who are you to defy us thus? We are the people, the Sons of Liberty. Down with him!

[*A rush is made and* DICK *assumes an attitude of defiance.*]

---

[2] Tea ships were sent to New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, as well as to Boston, and they were sent back.—*Frost.*

FARMER DICK—You ask who I am? You have the right to know? My name is Richard Standish, sometimes called Dick Standish or Farmer Dick. My home is in old Middlesex, within sight of Boston. Since the time when my revered ancestors helped to lay the foundations of New England's rectitude, we have been taught that law covers property as well as life. You wrong yourselves to do as you propose.

FOURTH SPEAKER—He says well. The law, the law. The law will guard us. Let us look to the law.

[*Cries:* "So we will, so we will!"]

SECOND SPEAKER—But if they attempt to unload this tea? Then let them take care.

FARMER DICK—If that is done, or even threatened, then we will meet again.

FIRST SPEAKER—The threat is made. The owners insist upon landing it, and refuse to send it back. Have you not heard? But no matter. Not a creature will drink it. Let it alone. It would choke our people.

FARMER DICK—Wisely said, good friend! But I did not know of the threat to land it. I would oppose such an effort. If the destruction of these cargoes must come, let it be by organized hostility that carries with it the assurance of a principle; not by an irresponsible mob, whose acts count for nothing.

[*Many voices:* "Three cheers for Farmer Dick! Three cheers!" *They are given.*]

FIRST SPEAKER—And now, all to Faneuil Hall, to hear our great orators upon these wild times.

[*Cries of:* "Yes, yes! To Faneuil Hall, to Faneuil Hall!" *All retire.*]

[*Pantomime follows:*[3] *A party of fifty men rush upon the stage disguised as Mohawk Indians. They perform a short dance upon*

[3] On the evening of 16th of December, 1773, the meeting in the Old South Meeting House was adjourned by Sam Adams, he saying it could do no more. Then a warw-hoop sounded. Fifty or more disguised as Indians passed the door, and encouraged by Adams and Hancock and others they marched to the wharf of the tea ships. While the people looked on the tea chests were broken open, and the contents emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property.—*Bancroft.*

the wharf. They then open the hatches of the ships, take out the cargoes, and pour them into the water. Then another short dance upon the wharf. All retire.]

SCENE III. *London, Buckingham Palace, Time: February, 1775.*[1] *Royal Audience Chamber.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, *Prime Minister;* EARL OF HILLSBOROUGH, *Ex-Minister of State, and* ADMIRAL LORD HOWE.

THE KING—Since we have held the scepter
No weightier care has come to us. These
Colonies are the jewels of our crown,
And have given promise in the ripeness
Of time, with a sturdy light, to emblazon
Our throne. As age saps the limbs of giants,
Who lean at last upon lusty youth, so
In the round of nature, this venerable
But undaunted isle, might expect the
Comfort of this younger stock. In earlier
Days, our faithful subjects have given of
Their substance that this Western land should take
Its station, as a worthy compeer among
Settled states. The blood of England, has paid
The price for these rebellious children, of
Protection against the stealthy savage
And a foreign king. Shall all this go as
Waste, and we supinely fold our arms, because
Ungrateful treason bids us do so?
Such has never been the quality of
English rule, nor should it be so now.
Why is it, Howe, that you still persist in
Urging a milder policy than we

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[1] Franklin left London for home the 20th of March, 1775.—*Bancroft.*
This scene is laid just previous to his departure. There is no historic record that Franklin saw the King before he left, but it is a warrantable dramatic liberty to assert he did. He had been ten years in England as agent of the Colonies. A terrible issue was upon all concerned. It was presumably his duty to confer with the King. The actual political sentiments of all the parties to this scene have been presented as accurately with history as possible.
In 1770 Franklin was made the agent of Massachusetts to lay complaints before the King.—*Bancroft.*

Are disposed to follow?
ADMIRAL HOWE—Pardon me, your Majesty;
Among your subjects let my deeds, and those
Of ancestors without a stain, be sponsor
For my sincerity that lags behind
None other. I abate nothing of your
Claim upon those who now give frowns where
Gratitude should show. I ask an audience
For this modest man, who seeks to explain
The reason of estrangement.
KING—Lord Dartmouth is our Secretary of State;
Succeeding Hillsborough, whom here we
Gladly greet.
Why shall this man trouble us and not the
Minister, whose duty it is to listen;
And doubtless his pleasure, too.
HOWE—He is about to leave these shores; and
Perhaps forever. In loyalty he
Would say farewell; and to this add, if
So permitted, his final plea for peace,
Over which fierce Moloch now shakes his dreaded
Spear.
KING—Have we not,
Through our Ministers, been surfeited these
Many weary years, with all that he would
Say?
HOWE—Your Majesty! A King who would not be
Misled where controversy holds should hear
Either argument. Ministers are but
Mortal, and swaying too far to the side
Of self-conviction is only natural.
But, when done, the Sovereign is still the
Loser. This man, who seeks to speak face to
Face with his King—from whose hands justice
Receives no wound—is thus impelled, that no
Argument shall fail of fair presentment
In a matter so swelling in importance.[2]

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[2] "I [Thomas Jefferson] at Philadelphia, called upon the beloved Franklin. He gave me a paper which I afterward gave to his son. It contained a narrative of the negotiations between Franklin and the British ministry to prevent a contest of arms. This negotiation was brought about by Lord Howe [Admiral Howe of the Revolution], who was friendly to America and intimate with Dr. Franklin." —*Randolph.*

KING—Again, what is his name?
There are in London many agents of
These Colonies.
HOWE—Benjamin Franklin.
KING—Franklin. A name not unknown. Is he that
Man who, some twenty years ago, drew down
The lightning?
HOWE—The same, your Majesty;
And, by proof now admitted, established
The unity of lightning and electricity.
KING—A wise man, and a benefactor.
NORTH—He should try his hand upon his stiff-necked
Countrymen; and draw from them the lightning
Of disobedience.
HILLSBOROUGH—And thus save them,
Perhaps, from other experiments, with
The sword as chief weapon.
NORTH—But you would try the rod before the sword?
HILLSBOROUGH—Ay! And if one did not serve, the other
Should. A most pernicious fellow![3]
NORTH—So much so that you are now Ex-Minister.
Hillsborough, you have good cause thus to say,
"A most pernicious fellow."[4]
KING—We will hear this man. [*The* KING *bows to* HOWE, *who retires.*]
A sovereign can do no wrong by bending
His ear to hear the truth, no matter whence
It comes. My Lords [*to* NORTH *and* HILLSBOROUGH, *who move away*], you will each remain, since,
Through years of official duties, you know
This man.
[*Re-enter* ADMIRAL HOWE *with* FRANKLIN.]
KING—Your petition for audience favorably

[3] "His lordship [Hillsborough] I knew had expressed himself toward me [Franklin] in angry terms, calling me a factious, mischievous fellow and the like." —*Bigelow.*

[4] "Lord Hillsborough, notified by the Committee of Council's approbation of our grant (urged by Franklin) in opposition to his report, had resigned. [That is, as Secretary of State for the Colonies.] I was told, as a secret, that Lord Hillsborough was much chagrined at being out of place, and could never forgive me," etc. [He held Franklin responsible.]—*Bigelow.*
Franklin suggested Lord Dartmouth in August, 1772, as Hillsborough's successor.—*Morse's Franklin.*

Considered, we are pleased to hear that which
You would urge.

FRANKLIN—And may my speech, your Majesty,
Be worthy of my text—the pacification
Of the American Colonies.

NORTH—For years
You, with others joined, have been sermonizing
Upon that text, and mended nothing of
Affairs. Are you still here as authorized
Representative?

FRANKLIN—I am here specially as the agent
Of Pennsylvania,[5] Massachusetts and
Others of the Colonies. I may assume
To speak for all, since one interest unites
Them as a single family.
My countrymen plead for equality
With others under the Constitution.
To accept less, in their eyes, is
Ignominious. If they are stubborn
In their demands, be it remembered, they
Are of English origin,
And this quality their heritage.

KING—Will you be specific?

FRANKLIN—They are taxed without representation;
They may be transported from among their
Peers, to be tried by strangers in a foreign
Land; they are made to contribute to a
Military force for their own subjugation;
The army is billeted in their homes,
As in a conquered province; their officials
For domestic and civil order are
Named in a distant land, and sent to rule
Over them at their charge; laws have been passed
To close their ports, and also to subvert
Their chartered Governments.[6] Shall I go on?

HILLSBOROUGH—And for this they would openly rebel;
Ignoring parental right to such return
As comes from grateful offspring.

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[5] On the 26th of October, 1764, Pennsylvania made Franklin its agent in England. In 1770 Massachusetts did the same.—*Bancroft.*

[6] See Declaration of Independence.

Considered, we are pleased to hear that [illegible]
You would urge.
FRANKLIN—And may my speech, your [illegible]
Be worthy of my text—the [illegible]
Of the American Colonies.
NORTH—For years
You, with others joined, [illegible]
Upon that text, and treated [illegible]
Affairs. Are you [illegible]
Representatives?
FRANKLIN—I am [illegible]
Of Pennsylvania. [illegible]
Others [illegible]
To speak for [illegible]
Them as a [illegible]
My countrymen [illegible]
With others [illegible]
To accept [illegible]
Ignominious [illegible]
In their [illegible]
Are of [illegible]
And [illegible]
KING—[illegible]
FRANKLIN—[illegible]
They may [illegible]
Peers [illegible]
Land [illegible]
Military [illegible]
The army [illegible]
As in a [illegible]
For [illegible]
Name [illegible]
Over them [illegible]
To close [illegible] shall [illegible]
Their [illegible] for [illegible]
HILLSBOROUGH—[illegible]
[illegible]
Ignorance [illegible] right to such [illegible]
As [illegible]

[illegible] you feel the weight of
[illegible] a will never
[illegible] subordinate;
[illegible]

May weigh with nicety an act of overwrought
Feeling, and say here is too much, or there
Too little done to win a generous pardon?
Zealous of their liberties, Americans,
With the courage of their fathers, have stood
On guard, and perhaps sometimes have wounded
Prudence. My King! Look favorably upon
Those who ask only that they may live as
Men, not slaves.

KING—And,
If we do not see the light as you do,
What then?

FRANKLIN—Your Majesty!
Would that I could make you feel the weight of
My forebodings! America will never
Consent to be ruled as a subordinate,
Never! Never! Never![10]

NORTH—Then Imperial policy must yield to
Popular clamor. This means abdication.

FRANKLIN—Say that Imperial policy must yield
To popular rights, and both gain strength from
Mutual contentment.

NORTH—While in the Commons I never voted
For a popular measure, but ever
Chose the opposite.[11] When simple duty
Shall direct the affairs of men, the people
Will obey such government as their
Superiors may grant.
Why should men reach above their station, and
Wish to leave the spade to spoil the scepter?
Men are born to their proper place, and we
Who come into the world to rule,
Find opposition irksome which emanates
From the people only.

FRANKLIN—(*In amazement.*) I am speechless, my lord,
To such a statement.

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[10] Examination of Franklin before the Commons in February, 1766:
Q. "Do you not think the people of America would submit to pay the stamp duty?"
A. "No, never, never, unless compelled by force of arms."—*Bigelow.*

[11] Lord North was opposed to reform and to every popular measure. He boasted, "that since he had sat in the House of Commons he had voted against all popular and in favor of all unpopular measures."—*Bancroft.*

Franklin. Your Majesty!
Would that I could make you feel the weight of
My forebodings! America will never
Consent to be ruled as a subordinate;
Never! Never! Never!

NORTH—If, as you say, our Colonies will not
Give consent to such laws as the King and
Parliament may approve, this realm must still
Progress as best it may without it. My
Voice is for unconditional submission.
And, if rebellion come, then confiscation
Will serve to replenish our nobles for
Heavy losses borne through years of
Continental wars. So conflict will bring
Its consolation in rewards to those
Who have won them by their fidelity
To the Crown.[12]

FRANKLIN—I can say no more than
To thank your Majesty for this hearing.[13]

KING—May it lead to a better understanding
Between us and our subjects.

[*The* KING, NORTH *and* HILLSBOROUGH *retire.*]

HOWE—[FRANKLIN *exhibits emotion*].[14] Comfort, my
friend. My heart
Went with you, but the King was obdurate.

FRANKLIN—It is now ten years
Since last I came upon English soil, and
In all that time have sought to ward the
Impending blow. I must now go home. Home!
Why, where is that? Not here? Not here? Oh!
My Lord, may you never know how heavy
Is the heart of him who can no longer
Call the land of his father, Home? Such fate
Comes to me. England! England! Gladly as
I would cling to your glories as partly
Mine, I renounce you now. My home, henceforth,
Is with those who recognize man by the
Stamp of God upon him, and for the worth
Which this sign shows. Be it the destiny
Of the land to which I hasten to give

---

[12] "I [Franklin] remember that Lord North's answer [in the negotiations of Lord Howe, see Note 1] were dry and unyielding for unconditional submission, and betrayed an indifference to a rupture. He said: 'A rebellion was not to be deprecated on the part of Great Britain; that the confiscations it would produce would provide for many of their friends.' "—*Randolph.*

[13] This statement of Lord North [Note 12] to Franklin indicated so cool a purpose in the ministry as to render a compromise hopeless, and the negotiation ended.—*Randolph.*

[14] Franklin cherished a personal regard for the King, and as late as 1773 sought excuses for his conduct.—*Morse's Franklin.*

This sign over all the world—a rank that
Shall yet rebuke the insolence of kings.
HOWE—You talk with rashness. And yet I cannot
Chide.
FRANKLIN—No! No! my Lord!
In this dark hour let me have my way, as
One who looks into the future with the
Gifts of prophecy. The curtain lifts upon
My vision, and the horrors of the coming
Years make a stout man tremble.
America will fight—fight—to her last
Shilling and her last man. In this contest
The very children just released from the
Parental knee will forget their weakness;
The blushing maiden and the beardless boy
Rushing for precedence, to cast into
The caldron of seething war their mite for
Their country's freedom. The torch, the tomahawk,
And the bullet may do their work, but death
Itself, though it ride upon every gale,
Shall not subdue us! Beyond this dread havoc
I see the consolation—a new nation
And a new era, the boon for oppressed
Humanity. The price is heavy, but
The gain is great. This hope lightens present
Burdens. Home first, my Lord, and then to France.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV. *Street in Richmond, Va. Time: March 24, 1775.*

Enter two aged citizens from opposite directions.

FIRST CITIZEN—Good-morning, neighbor James—
That is, if anything may be called good, now.
SECOND CITIZEN—No, no, William!
Be sure you make no criticism. Keep a
Civil, a civil tongue. The tongue!
Oh! the tongue needs watching. Now, I say, all
Things are good. No man can blame me for that—
Never!

FIRST CITIZEN—Heard you of the State Convention yesterday?
The King has been railed against—right here in
Richmond. Heard you of that, I ask you?
SECOND CITIZEN—Of course; of course! I keep an open ear
As well as a prudent tongue. I can't help
What other men will do and say.
FIRST CITIZEN—Mark me, neighbor.
With all your prudence you'll sweat from trouble.
Do you hear me? Other men make trouble,
And you bear it like an ass. It's a load
Upon you whether you will or not.
This railing upon the anointed of
The Lord will be an ache in your bones yet.
See now?
SECOND CITIZEN—Well, out with it! Out with it, now! How came
It all. Has a new tax been called for?
Or a new levy against the redskins?
There was a ring around the moon last night
Wider than my farm—too wide for quiet
Times. Look out for events when you see that.
Yes! Yes!
FIRST CITIZEN—You know Patrick Henry?
SECOND CITIZEN—Know him? All men know him.
For years he has been the tribune of the
People, resisting tyranny to the
Verge of danger. A bold and likely man.
No wrong to him, I hope?
The very stones would mutiny, if so.
FIRST CITIZEN—No wrong to him—no, indeed.
But wrong from him. Ay! Yes! He has done wrong
In speaking as he has. The very air
Is full of reports.
He may involve us all yet.
SECOND CITIZEN—What has he said now? My life but it was
Honest. Honest, though it sets old Virginia
In a flame.
FIRST CITIZEN—He has done that very thing.
He defied King George, our true King. That is

What he did. Openly! Openly, as if he
Had never heard of a halter for traitors.

SECOND CITIZEN—The good God, who doeth all things well, never
Yet provided a foot of earth mean enough,
To grow the hemp to make a halter for
Patrick Henry. He is himself a King—
Nature's appointed King—
Of brave and honest men.

FIRST CITIZEN—There is trouble in the North. Unruly
Men have dared to stand against royal
Authority. Mutiny! Do you hear?
Rank mutiny and rebellion! Well, what
Does Henry last night in the convention
Gathered in the old church, but commend such
Conduct. Yes, he did!
Do you oppose the King? Tell me, now.

SECOND CITIZEN—I cannot say. I wish peace with all.
I would lay these old bones under the sod,
With as little trouble as possible,
Between now and then.
But as I love justice, I dare not take
A stand against Patrick Henry. For, though
He wears no golden crown upon his head,
Yet he is God's anointed, who wears the
Crown of courage to dare all things for his
Fellow-creatures.

FIRST CITIZEN—Think of it! He proclaimed,
"The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring
To our ears the clash of resounding arms;"
Then asked,
"Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear
Or peace so sweet as to be purchased at
The price of chains and slavery?"
Is it slavery to obey the King and
Parliament? Then he closed—hush! I hardly
Dare to utter such perfidy—with the words,
"I know not what course others may take, but as for me,
Give me liberty or give me death!"[1]

[1] These extracts are from a speech by Patrick Henry on March 23, 1775, in a State convention in Richmond, Va.—*Morse's Patrick Henry.*

What think you of that?

SECOND CITIZEN—[*Standing amazed*]. What do I think of that?
So much do I think of it that the very
Thought is overwhelming. It is as if
The Blue Mountains which overtop our State
Like sentinels, were suddenly aflame
With a blaze to light the world. Indeed, this
Is important news. Liberty or death—
Did you say? Portentous words and herald
Of great deeds?

FIRST CITIZEN—Why think you this? Are all things
Turned topsy-turvy, and King and order
No longer respected? This is treason,
Whoever says it.

SECOND CITIZEN—We will be swept with the current.
I see! I see! choose for yourself, neighbor;
But as for me, I go with the tide that
Swells toward the haven of liberty.
Discussion between us is idle now.
Henry has thrown the gage of battle, and
We are for him or against him. Would that
I could change each drop that stills hold life
Within this withered frame into a
Thousand men, and each man armed to sustain
Our bravest orator. Why, this news warms
Me into youth, and puts vigor in my
Limbs. If I may be of service, I shall
Die content.

FIRST CITIZEN—I am carried along by you, and see
Through your eyes. We will stand or fall together.
What say you? Down with King George and all his
Tribe, if that be right; and I guess it is,
If Patrick Henry says so.

SECOND CITIZEN—Friend, you speak with the tongue of all true sons
Of this soil. United we must be, and
United all good men will be. Let us
Learn more of this, and our knowledge keep
Company with the rising storm. Come! Come!
The ring around the moon—I read it now—
Liberty or death! [*All retire.*]

SCENE V. *A lonely spot in the suburbs of Boston. The city in the distance. Time: evening. April 18, 1775.*

[*Enter two farmers armed,* FARMER DICK STANDISH *and* FARMER GEORGE ALDEN.]

FARMER GEORGE—[*Peering toward Boston*]. Dick,
My eyes are tired with watching.
FARMER DICK—Tired or not,
We must not fail to see the signal.[1]
GEORGE—The church steeple is as black as our cat
DICK—And it may continue so.
No lantern was to shine unless old Gage
Sent forth his troops.
GEORGE—Who hangs the signal?
DICK—I don't know or care.
It is enough that our friends are alert;
And we surely know if the redcoats
Move at all.
GEORGE—I should be glad to welcome them—
I loaded on purpose.
DICK—It would grieve me
If I wasted ammunition.
"Old Rocks" can find a squirrel's eye
At a hundred paces. [*Affectionately pats "Old Rocks," his rifle.*]
GEORGE—See!
What is that? A light in the steeple. Sure!
DICK—[*Peering out*]. I see nothing.
GEORGE—There! There!
DICK—Go to a doctor,
To heal an excited mind. The steeple
Is yet as black and silent as the clouds
Above it.
GEORGE—You, too, would be excited had you torn
Yourself from home as I was forced to do.
DICK—We fared the same then!
For I came off by trickery. Mother and
The little ones suspected me and dogged

[1] Gen. Gage resolved to strike a blow [from Boston], as the King desired, and seize the military stores at Concord. The attempt had been expected [by the patriots] and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of the troops for the country.—*Bancroft.*

My steps. I pretended to be asleep,
And when all was quiet, I slipped away.
GEORGE—Grandfather helped me, and I am here.
DICK—What, he in his eightieth year!
And yet alive to this?[2]
GEORGE—You should see him!
He sits by the hour, with that old sword he
Wore at Louisburg, and at Quebec,
And talks to it. "Are you here?" says he.
"Stand by me, for I shall need you yet. Cursed
Tyrants, why did I hack this blade for you
Upon the enemy?" And more like this.
And upon sudden approach he springs up
And grasps the hilt as if a foe were near—
And then sinks back again. We humor him,
And stand with bowed and humbled heads in the
Presence of this helpless patriotism,
That would scale the rampart, yet cannot reach
The base.
DICK—There are thousands like him.
Even the women and children are full of fight.
GEORGE—I know it.
But I see this example, and so speak
Of him. It fires my blood and crams me from
Top to toe with vengeance. He knew I was
To watch for the signal to-night, and would
Have come, had I consented.
DICK—What is that light?
Quick! See! In the old steeple!
GEORGE—I send you to a doctor this time!
DICK—God! Man, can't you see?
Where are you looking? There! In the belfry.
GEORGE—Yes! Yes! I was looking higher up.
It is there! It is the signal.
The soldiers are coming and we must alarm
Our friends. Hark! Hark! I hear the clattering
Of a horseman. He comes this way. Listen!
DICK—I see him. There! There!
He rides with the wind. Don't you see him?
A hundred miles around there is not a
Creature who does not know him.

---

[2] In the Battle of Lexington fell the octogenarian, Josiah Haynes.—*Bancroft*

The Post-Rider of the Sons of Liberty.
GEORGE—It is Paul Revere![3]
DICK—Of course! Of course!
He flies faster than the gale. The fire-eyed
Hawk would beat his wings in vain and lag
Behind him. To Concord—on to Concord
He goes, to prick to his spring the crouching
Lion of old Middlesex.
This is our work as well to do,
So both of us away!
"Old Rocks" shall speak for liberty,
Before another day! [*All retire.*]

SCENE VI. *A wood on roadside near Lexington. Time: April 19, 1775.*

[*Enter in haste an* ENGLISH CAPTAIN, *exhausted.*]

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Where can Lieutenant Harris be?
These men fight like devils.
[*Enter an* ENGLISH LIEUTENANT, *rushing on.*]
ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Well met, Lieutenant Harris!
From a distance I saw you moving in
This direction, and thought to cross you.
Colonel Smith's orders are to hurry
Messengers to General Gage for
Reinforcements.[1]
LIEUTENANT—Am I to take this order, Captain?
ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Yes!
As the Colonel's mounted aid to-day, this
Duty falls to you! The safety of the
Whole command may rest with your performance.
Others have been dispatched upon like mission,
For numbers cheat chance of failure. The
Dispersal of an angry mob is not
The work before us; but the subjugation
Of men who look with steady scorn into

---

[3] Warren, at 10 o'clock [at night, April 18, 1775] dispatched William Daws through Roxbury, and Paul Revere by way of Charleston to Lexington.—*Bancroft.*

[1] On the evening of April 18, 1775, General Gage sent Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn with a force to destroy the stores at Concord.—*Frost.*

The very muzzles—that's what we have been
Sent to do.

LIEUTENANT—My horse is down;
And alone I was seeking our troops.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Cross to the right—there are our disjointed lines.
Impress the first and fleetest steed—the orders
Of the Colonel commanding—and ride as
If hell were after you; for so it is.

LIEUTENANT—Yes! And in me, too. A drop of water—
Oh! for a drop of water!
Our men, from these huntsmen, drop in
Their tracks from fatigue and thirst.[2]
[*Retires.*]

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—We must change our books
And revise the art of war, when war-scarred
Veterans are thus routed by mud-smeared plowmen.[3]
[*Enter from behind him an* ENGLISH SERGEANT, *who rushes upon the stage.*]

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*Startled and raising his sword, swinging round*].
Who's there? Surrender or die!

SERGEANT—Why, Captain, don't you know me?

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—[*Exhausted and staggering into the* SERGEANT'S *arms*]. Know you! Know you! I don't know myself.
Sergeant, where is our company? Bearing
Important dispatches, I left the line,
And was pursued. Exhausted, I reached this
Spot and, conveyed my orders to an aid.

SERGEANT—Like others, our company have abandoned
The common road. Over pathless fields each
Seeks in flight his safety. On every side
The enemy harass us.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—May the fiend catch them all!
The surprise of this stings most. To be
Defeated where possibilities might crown
A rival, can be borne; but defeated

---

[2] British troops, greatly exhausted and fatigued, began to run rather than retreat in order.—*Bancroft.*

[3] The indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with their fathers' weapons, poured to the spot of this strange tragedy.—*Frost, quoting Edward Everett.*

When contempt rode foremost in your march is
Humiliating. What place is this?

SERGEANT—They call it Lexington.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—May it never have historian,
For our sake! It was at the meeting house,
As these peopple call it—and well-named, for
Here we met much more than we expected,—
A sleepy militia was this morning
Encountered, rubbing their eyes, as we thought,
To see the sun rise. We had marched through the
Night and were in no humor for civilities.
These leek-eating soldiers stood with arms in
Their hands and treason in their looks.
It was the sullenness of the caged beast
Before the lash. Major Pitcairn rode up
And commanded:
"Lay down your arms and disperse, you rebels!"
Not a man obeyed; not a man stirred in
His tracks. There they stood, in embattled line,
Disputing the King's authority. A
Volley followed.[4] That was all I saw.
Sergeant, how many fell? I was blind with
Rage and rushed onward with my company.
The stores at Concord, the object sought.

SERGEANT—Seven fell at our fire, and more were wounded.
They then fell back, and without returning
A shot.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Yes! Fell back to strike a better blow.

SERGEANT—But we destroyed the stores at Concord, or
Such as we could find, before the sun was
Three hours up, and then turned homeward.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—And then our rout! That is the word to use.
It is now past noon, and English soldiers
Are scurrying still,
Before these rabbit-hunters. They seemed to

[4] When the British troops reached Lexington, about 5 o'clock in the morning, a small body of militia was paraded in front of the meeting house. Major Pitcairn rode up, calling out, "Disperse, ye rebels; disperse." His solders commenced a scattering fire. Eight [seven by Bancroft] were killed and a number wounded.—*Frost.*

The main body now proceeded to Concord and destroyed the stores.—*Frost.*

Rise out of the very ground after the
Valley at the Concord bridge.[5] The bushes,
Fences, and the trees gave them life, and every
Hilltop has swarmed all day with the motley
Gathering.[6]
They surely had notice of our coming.
Their rifles, flint-locks, and even pitchforks—
For such their weapons were—have borne us down,
Carrying the best of armament. What
Is the warcry at which they rally and
Rush on? I did not catch it;
But feared more than once, that it might catch me.

SERGEANT—I heard the same,
The cry was Liberty or Death.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Liberty or death! Was that it?
Backed by courage, this cry in itself is
An assaulting column.
Oh! that reinforcements were come!

[*Enter an* AMERICAN CAPTAIN *with* FARMER DICK *and two armed men, rushing up n the stage.*]

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—Surrender!

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—[*Drawing his sword*]. To whom?
And by what authority?

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—By the authority of united
Freemen, to whom God alone is King!

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Insolent traitor!
Crawl to my feet for pardon, lest I let
Out your worthless life as an offering
To England's sovereign—your King and mine.

[*Advances with his sword as if to strike, and the Americans level their guns.*]

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—[*With his sword throws up the muzzles of the other arms*].
Don't fire, men.
We respect the defenceless, however
Great the provocation.

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[5] While they [the British] were engaged on their errand [in Concord] the militia of Concord and neighboring towns gathered at the Concord Bridge. The British at the bridge began to tear it up, and fired upon the militia. A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British. It was now noon.—*Frost, quoting Everett.*

[6] Every height of ground was covered with the avengers. Every patch of trees, every rock, every stone wall was lined with an unintermitted fire.—*Frost, quoting Everett.*

FARMER DICK—I wanted Old Rocks to look at him; That
Is all; and know him if we meet again.
I'll hold the charge for other game.
Bullets are scarce and game is plenty.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—We are your prisoners.

[*Enter two* AMERICAN MILITIAMEN, *who rush upon the stage armed.*]

MILITIAMAN [*to* AMERICAN CAPTAIN]—Quick! Quick! Captain!
Or the British will be upon you.
Lord Percy has come up with fresh troops.[7] Our
Men are saving their prisoners and falling
Back. The assailants retire also.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—Between here and Boston, our friends
May continue the dance by us begun.
Here we will stop.
A glorious ending of a glorious day.
Forward—March!

[*All retire, the prisoners between the soldiers.*]

SCENE VII. *A redoubt on Bunker's Hill. Time: June 17, 1775. American soldiers on guard, looking over toward Boston, with and without uniform.* FARMER DICK *with them.*

[*Enter* GEN. PUTNAM *with three aids.*]

PUTNAM—Let no man
Fire until he can see the whites of their eyes.[1]
The slaughter on yonder field attests the
Wisdom of this opening order. First
Lexington, and last month Ticonderoga![2]
This is a good beginning. April gave
The shower and May the bud; this blazing

[7] At that moment [two in the afternoon] Lord Percy came in sight with a fresh brigade. He received the fugitives in a hollow square, who lay down for rest upon the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase.—*Bancroft.*

[1] "Let no man fire till he can see the whites of their eyes," was Prescott's order at Bunker Hill.

[2] Lexington, April 19, 1775; Ticonderoga captured by Ethan Allen May 10, 1775.

June shall help the ripening. So roll the
Months until the harvest. Twice to-day have
Solid columns pushed up to our muzzles,
And been hurled back again with bloody
Reckoning.[3] Praised be fortune, that binds the
Mystic and the Charles on either side, and
So masses them in front on this narrow
Neck.

FIRST AID—The enemy form
Again and prepare for a third assault.

PUTNAM—Well, let them come!
We will receive them as before; and then
Home to dinner, after a good day's work.
Where is Prescott, our chief in this day's struggle?[4]

SECOND AID—Just now he is inspecting the right.

PUTNAM—And General Stark? I have not seen him,
Though I have traversed half the line.

THIRD AID—General Stark is at the water battery
Near the rail fence.

PUTNAM—And Warren?

FIRST AID—On the left. He has held his place since noon,
As a volunteer in the ranks.[5]

PUTNAM—It was at that hour of noon the fight began,
While the sun, with its impartial beams, was
Scorching either army.[6] That smoke in the
Distance! Look!

SECOND AID—It is Charlestown, burning still, fanned into
Flame again with the changing breeze.

PUTNAM—Degenerate commanders!
Did not this infernal heat of a summer's
Sun and giant battle suffice, without
This torch? In our next volley be all this
Avenged. From daylight till now, these ships of

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[3] The British troops marched to the attack [Bunker Hill]. The Americans poured upon them such a deadly fire that their line was broken and driven in disorder. They were rallied and again led to the charge, received another deadly fire and a second time retreated in confusion.—*Frost.*

[4] Prescott was commander-in-chief by consent of all.—*Bancroft.*

[5] Prescott proposed that he [Warren] should take command; he answered, as he had done to Putnam: "I come as a volunteer to learn from a soldier of experience."—*Bancroft.*

[6] The day was one of the hottest of the season.—*Bancroft.*

War in front, with the water batteries,
Have rained upon us, and yet the men budge
Not.[7]

[*Enter an* ORDERLY *in great haste, from the right.*]

ORDERLY—The commanding officer's compliments
To General Putnam,[8] and directs an
Immediate supply of bullets to
General Stark.

PUTNAM—May heaven then defend us!
Has it come to this? Bullets! We have none
Here to spare.[9] The foe prepares again to
Follow the paths it has crimsoned twice
Already and our pouches are nearly
Empty. I can send none. Not one.

ORDERLY—Is this the answer to Colonel Prescott?

PUTNAM—No! No! The very ground we tread upon
Supplies the need. Tell Colonel Prescott to
Turn to the stones around him. The hills—the
Roads—the paths we walk are full of bullets,
Long hidden for our purpose. The great King
Above us all placed them there against the
Direful need of this very day. Pound up
The rocks and therein find the stony bullet,
That will speak to the English heart as
Eloquently as lead, in this strife for
Freedom. Take this message back.

[ORDERLY *retires.*]

PUTNAM—So long as trusty rifles and the solid
Hills remain, who shall feel dismay?

[*Enter four* SOLDIERS *with an* ENGLISH MAJOR *as prisoner.*]

PUTNAM—What have we here?

SOLDIER—This prisoner was taken in the second assault;

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[7] The cannonade from the batteries and the shipping could not dislodge them. —*Bancroft.*

[8] Putnam [though without command] was everywhere cheering the whole command. From first to last Putnam took an active interest, and the appointment of Prescott to the command was with his concurrence.—*Bancroft.*

[9] The ammunition [for the fight] had been distributed in haste. Two flints, a gill of powder, and fifteen balls to each man. The balls had to be suited to guns of different caliber. It was the rude turn-out of yoeman soldiery.—*Irving.*

And General Warren requests that you
Will question him.

PUTNAM—Who commands these assaulting columns and
Their strength? Answer, if you would live.

PRISONER—By General Gage's orders,
General Howe and General Pigot
With about two thousand men made the attack
This noon. Being repulsed, the second effort—
Now three thousand men advancing—ended
As the first. Before I was made a prisoner,
I learned that General Clinton now gives
His aid.

PUTNAM—How heavy has been your loss?

PRISONER—More than a thousand soldiers lie on the
Ground in front.

PUTNAM—Terrific punishment! But no more than
Justice. What means this present changing of
The fleet and of the artillery?[10]

PRISONER—I know no more than I can guess.

PUTNAM—Well, then, as you guess.

PRISONER—It is to enfilade your lines; and so
Assist the attack in front, already
Found to be disastrous where unsupported.

PUTNAM—You are right. I have no more to ask.
You may go.

[SOLDIERS *retire with the* PRISONER.]

PUTNAM—This change of ships! These enfilading batteries!
Without sufficient artillery, how
Can we oppose?

[*Enter an* ORDERLY *from the left.*]

ORDERLY—Major Knowlton
Sends word to General Putnam, that
General Warren has been hit and has
This instant died.[11]

PUTNAM—Dead! Warren dead!
You've chilled the very pith and marrow of

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[10] While a part of his force [the British] was engaged [for a third assault] the rest brought field-pieces to enfilade the breastwork on the left.—*Irving.*
The number of killed and wounded of Gage's troops was at least one thousand and fifty.—*Bancroft.*

[11] Just at the moment of retreat fell Joseph Warren.—*Bancroft.*

Beat down the Persian, though ten to one
Against him, and gave the world an Empire.
The pride of England humbled here, there is
No seer with vision far enough to see
The glories of the coming state.

We've done our work like men to-day;
Let him dispute who will.
Hence, with the name of Marathon,
Write that of Bunker Hill.

[*Bugles again sound retreat. The Americans fall back, and English soldiers rush in over the redoubt.*]

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Open tent of the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces at Cambridge. Time: November, 1775; night.*

GEN. GEORGE WASNINGTON *found in his tent examining records by the light of a candle.*

WASHINGTON—The sword, unsheathed and without a scabbard,
Is given to my keeping.[1] Heavy
Responsibility to weave into the
Robe of order these tangled shreds![2] The brave
Man's hopes, the coward's fears, the patriot's
Wish, and the traitor's cunning are here for
Sifting; the good from the evil gathering.
May one man do this work?
Presumptuous mortal he, who would not lean
Confidingly upon more than mortal
Promise. I must walk. This care weighs upon
Me and sleep is banished, except when nature
Grimly asserts her claims, regardless of
A burning brain; and then the body sleeps.
[*Walks out before his tent.*]
This frosty air is full of exhilaration,
Nature's tonic to amend our waste.
As far as the eye can reach, from camp to
Camp, light calls to light—be watchful of the
Foe.[3] Without a flag, without a purpose

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[1] George Washington was made by Congress Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, June 15, 1775. On the 3d of July following he took command of the army at Cambridge.—*Bancroft.*

[2] The camp contained a people in arms rather than an army. No one could tell its numbers or its stores. The soldiers had enlisted under different agreements and short periods. Each Colony had its own military government and system of supplies.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Washington found the army in a semicircle nine miles long.—*Bancroft.*

Definite, without arms, ammunition,
And money, was ever Commander more
Sorely tried.[4] The daring spirit is here,
But all else is absent.[5] Coming and leaving
At their own will, since a July sun saw
My arrival, twice over if no more
Have these changing thousands been trained to
Military order; and this needed
Order as many times been lost.[6]
The mothers on the surrounding acres
Are the commissaries to these soldier sons.[7]
Gathered here to resist the King, daily
The chaplain calls down blessings upon his
Royal head, and the soldiers say—Amen![8]
With no organized state directing us,
What are we but rebels against defined
Authority? Marvelous uprising?[9]
Marvelous submission of mortal powers
To forces unknown!

[*Enter* FRANKLIN.]

FRANKLIN—From my tent I saw you, General; And
Could not resist an old man's wakefulness
And wish to join you in the healthful draughts,
Which this November night distils.[10]

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[4] No flag had yet been adopted by Congress, and the soldiers filled college halls, churches, and dwelt as accident permitted.—*Bancroft.*

[5] In the great number of able-bodied men—active, zealous, and courageous—Washington saw the materials for a good army. But there was the most urgent need of tents, clothing, hospitals, of every kind of arms, and most of all of powder. And yet no money had been provided. The life of Washington at Cambridge was one continual round of vexation and fatigue.—*Bancroft.*

The supply of arms and ammunition was scanty, the troops being without bayonets and having but nine rounds of cartridges each.—*Frost.*

[6] From short enlistments troops were constantly changing, and lost as soon as trained.—*Bancroft.*

[7] The mothers, wives, brothers, and sisters of the soldiers were constantly coming to the camp with supplies of clothing and household gifts. Each householder was a commissary.—*Bancroft.*

[8] The chaplains kept alive the custom of daily prayer.—*Bancroft.*

[And, of course, prayed for the King, since there was no formal separation.]

The Colonists were professing allegiance to a power which their martial battalions were opposing.—*Frost.*

[9] But for this [private aid] the forces must have dispersed. Why they did not cannot exactly be told.—*Bancroft.*

[10] On the 30th of September, 1775, Congress appointed Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison to visit the camp of Washington and to devise a method for enlisting the army anew, because all supplies were needed, and, by the terms of enlistment, the army would disband in December.—*Bancroft.*

WASHINGTON—To me you are ever welcome; both by
Day and night.
FRANKLIN—I have been busy with the plan, for which,
With Lynch and Harrison as commissioners
From Congress, I am here in your camp in
Cambridge.
WASHINGTON—If you have reached a plan available,
You have now the right to be called once more
A benefactor.
FRANKLIN—As you already know, in July last
I reported a method to Congress,
For changing this chaos of divided
Colonies into a solid and central
Power.
WASHINGTON—With deepest interest I have watched
your steps.
Unless good counsel directs us in some such
Way, all is surely lost.
FRANKLIN—I urged the independence of each
Separate state. These confederated
Into a union, with powers limited,
For the good of all.[11]
WASHINGTON—A self-evident advantage. No interest
Lost to any, no pride wounded, and strength
Added to every part—being bound as
Many into one. This is a safe road
To follow.
FRANKLIN—The pear that hangs suspended—without
shock
Rudely applied—will not fall till ripe and
Ready; for so nature wills. The state will grow,
As grows the fruit, and at maturity
With a blessing shield us. In either case,
To hasten time and season is a danger.
WASHINGTON—Then, as I read your words, we are not
ripe
For separation, though here we gather,
Armed for this to strike.
Do you favor independence?

[11] On the 21st of July, 1775, Franklin submitted a plan for confederating the Colonies into one nation. Each Colony was to pass its own laws and constitution, while the powers of the general government were to include all questions of war peace, alliance, etc.—*Bancroft*.

FRANKLIN—Yes, yes! A thousand times, yes! But I stand
Almost alone. I have been in touch with
The English, and know the temper of those
Who rule. I am for independence now—
This very hour. But I outrun the general
Wish. Old attachments are hard to break;
So much does custom bind us.

WASHINGTON—One year ago our Congress petitioned
The King for justice. He scoffed at our claims.
Since then Lexington and Bunker Hill have
Testified to our love for freedom. In
The face of this, and mindful of outrage
Since added from royal arrogance, the
Present Congress votes another petition
For pacification. This last, the King
Will not deign even to receive into
His royal hands.[12]

FRANKLIN—The people are patient and long-suffering.
But the hour of independence is hurrying
On. The King helps us in his proclamation
Denouncing us for punishment. While
America was on her knees, he aimed
A dagger at her heart.[13]

WASHINGTON—I, too, have dallied with this allegiance
To the King as if it were a crime to
Question it. But, healed from this sentimentality,
Base because it leads to servility,
I am ready to cast my fate and fortunes
For independence. The ashes of Falmouth,
Now smouldering under Captain Mowat's
Murderous guns, even while we are talking
Here, help to stifle former friendship.[14]

FRANKLIN—We must die in our allegiance to the

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[12] The petition to the King of the summer of 1775, was sent to him by Richard Penn of Philadelphia. He reached London August 14th. The King would not see him. He was determined, he said, to force the Americans to submission. Lord North published a proclamation declaring them rebels and forbidding all intercourse with them.—*Bancroft.*

[13] When this proclamation reached America, men said, "While America is still on her knees the King aims a dagger at her heart." The people now began to entertain the idea of independence.—*Bancroft.*

[14] Capt. Mowat, in a ship of sixteen guns, with three others, on the morning of the 16th of October, 1775, laid Falmouth [now Portland] in ashes. The indignation of Washington was kindled at these savage cruelties.—*Bancroft.*

Monarch, before we can be born in the
Freedom of the man.

WASHINGTON—Meanwhile, the army must be maintained.
You know its needs and mine.

FRANKLIN—In sympathy know them, and will provide.
The plan I spoke of? We have agreed, my
Associates and myself, that to you
We delegate the power, in the name
Of the Continental Congress, to recruit
An army of twenty-three thousand men,
And to equip them as seem just to you.
The New England Colonies, as separate
States, will confirm your acts; and Congress
Also, with the voice of all.[15]

WASHINGTON—The authority is the best our condition
Knows; and I cheerfully accept.

[*Enter* COL. NATHANIEL GREENE *and* CAPT. HENRY KNOX.]

WASHINGTON—Good-evening, gentlemen. [*To Franklin.*]
Here are two of my trusted officers,
Who are making the rounds.

FRANKLIN—We know each other well.
Our visit here in camp has been so long,
Your rolls should bear us. Knox is, I think, a
Maker of books from yonder city, whence,
Like myself, he is driven forth; and so
As a fellow craftsman comes near to me.

KNOX—It touches my pride to be called your
Fellow-craftsman; though I make only the
Covers of the book, while you make that which
The covers hold.

FRANKLIN—And so we help each other in the same trade;
And as I said are fellow-craftsmen.

WASHINGTON—And what report do you bring to me?

GREENE—As always.
There is suffering everywhere, and need
Of all things.

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[15] Franklin as leading adviser from Congress [to camp of Washington], devi ed a scheme for supplying a new army of twenty-three thousand men, whom the general could enlist without delay for the next campaign. The arrangement was an agreement between the army, the Continental Congress and the new England colonies.—*Bancroft.*

KNOX—The things most plentiful are stout hearts and
Empty stomachs.
GREENE—And the things absent are food, clothes, guns,
And ammunition.
WASHINGTON—[*To* FRANKLIN]. And yet the people loudly clamor at
My delay to strike the enemy. Can we
With naked fists beat down the power of
England? Our strength, at this hour, is the
Ignorance of the enemy of our
Weakness.[16]
FRANKLIN—Ignorance of what we might do, has strewn
The earth with failures since the flood. May these
Britons continue to illustrate my
Proverb!
WASHINGTON—I dare not make my condition known to
These fireside tacticians and silence them.
With other burdens I must take their censure,
Patiently.
FRANKLIN—It is unjust even to criminality.
But where in all the world does absolute
Right abide?
Censure existence, and call life an error.
You may do this with as much justice as
Have these simple fools, who, blindly ignorant,
Assume to censure you.
KNOX—Plenty of artillery and powder
Would convert me to a belief that all
Things were right and just. A fair show, and I
Could go home again. Yes, to that home I
See yonder, in my daily rounds.
Ticonderoga has given us here
Some heavy guns. But what are guns without
Powder.
WASHINGTON—The want of supplies is our strongest
Adversary. For this need, Ethan Allen

[16] The country expected tidings of the expulsion of the British from Boston when the want of gunpowder compelled inactivity. The General [Washington] might have shielded his good name by letting the truth be known, but the public cause would suffer; and braving the shafts of censure, he submitted in silence to the reproach of inactivity, at which his soul revolted.—*Bancroft.*

Failed before Montreal; and now, loaded
With chains, is on his way to a British
Prison.[17]

FRANKLIN—The valiant Montgomery redeemed all
This, and Montreal has just received him.[18]
You have other schemes afoot toward Canada?

WASHINGTON—It has been my wish to unite Canada
With ourselves. I have ordered Colonel
Benedict Arnold—a braver man never
Led assault—to march by Eastern journeys,
And to join Montogmery before Quebec.[19]
I am hopeful, and in turn, am also
Anxious.

KNOX—By your leave
We will resume our journey of the camp.
[KNOX *and* GREENE *bow and retire.*]

FRANKLIN—I will catch a lesson in
This good example and so say good-night.
[FRANKLIN *bows and retires.*]

WASHINGTON—What mockery to say, good-night, to me.
Bad-night, pushes good-night, from its stool and
Sits instead. Good-night, that watches for the
Coming of the jocund day, to arouse from
Restful sleep, calls not to me—calls not to me!
[*Retires to his tent which closes.*]

SCENE II. *Room in the royal residence at Cassel, Time: January 31, 1776.*

Enter: FREDERICK II., LANDGRAVE *of Hesse Cassel, and* COL. WILLIAM FAUCITT *of the British Army, and agent of the British Ministry.*

LANDGRAVE—What you say, Colonel, is very true.
His Majesty, our royal cousin, no

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[17] Ethan Allen indulged in the vision of surprising Montreal as he had done Ticonderoga. On the night of September 24, 1775, he crossed to Long Point, though he had so few canoes that but a third of his party could embark at once. He was surprised, and surrendered. He was chained and sent to England.—*Bancroft.*

[18] On November 12, 1775, unopposed, Montgomery took possession of Montreal. —*Bancroft.*

[19] In the hope of aiding the efforts against Canada, Washington organized an expedition to the lower St. Lawrence. For its chief officer, he selected Benedict Arnold.—*Bancroft.*

Doubt wants troops. We are well assured of that.[1]
Otherwise you would not be here to seek
Them at our hands. But the pay for these troops—
The money and the revenue to us?
Men are costly, when one has a surplus
To sell, to him who wants to buy.

FAUCITT—The question of money need not delay
Our treaty. We pay liberally because
The necessity is great.
In negotiations your minister has
Not forgotten the prince he serves. It is
Understood you have the men; so we have
Bargained for them.

LANDGRAVE—Regiment after regiment, idle
And voracious. Troops have no right to
Impoverish their prince with fearful
Appetites, when they can earn for him a
Few marks by service abroad.

FAUCITT—Soldiers are sometimes biased, and will serve
Willingly only their own country and
Its King.

LANDGRAVE—Cheap sentimentality! I assure
You that such a rule for our military
Would shake the thrones of half the princes of
Europe. The true soldier asks for no more
Than orders. What is it to him whether
He serves in the East or in the West. His
Life belongs to the State, and the ruling
Prince is the State. I need money, and my
Army can earn it for me. I sell it
To you. How simple! Will you pay the price?
Yes! Very well; my soldiers will go where
You order, serve as you will, and kill your
Enemy as they would kill mine.

FAUCITT—Your serene Highness is informed
Of the price we offer to each soldier?

LANDGRAVE—I have pondered it well, and with approval.

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[1] Faucitt hinted, as I said, that his coming was expected by one (the Landgrave Frederick II.) who, [illegible] he English ministry was [illegible]. To this [illegible] Faucitt [illegible] the British King. Negotiations were had with [illegible] Schlieben, the minister of the Landgrave.—*Bancroft.*

Our royal cousin of England—by marriage
And by blood closely knit into our hearts—
Will now strengthen these ties with a royal
Revenue, so needful to our exhausted
Treasury. This kindness of our kinsman
Touches us deeply; and may good report
Thereof reach him by his Embassador!
[FAUCITT *bows humbly.*]

FAUCITT—England will pay our men four pounds each and
Grant one hundred acres of land as bounty.
This to every man and non-commissioned
Officer.[2]

LANDGRAVE—The men? I have told you already this
Price gives content. But I am not so much
Interested in the men as in the
State. What income is fixed upon for me?
When I sell my ox, to supply the
Provender for him is, of necessity,
By the purchaser assumed, to keep him
Living for his work. The duty was mine,
Is yours, and to-morrow may be another's.
But the value of that beast comes to me
As owner, and hence interests me most
It affects my life by adding to its
Pleasures. What subsidy does your King
Propose for me?

FAUCITT—His Majesty of England requests from
Hesse Cassel a force of twelve thousand
Five hundred men.[3] They shall swear allegiance
To him and serve as if his subjects.[4] For
This, so long as the compact runs, you shall
Receive each year a subsidy of four
Hundred thousand pounds in sterling money.
This subsidy shall continue for two
Years after your troops come home, the work for

[2] The British army was recruited in Germany by the help of liberal promises. Four pounds and one hundred acres of land were guaranteed to every private and non-commissioned officer.—*Von Eelking.*

[3] Hesse Cassel agreed to supply twelve thousand five hundred men.—*Von Eelking.*

[4] They were to take the oath of allegiance and service to the King of England. —*Von Eelking.*

Us being done.[5]

LANDGRAVE—Four hundred thousand pounds a year!
Let me see. How much is that in marks?
I have a better head for marks. Have you
Paper, that you can give me this in marks?

FAUCITT—Twenty marks, German, make an English pound.
Hence the subsidy to you is, annually,
Eight millions of marks.

LANDGRAVE—Eight millions! I like that; a good round sum.
I never believed before that subjects
Could be turned to so much profit. But about
France? When my men are away, France may
Trouble us. That nation loves us not,
Remembering the last war.

FAUCITT—This has not been forgotten. A treaty
Of alliance and protection has been
Arranged with your minister; and England's
Arm will be raised to strike him who would smite
You because of our compact.

[*Enter* BARON VON SCHLIEFFEN, *Minister of the Landgrave.*]

FAUCITT—Here comes the Baron; and in good time to
Sanction all, so far as his authority
May serve, as minister of your Serene
Highness.

VON SCHLIEFFEN [*To* LANDGRAVE]—I received orders to attend you
Only now. Pardon me, if I were needed
Sooner.

LANDGRAVE—All in good time, dear Baron. The contract
Proposed between Great Britain and ourselves
Has been here outlined by her Embassador.
I am pleased with it, and so thank you for
Care to our interests.

[*The* BARON *bows to* LANDGRAVE.]

VON SCHLIEFFEN—These troops will serve, as engaged, in America?

---

[5] About the amount paid Hesse Cassel as subsidies for eight years, was three millions sterling, with additions, making it about four hundred thousand sterling yearly.—*Von Eelking.*

A long journey, and a strange and feverish
Land to Europeans.

LANDGRAVE—Be the journey four times as long, and the
Land spread over to the ear tips with mortal
Fevers—what is that to me? It is the
Duty of my troops to do as their prince
Commands. And, if danger opposes, that
Is the tonic of brave men.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—The cause is honorable. To repress
Disorders.

LANDGRAVE—It is more than honorable. It will be
Famous as well as honorable. There are
Laurels to be gained for our brave men in
Grappling with restless subjects, who dare to
Rise against their King.
The cause of England is the cause of all.
We royal and reigning families cannot
Draw too near together, and, with one blow,
Rid the earth of this ribaldry of freedom.
The aunt of England's sovereign shares my crown,
As consort. This warmth is natural.[6]

FAUCITT—Your wife, her Serene Highness, will surely
Strengthen our alliance with her prayers?

LANDGRAVE—I can't say as to that. She does not live
With me, you know. No! My cheerful way of
Life offends her austerity. Too much
Morality is dangerous to
Connubial ties. I have striven to
Avoid this danger in myself. But what
Care I? Eight millions of marks a year!
Happy is the prince who can turn his
Subjects into so much ready cash.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—It pays to raise men,
If only to export them.

LANDGRAVE—The very best of merchandise.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—No breakage; no packing troubles. You face

[6] Frederick II., Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, was a brute. The wife of his youth, a daughter of George II., the gentlest of her race, was forced to fly from his inhumanity to others for protection.—*Bancroft.*

Your goods correctly, and they walk away.
[*Laughs heartily.*]

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—Remember, Schlieffen—full cellars this
Season, and the best vintage—the very best.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—And beauty—all Europe shall be under
Contribution. The opera! we shall live
In song.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—And the dance! The whirling dance!
There is a new step in Paris. Yes, we
Must have it here. Remember, we must have
It here. Eight millions of marks a year!

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—We shall make a paradise of Cassel.
A paradise! Nothing so become a
Prince as flowing wine and captivating—

FAUCITT—You halt, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—And a captivating ballet. I live
And thrill in the raptures of the dance![7]

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Next year, your troops will be fighting in
America for England's King.

LANDGRAVE—And while my troops are fighting there, we
Will be dancing here. This American
Rebellion! What luck! What great luck it brings!
Eight millions of marks a year!

FAUCITT—And further increase
If more men are required.

LANDGRAVE—Welcome the necessity! We will meet
It to our last man.
Grandest opportunity, for princely
Liberality in aid of a royal
Brother. May it never cease! But tell me,
Faucitt, what have my royal neighbors done?

FAUCITT—The Duke of Brunswick,
Comes to England's aid with five thousand men.

LANDGRAVE—And Ferdinand, his son? Why he should seek

---

[7] He [Frederick II.] sought to introduce into Cassel French modes of life; had his opera, ballet-dancers, his French playhouse, etc., etc.—*Bancroft.*

The conflict in person, since he is
Brother-in-law of his Britannic majesty.
[*Laughs heartily.*]
But his wife has left him, too.[8]
[*Laughs heartily.*]
It is such a joke! He and I are twins
In the same sorrow. But we bear it; yes!
We bear it. How strange it is that women
Will act so! And besides Brunswick?

FAUCITT—The Prince of Waldeck
Graciously adds a single regiment.

LANDGRAVE—And the Hereditary Prince,
My gay and wayward son of Hanau?

FAUCITT—In emulation of his noble father,
His Serene Highness will send one thousand
Men and take his subsidy.

LANDGRAVE—I am cheered at this; for he, too, needs money.
Is greater compensation than I receive
Paid to any?

FAUCITT—You stand
In vantage of them all in profit gained.

LANDGRAVE—It would distress me, distress me much,
To cheapen the market value. Schlieffen,
Have means been taken to secure the men,
Since we have sold them and the price determined?

VON SCHLIEFFEN—The intentions of your Serene Highness
Noised abroad, our people fly in all
Directions. The workshop is deserted,
And the home vacated. Once across our
Borders they feel secure frcm impressment
For this alien war.[9]

LANDGRAVE—Our neighbors shall return them wherever
Found. Unmannered creatures! Is this their
Loyalty to their reigning prince? We must

---

[8] Ferdinand [son of Duke of Brunswick] married Augusta, the sister of George III.. who afterward abandoned him. He was indifferent to his English wife and abandoned to sensual pleasures.—*Bancroft.*

[9] To escape impressment his [Frederick's] subjects fled to Hanover. King George of Hanover was called upon to discourage the elopement of Hessian subjects into his country, when the demand for men was so great, to enable the Landgrave to fulfill his engagement with Great Britain.—*Bancroft.*

Not be embarrassed in getting men, for
That would endanger the revenues which
This compact brings. What shall we do? Schlieffen,
This is for you to answer. For this you
Are our minister.
It worries us to solve such dilemmas.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—If your Serene Highness will approve,
It shall loudly be proclaimed, so that every
Ear shall hear it!—and, hearing, shall believe—
That in America, a land rich with
Spoils and pleasures, every man shall have free
License for plunder, and appetite go
Unrestrained. So self-interest may secure
To us what force may not.[10]

LANDGRAVE—This it is, Faucitt, to
Have a sagacious minister of state!
As you propose so be it done.
[*Enter servant who bows to* LANDGRAVE.]

LANDGRAVE [*To* FAUCITT]—In yonder room, a banquet is prepared
To soften the hardships of this tedious
World. Our minister, with the treaty ready,
Will there invite our signatures.
And then in wine—in luscious wine—we'll pledge
Our wishes for success to England.
Eight millions of marks a year! And all for
Nothing. Wine, wine, now for the flowing wine.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE III. *Buckingham Palace, London. Time: February, 1776. Royal Council Chamber.*

Enter LORD NORTH, *Prime Minister;* LORD BARRINGTON, *Secretary of War, and* LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, *Secretary of State* [*successor to* DARTMOUTH].

NORTH—It will pinch our people,

[10] Yet many went willingly, after they had been made to believe that in America they would have free license to plunder and to indulge their passions.—*Bancroft.*

But they must pay the price. When disaster
Blows in your face, shut your eyes, till better
Things come round; then open and make repairs.
In such disaster we have come forth from
Continental wars.[1] These foreign levies
Are our repairs of State, and medicate
Our ills, like ointment on an open wound.
In titanic strife we were engulfed with
Mighty nations; and emerged therefrom tired
And worn and bruised. When nature sleeps from mere
Exhaustion, the prudent surgeon permits
Time for rest. So rests England now. For these
Colonial troubles—which nip us as an
Insect in a summer's night, more annoying
Than dangerous—money will buy us soldiers
From foreign princes, which the sergeant would
Fail to recruit at home.
My Lords, could we have better done?[2]

GERMAIN—With the force secured, we will crush rebellion
Within a year. For so short a labor
The cost cannot be heavy.[3]
What say you, Barrington?

BARRINGTON—What is there to say? When any path is
Admitted to be the only way, then
That way pursue. It was impossible
To fill our armies on British soil.[4]
The fight against revolt was over, unless
Some friendly hand sustained in part our load.
England pays the price. She gets the men, the
Fight is made and, as we hope, won. And there
An end of it. Those cavil most who least

---

[1] The Seven Years' War, from 1756 to 1763, between England, France, and Spain, was, at the same time, a Continental war, in which many states were engaged. It was the effort to repair the expenditures for this war that led to the Stamp Act of 1765.

[2] Lord North said, in the House of Commons, February, 1776: "The troops are wanted. The terms are less than we could have expected. The force will enable us to drive America to submission, perhaps without further effusion of blood.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Lord Cornwall said, "Our business [reducing America] will be effected within a year. So these German troops are had on terms lower than ever before." —*Bancroft.*

[4] Lord Barrington said, "British recruits could not be procured on any terms." —*Bancroft.*

Can show a remedy.

[*Enter* KING GEORGE *in a rage.*]

[*All exclaim:* "*The* KING!" *All bow to the* KING.]

KING—Will surprises never cease?
Are we the King of England, or but a
Scullion to take orders and advice!
I'd rather be of things inanimate,
And take my cue and course as the rain and
Gale should turn me, than be a king without
A king's supremacy. Who would not, in
Pride of royal state, shorten his wind and
With it life emotional, sooner than
Bear the taunts of weaklings, whom in greater
Merit he treads upon, yet kills not?
From that great Norman, whose heavy lance once
Shook this aspiring isle, to the present
Hour, his blood has not been more humiliated.

[*The* LORDS *are all surprised at the* KING'S *passion.*]

NORTH—Your Majesty!

KING—My Lords. You will excuse this warmth; but while
Burns the flame the heat will radiate.
Know you of this Catherine—this Empress—
And of her courtesy to us?

NORTH—As England's first minister, of course I
Know; and marveled much when that knowledge came.

KING—We wrote to her in person—
A sovereign to a sovereign.
Her clerk, this sovereign answers, and as
If she were bartering for a gown.[5] The
Stress for troops weighs heavily upon us.
Under our necessity, and impelled
By unrequited favors from us
Hitherto received, we wrote to this

[5] To Catherine [Empress of Russia] King George wrote for troops, with his own hand. Her answer was purposely by the hand of her private secretary. The King said the Empress was not "genteel." and had not the civility to answer him in her own hand, and had thrown out expressions not civil to civilized ears. —*Bancroft.*

Russian Empress, and asked for soldiers.
After weeks of waiting—our royal person
In the embassador who spoke with our
Voice, put off now with this and then with that
Excuse, good to a mendicant for office
Or official favor[6]—this Queen, or Empress,
Or what you will, to our royal hands sends
Her lackey's letter; in which, she "really
Cannot." "It is against her conscience."
"It would bring dishonor upon her army."
"It wounded dignity for two great states, to
Join to put down a rebellion unsupported
By any foreign power."
And then advises—mark the climax—advises—
Just heaven! Shall the proud Saxon bear this
From the Slav—that
"We make peace with our offended subjects[7]."
Did discourtesy ever further go?

BARRINGTON—Your Majesty! Deign to pardon me.
This royal state is kept far toward the
East, where civilized conduct is seldom
Taken as example. From Great Peter
Down, Russia has not posed for her politeness.
The bear is never nice, where he may set
His foot, so he gets forward.

KING—A diplomatic view, my Lord, and
Philosophical. But her honor—the
Honor of Catherine, Empress of all the
Russias! She looks to it none too soon—for
Safely keeping it. And her conscience, too!
How we quicken conscience when it runs with
Our desires, and strangle it, opposing!
But no more of that. Holland—but with better
Grace—follows Russia in refusal.
Is this so, Barrington?

---

[6] Gunning, the English agent, asked for twenty thousand men, and was made to wait long at the Russian court before any definite reply was given, and put off with various excuses.—*Bancroft.*

[7] The Empress said to Gunning, "Has any progress been made toward settling your dispute with America? For God's sake, put an end to it as soon as possible. There is an impropriety in employing my troops under a power unknown to them. Moreover, it reflects upon our dignity for this juncture of forces of two monarchies and two nations, simply to calm a rebellion not supported by any foreign power," and she proffered the advice that England make peace with her offended subjects.—*Bancroft.*

BARRINGTON—Holland, your Majesty, will furnish troops,
But only for Continental service.
This is a refusal in disguise.[8]
KING—Then so much the greater, upon the
Records of our gratitude, is the debt
We owe these German kinsmen. They have done
Well. What is the aggregate of their supply.
BARRINGTON—Hesse Cassel, Brunswick and the rest,
Together give an army of about
Twenty thousand men. And more if needed.
KING—A good round number. What say you, North? Will
The work now begin, blows and subjugation?
We are tired of these petitions from the
Hands of treason.[9]
NORTH—Your Majesty! The only petition
That your minister receives hereafter
From these men, will be while they are prostrate
At his feet, and with halter around their necks.[10]
GERMAIN—And with the force now at the disposal
Of the King and Parliament, this petition
Must soon be handed in. In the hour of
Subjugation, I trust duty will hold
The scales of justice so far above the
Reach of mercy, that the principal actors
In this foul revolt shall feel the halter.
Samuel Adams and Hancock of Boston
Have forfeited their lives to the State.[11]
Indulgence to these should be a stranger.
KING—We will not punish, or discuss a pardon
Before capture and conviction, lest the
Court may forstall the constable.
Barrington, have plans been formulated
For the campaign? I should be glad to know
What my ministers propose.

---

[8] The Netherlands declined the request of the King of England for troops, but disguised the refusal under form of a consent to lend a brigade, on condition that it should not be used out of Europe.—*Bancroft.*

[9] The King said, "Blows must decide."—*Bancroft.*

[10] This language was actually used by the Prime Minister.

[11] Gage, in his proclamation of amnesty before recall, excepted from pardon Hancock and Sam Adams.

BARRINGTON—General Howe is now in Boston with
About ten thousand men. He is there besieged
Since Bunker Hill; and in command since the
Recall of Gage. The army of the rebels—
A larger force—hem him in, and for many
Months have held him to inaction.[12] The time
Has not been lost. During this England
Purchased her foreign levies, and in the
Spring campaign, now coming near, expects to
Crush audacity.

GERMAIN—The battles past were needful to certify
The intention of the revolt. It becomes
Us now to act with such power as to
Certify, in turn, that England scourges
Even unto death, revolting subjects.
To-day, well armed, the State moves swiftly on
To restored supremacy.

KING—Who commands the army in opposition?

NORTH—His name—his name—indeed it escapes me now.

BARRINGTON—His name, your Majesty, is Washington.
I think, George Washington.

KING—Is he experienced in arms?

BARRINGTON—I have made inquiry, and learn that he
Is brave and capable. He served your
Grandsire of glorious memory, and
Was aid to Braddock when he fell. But skill
And courage may not avail him. His army
Is a mob without discipline, and, as
Believed, without means to live. Hunger may
Drive them home before we reach them. Such an
Army must dissolve before veterans, well
Armed and fed.

KING—Again. How stand your intentions for the
Approaching Spring?[13]

NORTH—As Secretary of War,
Barrington will inform your Majesty.

BARRINGTON—Of our Generals, Carleton commands in
Canada, Howe in the Middle Colonies,

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[12] Washington having besieged Howe in Boston since July, 1775, resolved to force him to evacuate the place. This he did, and Gen. Howe, with his amry, left Boston March 17, 1776.

[13] This referred to the spring of 1776.

And Sir Henry Clinton in the South.
To Carleton, General Burgoyne will sail
With ten thousand troops, including the men
Of Brunswick. Sir Peter Parker and
Cornwallis, with about the same number,
Depart from Cork to join Clinton in the
Carolinas; and to Howe, an army of
Twenty thousand will be added, sailing
Under his brother the Admiral, to
Concentrate against New York, if the
General so advises. About seventeen
Thousand of the troops of Hesse Cassel
And of our other German friends are here
Included. In these expeditions go
Many hundred ships of war, covering
The vast seas with cannon.[14]

KING—A prodigious host! Enough to create
A famine—where farmers go to war, and
Fields to waste—and so starve them into
Submission. These three grand divisions after
Foothold on the land, will join each other
From end to end, from North to South, and so
Divide, overrun, and crush the traitors!
Is that the plan?

NORTH—Such is the expectation and the hope,
Your Majesty.

KING—Other aids must not be forgotten.
The army gathered, should be sufficient
To stamp out these ragged mobs before the
Next Autumn's sun grows cold; and it come
Sailing home again to join next winter's
Revelries. Yet, let us fail not to use
Any weapon lying in our path, though
It seem to-day superfluous. The savage
And the tomahawk[15]—the servile laborer
Of the South—and the resident still loyal
To the crown, of whom there must be many

[14] This was the disposition (originating with the King himself) of the German mercenaries and of the English recruits, added thereto, as authenticated by all the histories. The force against Carolina sailed from Cork about the end of February, 1776, but did not reach Clinton, at Cape Fear, till May.

[15] All through the war the King urged the employment of the Indians. "Lose no time," he urged, "to induce them to take up the hatchet against his Majesty's rebellious subjects in America."—*Bancroft.*

Barrington. In these expeditions go
Many hundred ships of war, covering
The vast seas with cannon.

King. A prodigious host! Enough to create
A famine—where farmers go to war, and
Fields to waste—and so starve them into
Submission.

Thousands—may carry consternation and
Death outside of the track of armies!
Is all this well considered.

GERMAIN—Your Secretaries have neglected nothing,
Your Majesty. Heretofore, advised of
Your far-reaching scrutiny and care—well
Approved by Parliament—the ministry
And the sovereign have been one in purpose
And in thought. Our agents have tapped at every
Wigwam in America, the slaves have
Been fired for revenge, and among the people,
Those still friendly have been upheld with
Promises.

KING—Then England has no more to do at home.
Here we set our royal standard and await
The end. So shine the sun upon it,
Flaunting in the East, that its reflected
Glories glance back to us from our
Victorious banners in the West.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV. *Plaza in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Time: Thursday, July 4, 1776. Early evening.*

Enter: SAMUEL ADAMS, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN ADAMS, EDWARD RUTLEDGE, JOHN DICKINSON *and* JOHN WITHERSPOON, *all delegates to the Continental Congress, and on the way to the evening session.*

SAMUEL ADAMS—This balmy evening air
Invites a rest beneath these stately trees
Before closing the labors within yonder
Hall. How refreshing is this Southern breeze,
Following a glaring day!

RUTLEDGE—And with it
Bearing such weighty news; it is tempered.
As we would.[1]

FRANKLIN—On Friday last was that done in Charleston
Harbor which illuminates a history.
Citizens melting the weights of windows

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[1] This was news of the battle of Fort Moultrie, fought June 28, 1776, and the repulse of Sir Peter Parker's fleet.

To furnish bullets![2]
Can a people so determined be subdued?
It was a grand victory. Fifty ships
Of the line beaten off and defeated
By less than five hundred men!
Sergeant Jasper, like a second Curtius,
From the ramparts of Moultrie—it is thus
I name the fort—leaped into the fiery
Gulf and brought back the flag.
A deed for song, when brave deeds are sung.[3]

SAMUEL ADAMS—More than this.
The Cherokees, prompted to attack the
People from the rear at the moment of
Assault in front, for a while gave rein to
Their murderous instincts and many fell
Beneath the tomahawk. Accursed inhumanity!
In the end the savage was driven off,
His wigwams burned, and a chief gave up a
Life for every settler slain. For a time
Has been checked this danger. So rumor decks
Herself this day. A double victory—
The British and the Indians conquered.[4]

DICKINSON—All this is well authenticated?

SAMUEL ADAMS—No doubt whatever. Posts have just come in.

FRANKLIN—The year so far brings profit to our cause.
There have been losses, but also gains.
Canada weighs heavily at my heart.
Montgomery's death, just as the new year
Was breaking upon the world, added sorrow
To hearts already sore with trials.[5]

SAMUEL ADAMS—The disasters in Canada lie at
The doors of Congress. What madness tempted

---

[2] It is said that the citizens of Charleston melted the window weights for bullets in this battle.—*Frost.*

[3] William Jasper, a sergeant, saw that the flag, the staff cut by a cannon ball, had fallen over the ramparts. He leaped through an embrasure, and braving the thickest fire from the ships, snatched up the flag and planted it again upon the fort.—*Bancroft.*

[4] When Sir Peter Parker appeared in Charleston Harbor, the Cherokee Indians invaded the western frontier, marking their course with murder and devastation. When the fleet was dispersed, they were attacked, their chiefs killed, and their villages burned. Thus, at this time, the Americans triumphed over both the British and the Indians.—*Frost.*

[5] Gen. Montgomery, in conjunction with Benedict Arnold, assaulted Quebec, and fell in the attack, December 31, 1775.—*Bancroft.*

Us, as if skilled in arms, to command our
Commander? It was assumption for which
The country has dearly paid, though the debt
Was by us created. Five thousand men,
By Washington so much needed, line with
So many graves the Canadian waters,
And with nothing to our advantage.
Congress ordered this, and Washington obeyed.
To him the honor of obedience,
To us the shame of the command.[6]

DICKINSON—Washington approved of the assault
Upon Quebec?

SAMUEL ADAMS—So he did, within the limits of prudence;
And dispatched Colonel Benedict Arnold, by
Way of the Kennebec, to join Montgomery.
There it should have been left. But Congress
Followed with its own levies of thousands
For this Northern sally, and a kitchen
Campaign by kitchen generals has brought
Home disaster; so it always will.

JOHN ADAMS—I beg you cease, good cousin, for I
Plead guilty as a kitchen general.

SAMUEL ADAMS—No matter now.
So were we all, here in Philadelphia.
A zealous hand, though gripping hard in
Honesty, guided by ignorance, may
Do a heinous deed. Let us remember
This.

FRANKLIN—With other gains we count the departure
Of General Howe from Boston in March.
To compel this was a master stroke of
A Cæsar and a Fabius. To know

---

[6] Congress being of the opinion the security of Canada was a great concern on the 25th of March, 1776, directed Washington to send four battalions into Canada. On the 23d of April, without consulting Washington, Congress ordered him to send six more battalions to Canada. He resigned himself to the ill-considered votes of Congress and obeyed, and sent off more than three thousand men at the time when the British were concentrating thirty thousand veteran troops against New York City. But having thus stripped Washington of about half his force, Congress next ordered that provisions and powder, of which his stock was low, and clothing for ten thousand men, should follow. The enemy and the smallpox decimated this command in Canada, so that about four thousand only remained. In July, 1776, a little more than two months, fragments of this defeated army began to return, with a loss of more than five thousand men. —*Bancroft.*

When to assail and when to refuse a
Battle, unite the merits of these
Roman heroes. Howe, with his army, was
Glad safely to creep away from the state
He was sent to run.

JOHN ADAMS—I wonder much
If he took with him the proclamation
Of General Gage, giving the pardon
Of the King to all but Hancock and my
Good cousin here. They were reserved for the
Halter. It must be because they deserved
It. [*All laugh.*]
"The King can do no wrong;" so, according
To this good old saw, he was right in
Selecting Samuel for the rope.
As for Hancock, we should once more petition
The King to spare him, till the present
Congress ends. Degenerate servants of
The people! We select to preside over
Us, a man whom the King calls a felon.

FRANKLIN—The strife is yet young. We shall often commit
Like offense before it's ended.

SAMUEL ADAMS—This night,
We crown the grandest event of mortals,
With a Declaration to the world of
The facts impelling us to independence.
The document is drawn by a master's
Hand. In this Jefferson becomes immortal.
Four days of discussion secures the
Resolution of Lee that these United
Colonies are free and independent.
Now for the declaration which awaits
Our signatures. How stands the record?
On Monday last the first vote. And time,
Heavy with regret, must forever witness
That the voices of South Carolina and
Pennsylvania were against it on
That day. The matter being worthy of
Fuller consideration, on Tuesday
South Carolina redeemed her name and
Changed for Independence. Pennsylvania,

Too, with Dickinson and Morris absent,
Gladly seized this chance to side with the
Majority. Do I report correctly?[7]

WITHERSPOON—The minutes,
Certify how exact are your recitals.

JOHN ADAMS—And so all the colonies, as they ought,
United upon this measure, as if
One thought controlled. The discussion yesterday
And to-day over the form of the great
Deed of Right, upon which our title rests
As freemen, closes to-night, and makes this
Day—mark my words—in importance to mankind
Second only to that which was hallowed
By Divinity. We are unanimous
In what we do:
And the voice of all cannot be wrong.[8]

DICKINSON—May your enthusiasm never lose its heat.
Alas! I fear it will.[9]

JOHN ADAMS—Hot or cold, I stand for what Congress has
Decreed. Sink or swim, live or die, survive
Or perish, I am for Independence!
You amaze me, Dickinson,
In still holding out.

DICKINSON—I fear, and hence hesitate.
All is so dark. This declaration may
Expose us to graver dangers. Shall we
Take a step we may not maintain, and recede
With infamy, or persist to our
Destruction.[10]

FRANKLIN—What are the triumphs of this world

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[7] This statement of the debate and vote on the declaration is according to Bancroft.

[8] John Adams made the celebrated prediction that the Fourth of July would be made memorable by the ringing of bells and tokens of general rejoicing.—*Frost.*

The lives and liberties of millions yet unborn were interested in independence, said John Adams.—*Bancroft.*

[9] Among the sincere and honorable opponents of independence was John Dickinson of Pennsylvania. (He never voted for it.)—*Frost.*

[10] Dickinson said, "The declaration may expose us to greater outrages. We ought not to commit our country upon an alternative, where to recede would be infamy, and to persist, destruction. The door of accommodation with Great Britain should be left open."—*Bancroft.*

Worth without risks and trials, which sweeten
Victory, as labor enriches food
By whetting appetite.

DICKINSON—The door of accommodation
To Great Britain should be kept open.

FRANKLIN—Then, when comes the time to close it?
How much humiliation must we bear
Before, this superstitious reverence for
Royalty burned away, man shall be
Recognized in his greater capabilities
Without a master?
How much more evil must this King do?
Lives destroy and towns engulf in flames?
Twice has the Congress of this people
Petitioned him, and twice been spurned with
Insults. It was in close touch with British
Rulers, that I learned the lesson of
Independence.

DICKINSON—We propose to form a new government.
This work, so difficult, ought to precede
What we do to-day, not follow it.[11]

JOHN ADAMS—Why, man, you need a guardian
For wits that once upon a time have set
Tongues to patriotic music.[12] Can we
On with the new government before we
Are off with the old? To-day we declare
To all the world our independence of
England. To-morrow we organize a
New government, this day born. We are ripe
For independence as the first act in
Our drama.

WITHERSPOON—Yes! And not only are we ripe,
But the danger is, the fruit will rot upon
The tree unless soon gathered.
We stand to-day
An armed mob, without a flag, without a
Symbol of authority to command.
Washington, as a new year's gift, improvised

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[11] "The formation of our government," said Dickinson, "ought to precede the assumption of our station among sovereigns. The confederation ought to be settled before the Declaration of Independence."—*Bancroft.*

[12] Referring to what are known as "The Farmer's Letters," written by Dickinson in the early days of the controversy.

A banner. But, representing nothing,
Any piece of bunting is of its value.[13]
SAMUEL ADAMS—What purpose have we,
Without the delaration we make to-day?
A crowd of simple malcontents—we are
Daily berating the King—and praying
For the King.[14] Do we believe in freedom?
Or do we still hug slavery? And fawn
Upon royalty, since its kicks and cuffs
Remind us where it is—giving opportunity?
Fishmongers, quarreling in the streets, and
For the hour repelling the officers of
The law, yet waiting to be quelled, repeat
The position of these Colonies for
Twelve months past.
RUTLEDGE—Too much rashness is ever dangerous.
I would rather avoid than repent it.
SAMUEL ADAMS—No man can be rash in
Resisting a wrong which would enslave him:
At least no man of spirit.
RUTLEDGE—There you have it!
To be spirited we must do violence,
Even if to our injury.[15] So I
Remember, in foolish youth, with courage
Roused to do, the venturesome boy pushed
Forward with thoughtless taunts, walked here and there
In many perils; all to show his spirit—
Which, while still in his shrill, piping notes of
Triumph, was quelled by his mother's shoe.
Deliver me from this! Yet on the second
Ballot I voted for independence—
And will sign the declaration.
Moultrie settled that six days ago.
SAMUEL ADAMS—I rejoice that I have a prompter,

[13] "The country," said Witherspoon of New Jersey, "is not only ripe for independence, but is in danger of becoming rotten for want of it, if the declaration is longer delayed."—*Bancroft.*

[14] Up even to this date, in religious service, prayers were offered for the King. There was yet no allegiance to any other power. It was simply a mob in uproar.

[15] Edward Rutledge said, "No reason could be assigned for passing this measure [independence] but the reason of every madman—a show of spirit."—*Bancroft.*

To tell me when it is rash to oppose
A tyrant. At this moment the waters
Are covered with the fleets of England,
Bearing to our shores, hired mercenaries
To take our lives at so much per head.
Like foxes for which a premium is
Paid, we live and walk until these huntsmen
Come. Some there are who would call it rash to
Resist this infamy—and proper manhood
To accept it. I'd rather be an owl,
And hoot my lonely hours away upon
A blighted limb, than such a counterfeit.

RUTLEDGE—In our disjointed state,
To propose a treaty to any nation
Now at peace—And we must have treaties since
We cannot live alone—would require the
Impudence found only in New England![16]

SAMUEL ADAMS—Rutledge, this to me!

[ADAMS *advances threateningly toward* RUTLEDGE, *and* FRANKLIN *steps between them.*]

In this the language of Moultrie to
Bunker Hill? Shall a man who for ten years
And more has stood within the shadow of
The halter, in defense of human rights
And man's equality, receive this as
His reward? Could I thus speak to Carolina,
This very day so proudly plumed over
The tyranny her valor crushed? First let me
Drink to the besotted death of every sense,
And the loss of memory be excuse for
Such ingratitude! Fie, fie! Rutledge!

FRANKLIN—Let me, as middle-man,
Stand between the heat of extreme sections.
Rutledge, believe me, in days to come it
Will grieve you heavily to carry your words,
A burden of discourtesy.

RUTLEDGE—I meant no wrong—
Nor thought it would be taken so. Adams!

---

[16] Edward Rutledge said, "That it required the impudence of a New Englander, for us in our disjointed state to propose a treaty to any nation now at peace."—*Bancroft.*

With all my heart, I regret the rash
Expression.

[*Extends his hand*].

SAMUEL ADAMS—And with all my soul, I again
Receive you as my country's friend and mine.

[*They grasp hands.*]

FRANKLIN—So may Carolina ever stand, in link
With Massachusetts when wrong threatens either!

JOHN ADAMS—The hour has come for the final test,
The signatures. To it with courage, for
Each may sign his death warrant.

[*All retire within Independence Hall. The Plaza is then suddenly filled with the populace — men, women and children. Voices: "Independence forever!" "Down with the King!" "Now for the declaration!" "Jefferson forever!" "Liberty or Death!" The throng all the while move restlessly over the stage before the closed doors. A voice is raised and sings "Yankee Doodle," and all join in.*[17]

Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by jury;
That no elections should be held across the briny waters;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."

Chorus—Yankee doodle, doodle, do; Yankee doodle dandy;
Yankee doodle, keep it up; Yankee doodle dandy.

A VOICE—I heard that at Bunker Hill. Give us another verse.

[*Another stanza is sung, all joining in, and many now dancing.*]

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated,
But whether Hyson or Bohea I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan began to pout; he laid a strong embargo;
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove," said he; then over went the cargo.

Chorus—Yankee doodle, doodle, do, etc., etc.

A VOICE—One verse more and on with the dance.

[*Singing continued.*]

[17] These words were written about 1836, by George P. Morris of New York.

Then John sat down in burly state, and blustered like a grandee;
And in derision made a tune called, "Yankee doodle dandy!"
And Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy;
But we will send them home again, with his Yankee doodle dandy!

Chorus—Yankee doodle, doodle do, etc., etc.

[*Suddenly the doors of Independence Hall are thrown open, and upon the steps appear* SAMUEL ADAMS, *holding the declaration in his hand, with* FRANKLIN *by his side,* RUTLEDGE, WITHERSPOON, *and others.*] .

RUTLEDGE—Peace, good citizens, and hear the Declaration of your representatives.[18]

SAMUEL ADAMS—[*reading.*] We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, do solemnly publish and declare that these Colonies are free and independent; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor!

WITHERSPOON—The deed is done!
Long live the United States of America!

[*All huzza*].

FRANKLIN—[*Cannon are heard in the distance and a heavy bell begins to ring.*]
Listen! The bell of Liberty!

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[18] The Declaration of Independence was passed and signed on the 4th of July, 1776; was publicly proclaimed to the people from the door of the State House in Philadelphia, and received with shouts, amid the ringing of bells and firing of cannon.—*Frost.*

The debates [on independence] ran through the 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, and on the evening of the 4th closed. The declaration was signed by every member present, except Mr. Dickinson.

The declaration thus signed on the 4th, on paper, was engrossed on parchment and signed again on the 2d of August.—*Jefferson's Autobiographia, in Randolph's Jefferson's Correspondence.*

Henceforth ring on, and on, forever.

[*Suddenly, while the bell still tolls, the entire assemblage assumes an attitude of devotion. Some fall on their knees. Some are with uplifted hands, and all sing*].

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[*At the close of the singing, the bell still ringing and cannon booming, the curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Room in headquarters of* GEN. HOWE *on Long Island.*[1] *Time: August 28, 1776, the day after the battle of Long Island. Enter* GEN. HOWE, *his brother* ADMIRAL HOWE, GEN. LORD CORNWALLIS, COL. RALL, *and a Hessian officer.*

GEN. HOWE—Yes! Brother, we will rest to-day.
We earned it yesterday.
ADMIRAL HOWE—It is better to rest when
The work is finished, not when partly done.
The wounded game may creep away.[2]
GEN. HOWE—You men of the sea fight under cover;
And all skies are the same to you. We of
The army feel it, and shiver when the
Clouds empty their wealth upon us. Did you
Ever see it rain harder? The drubbing
We gave the rebels yesterday, will hold
Them in their lines till we order them out
As prisoners. No, we will not assault
To-day, nor perhaps to-morrow, but pick

[1] The battle of Long Island was fought August 27, 1776, and the troops of the English were under the command of Gen. Sir William Howe. The English fleet in the bay was under his brother, Admiral Lord Richard Howe. The American forces were badly beaten, and at the end of the day sought refuge in their intrenchments, having lost some thousands in killed, wounded, and prisoners. When Gen. Howe left Boston in March, 1776, he sailed to Halifax, and there remained until July, when he reached Staten Island, New York, with a force of ten thousand men. Here he was joined by his brother, Admiral Howe, from England, with reinforcements of twenty thousand men. With this force of thirty thousand he began the struggle for New York against Washington, with about ten thousand, and many of these unarmed and raw recruits. This scene is on the day after the battle.

[2] General Howe was of a sluggish mold, and succumbed unresistingly to his sensual nature. He was wanting in alertness. Indolence was his bane.—*Bancroft.*

The elder brother [Admiral Howe] was active, energetic, and able; but his brother was pleasure-loving, forgetting his duty in dissipation. He had his mistress by his side, and his table was open to all.—*Von Eelking.*

Up our trophies when more convenient.
COL. RALL—The game cannot escape us. We
Are in front and the river is behind.
GEN. HOWE—And your guns, brother, sweep the river.
And so it is safely caged. Why, then, should
We advance, to swim, as we may do, in
This water-loaded air, before we
Regale ourselves?[3]
ADMIRAL HOWE—My guns are not yet in position to
Prevent retreat. The wind and tide prevented.[4]
GEN. HOWE—Well, all in good time, you will have them there.
Meantime these weeping clouds give to him, as
To us, the same dread of motion. Colonel
Rall, what are the results of yesterday?
COL. RALL—At least three thousand five hundred killed,
Wounded, and in our hands. Four generals,
And many officers of lesser rank.
It was a good day's work.
CORNWALLIS—General Sullivan and Lord Sterling
Are among the prisoners.
GEN. HOWE—Lord Sterling on the rebels' side?
Do Lords fight with them?
HESSIAN OFFICER—He is, from his title,
The only gentleman among them.
They are all a sorry set.[5]
ADMIRAL HOWE—But they fight like men,
Overburdened by disadvantage.
COL. RALL—No doubt. Their guns!
Why, they bear nothing but their own private
Pieces, which have served for robins. We could
Fire twice while they were driving home their charge.
It was ludicrous to see them, thus

---

[3] On this day [the day after the battle] the rain fell heavily. In some places in the lines the men in the trenches stood in water.—*Bancroft.*

[4] Howe opened his cannonade in the morning [after the battle], but because of the rain did no more. He neglected to put men-of-war in the East River to cut off the American retreat.—*Von Eelking.*

[5] A Hessian officer in his report says: "Among the so-called colonels and other officers were tailors, shoemakers, barbers, and base mechanics. They are mere rebels. Gen. Putnam is a butcher."—*Von Eelking.*

Confronting veterans of Europe.[6]
[*Laughs heartily.*]

HESSIAN OFFICER—And such arms as this mob did possess would
Speed toward us with such feeble force whatever
Was sent, that it fell midway. [*Laughs.*]
Since it did not reach us, we were ignorant
Whether lead was used or not. [*Still laughs.*]
In return for this, we each picked our man
At pleasure.[7]
[GEN. HOWE *laughs heartily at this recital.*]

GEN. HOWE—It really turns my heart to sympathy;
As when the butcher stands with uplifted
Ax to slay the helpless steer. But a soldier
Is the ax! So they stood up to be shot
Down? Such also was my experience
Wherever I observed the field.

HESSIAN OFFICER—They are as vile in origin as poor
In equipment. [*Laughs.*]
Who do you suppose these officers are
Whom we have met and captured?
[*Laughs heartily.*]
I have been at special pains to know.
[*All laugh.*]
Why, tailors! A general a tailor! [*Laughs.*]
And shoemakers; and—you would not believe
It—base mechanics. Indeed this is true!
My sides ache with merriment.[8]
[*Laughing.*]

ADMIRAL HOWE—These misguided men are our countrymen!
And you laugh at England when you clothe with
Ridicule her children.

COL. RALL—We laugh not at the man;
But at the force he confronts us with.
We Europeans have tested the strength

---

[6] Von Herrigen of the Hessians reported, "Their [American] riflemen took a quarter of an hour to load, and we Germans overwhelmed them by rapid firing and drove them with the bayonet."—*Von Eelking.*

[7] The Hessians who received the surrender of Gens. Sullivan and Sterling and more than half the captives, made no boast of having routed ill-armed militia.—*Bancroft.*

[8] See Note 5.

Of discipline, with weapons such as Mars
Himself might wear. It amuses us to
Meet this mob without a uniform.
Even the commanders needed the dress
Of gentlemen, fit to be captured in.[9]

CORNWALLIS—New York is now at our mercy,
When we care to enter.

GEN. HOWE—We opened this day with artillery,
To let the stricken know that we are awake.
That will do for to-day. When the skies are
Blue again, then we will finish our work.
Meantime it is meet that we indulge ourselves.
Brother, forget for an hour your somber
Side, and bring the other into action.
You will dine with me; and so, gentlemen,
Will you all. [*Bows to all.*]
[*All retire.*]

SCENE II.—*Room in* WASHINGTON'S *Headquarters, Harlem Heights. Time: September 17, 1776.*
Enter GEN. PUTNAM *and* GEN. GREENE.

PUTNAM—By Heavens! Greene, your illness
Came near being a fatal illness to
Us all. At last, I rejoice to see you
With your sword again upon your thigh.

GREENE—Since I laid the plans
For the fight on Long Island, it would have
Been more orderly had I executed
Them. How differently affairs might run
And end, if we could control our bodies
As servants of our will!

PUTNAM—I was precipitated into the
Command. A general ignorant of
The field, I blundered. But for the skill of
Our chief, we surely had lost our army.[1]

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[9] Hardly one regiment [of the Americans] was uniformed or armed. Their artillery consisted of wretched iron guns, mounted on ships' carriages.—*Von Eelking.*

[1] Just before the battle on Long Island was to open, Gen. Greene [who had been in command of the Americans] became ill of a raging fever. His loss was irreparable, for the work in Brooklyn had been built under his eye, and he was familiar with the surroundings.—*Bancroft.*

On August 24th, Gen. Putnam took command in place of Greene. Putnam hav-

GREENE—A remarkable man!
PUTNAM—As clearly as I see this shining hilt,
He saw the necessity of retreat
When the disastrous day had closed. Those there
Were, with swelling ignorance, who disdained
To yield an inch to the enemy, and
Would fight it out there and then.[2] And some of
Our warlike heroes in Congress, who never
Attacked anything more dangerous than
A fishbone in a hungry meal, even
Now wag their tongues in hurtful criticism.[3]
GREENE—I often wonder
How long these burdens can be borne.
PUTNAM—The day after the battle a drenching
Rain; and the next, again a drenching rain.
These were worth a thousand guns to hold the
Enemy in his lines and to protect
Us in ours. During these eight-and-forty
Hours Washington was sleepless.[4] The storms which
Swept the plains by day and night, were both sun
And light to him, since so they served him in
His purpose. Then a heavy fog settled
Over all; and our army, safely ferried
To New York, left empty hillocks to the
Enemy.[5]
GREENE—Putnam, this was a marvelous work,
As I learn the story now.

---

ing no time to familiarize himself with the plans of Greene, blundered in many ways while the fight was on. The disasters of the day were due to the incapacity of Putnam.—*Bancroft.*

[2] On the morning after the disastrous repulse Washington went over to Brooklyn and took command. At a council of war some were against giving the enemy an inch of ground, but Washington ordered a retreat. The rain fell for two days and nights with little intermission (the 28th and 29th of August), and on the morning of August 30th a heavy fog settled over Brooklyn and the East River. Meantime Washington had reached New York without the loss of a man.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Rumor quadrupled the force of Washington to Congress, and it expected him to stay the enemy at the threshold. When on the 2d of September, Gen. Sullivan [who, a prisoner to Howe, had been by him sent to Congress with propositions] was introduced to John Adams, he exclaimed: "Oh, the decoy duck! would that the first bullet of the enemy on Long Island had passed through his brain."—*Bancroft.*

[4] For eight-and-forty hours [following the battle] Washington gave no moment to sleep, and by night and by day was on horseback in the lines. All the time he continued abroad in the wind and rain.—*Bancroft.*

[5] See Note 2.

PUTNAM—Strongly intrenched
Upon these hills of Harlem, we could defy
All England, if we had those twin giants
Of successful war, discipline and
Ammunition. Now, discouragement may
Come like a thief, to steal away the courage
Of our men.
GREENE—But the retreat from New York
To these suburban heights?
PUTNAM—We were faced by heavy guns
On either river, that looked upon us
From more than a hundred keels. The enemy
Entered the city from the north to close us in.
He was foiled! Yes; foiled by a woman—may
The name of Murray never be lost by
A grateful people—who held Howe in
Social dalliance till our army had
Slipped away. So here we are, ready to
Cross swords again when these hirelings may come.[6]
GREENE—When, if ever, shall we cope with our foe,
Equipped as soldiers should be?
PUTNAM—Greene, equipment is not
The sorest of our needs. Confidence and
Trust in our General would be, to the
Work before us, like rain to a parched soil.
GREENE—He is most anxious about Carleton
And the department of the North.[7]
PUTNAM—And rightly so.
General Gates, in July last, gave up
Crown Point, the doorway through which Carleton
Must pass to strike us from the North. He failed

[6] The 13th of September the British fixed upon for landing in New York. Washington's men refused to resist their entrance, and at Kip's Bay, on the 15th, fled in confusion. Putnam was cut off, with a force of four thousand men, in the lower part of the city. Putnam escaped by hugging close to the Hudson on his way out of the city to Harlem Heights. But the respite that saved Putnam was due to Mary Lindley, wife of Robert Murray. When Gen. Howe and officers came to her house on Murray Hill she detained them at lunch until every American regiment had escaped. On the 16th Washington was intrenched on Harlem Heights and had a skirmish with the British, in which Col. Knowlton and Maj. Leitch were killed. Putnam and Greene joined in this action.—*Bancroft.*

[7] In May, 1776, Burgoyne had arrived in Canada with heavy reinforcements to Gen. Carleton. (See Scene 3, Act II.) With this powerful armament threatening from the North, and after the failure at this time of the American expedition of Congress into Canada, followed by the surrender of Crown Point by Gates, Washington was naturally filled with anxiety for affairs outside of the struggle for New York City.

To report this to Washington—refused
To acknowledge him as his superior—
And law givers at Philadelphia
Have encouraged this.[8] Oh!—that we had a
Tarpeian rock from which to hurl such shallow
Patriots, and I were executioner!

GREENE—Here comes his Excellency.

[*Enter* GEN. WASHINGTON, *who bows to the others.*]

WASHINGTON—My apologies, gentlemen,
To you both. I was involved in duties
That would control me.
Greene, I am glad to greet you, and, I trust,
With a body purged from recent ills.
You have been greatly missed.

GREENE—I seek opportunity
To cancel the debt of absence.

WASHINGTON—This came in the skirmish yesterday.
You, both of you, there drained the cup of praise
Which falls to valorous deeds. But the loss
Of Knowlton and of Leitch! Insatiable
Death is gorged too often with the best.[9]

PUTNAM—We have called, General, for your orders.

WASHINGTON—The army will rest here
Until forced to fall back.
These days will likely be very few.

GREENE—We have a strong defense upon these hills.
And, beyond, but a little way, we may
Securely rest, till tired of monotony.

WASHINGTON—All are traps into which we must not fall.
Our policy is retreat; and then again,
Retreat. We fight a defensive war.
Keep the enemy in front—and back and back,
Into the land, until, at last, the
Alleghanies, nature's great redoubt, will
Be ours, with advantage all our own!

---

[8] In July, 1776, Crown Point was abandoned by Gates, who had been appointed by Congress to the command of the forces in Canada. This surrender he [Gates] neglected to report to his superior [Washington]. When Washington expressed sorrow at the retreat from Crown Point Gates resented this as an interference and referred the matter to Congress. While he set himself up as a rival of the commander-in-chief, he was intriguing with Congress to supersede Schuyler. —*Bancroft.*

[9] Referring to the Battle of Harlem, on September 16, 1776. (See Note 6.)

Rash would it be to risk a general
Action! But Congress, I am aware,
Favors more aggressive measures.[10]

PUTNAM—What can these civilians
In Philadelphia know of war, that
We in the field should follow? While they plan
Campaigns upon Turkish carpets, our limbs
Are weary with the tramp and our swords red
From want of time to clean them. Shall such men
Presume to give military orders to
Our chief? Congress be——

WASHINGTON—[*Sternly.*] General! General!

PUTNAM—Then Congress be—blessed.

WASHINGTON—Of what worth to win the good we hope for,
If we rebel against the weighty orders
Of the State? We may advise, but we may
Not resist the authority we profess
To serve. Error in our superiors
Is chargeable to infirmity of
Nature, which time and reflection often
Cure!

GREENE—Then be it the prayer
Of all just men, that the cure comes soon.

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen,
What punishment is due to him just
Detected in an effort to poison
The General-in-Chief?

GREENE and PUTNAM—[*In unison.*] To poison you?

WASHINGTON—This very day I was to have been a victim.
Providence has preserved my life; for what
Ends I know not.

GREENE—The culprit has been captured?

WASHINGTON—Yes; one of my own guard!
And by me trusted—I may say, literally
Trusted—almost unto death.

PUTNAM—He should die at sunset—
And the whole army see the creature die!

---

[10] It was his [Washington's] design not to risk a general engagement, but to harass the English by skirmishers; cutting off their supplies and exhausting their patience.—*Frost.*

"If overpowered, we must cross the Alleghanies," said Washington.—*Irving.*

WASHINGTON—His youth pleads against this punishment.
The enemy is the chief malefactor.
Why hang the deluded boy while the greater
Criminal survives? It is more humane
To send him out of camp to the care of
Those who used him.[11]
PUTNAM—A merciful decree!
WASHINGTON—We shall be fortunate, if this
Be the last effort made to gain this end.
He who engages the savage will not
Hesitate at assassination!
I face it as among the chances of war!
GREENE—The foe will never learn the lesson, taught
In the generosity of this decision.
WASHINGTON—I fear he will not.
But the fault be his, not mine. In the realms
Of kindness I should not limp because he
Is lame. I confess, I am grieved lest a
Man of every noble grace, perhaps now
In the hands of the invaders, with a
Cruel fate, may illustrate our argument.
PUTNAM—I trust this proof may fail,
If it add a sorrow to a load piled to
Huge weight already.
WASHINGTON—It was necessary, that the
Strength and the intentions of the enemy
Should be known from some authentic source.
When deficient in all that supplies an
Army, resort to indirection that
Helps toward equality. In war this
Argument justifies the employment
Of a spy.
GREENE—A spy! A spy in the other camp!
WASHINGTON—One of the bravest and truest
Of New England's sons, a few days since

[11] In 1776, when the army was near New York, Washington was informed of an attempt upon his life by poison, to be placed in his pease at dinner. Harold, one of his guard, was the culprit. Washington sat down to dinner between Gates and Wooster. When the pease were placed upon the table he called the guilty man to him and said, "Shall I eat of these pease?" The youth turned pale, and stammered, "I don't know." Again Washington repeated his question, raising the vegetables to his lips. Here the culprit broke down and the crime was known.—"*Romance of the Revolution*," *pub. in Phil.*, 1870.

Tendered to me his services. So I was
Impressed by my only interview.
He knew the risks. He weighed them well, and
Faltered not, since it was to serve his country.
After visiting both the Hessian and
The British camps, he was to return to me.
He is overdue, and his absence fills
Me with alarm.

PUTNAM—I think I know him.

WASHINGTON—He was sent to me by Colonel Knowlton
From a Connecticut regiment. His rank
Is Captain and his name is Nathan Hale.[12]

PUTNAM—A man of noble qualities.
I know him well. I hope for his safe return.
But if not—if furious war claims a martyr—
Searching our army through, it would fail to find
A brighter name than that of Nathan Hale.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE III. *Military prison in New York City. "The New Jail" (Hall of Records, 1893). The courtyard of the prison. Time: September 21, 1776, midnight.*

Enter CAPT. CUNNINGHAM, *British provost-marshal, armed soldiers as a guard, and two keepers.*

CUNNINGHAM—How many rascals have died to-night?[1]
[*Thumps a table.*]

FIRST KEEPER—We have sent four out for burial since Sundown.

CUNNINGHAM—Four! No more?
You are the prison physician to keep

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[12] When, after the disaster on Long Island, Washington needed to know of the intentions of the enemy, Nathan Hale, a captain in Knowlton's regiment, volunteered to venture, under a disguise, within the British lines on Long Island. He was detected and executed.—*Bancroft.*

[1] The particular "horror" of war is the military prison. In 1776 nearly five thousand Americans were confined in the Jersey prison ship, the Middle Dutch, North Dutch, and French churches, King's College, the New Jail, sugar houses, and the City Hall. The "New Jail" [now, 1893, Hall of Records] was destined for the more notorious rebels, civil, naval, and military. So closely were they packed, they formed a solid mass. The provost marshal was Capt. Cunningham, notorious for his cruelty. He was executed in London, August 10, 1791, for forgery.—*Memorial Hist. of New York, J. Grant Wilson.*

These rats alive; and not the keeper of
The spade, to bury them. Man, if you had
Said four hundred, I would have hugged you.
In the prison ship where I spent last night,
We disposed of thirty.

SECOND KEEPER—I robbed over sixty
Of their food last night. This will help the record.

CUNNINGHAM—Too slow—too slow!
We starve them, we rob them, we pinch them with
Raging thirst, and yet they live. Men, we are
All too kind. There is too much heart among us.
Do you understand me?

[*An attendant appears, bearing a decanter and mugs.*]

FIRST KEEPER—Captain, will you have
The decanter upon the table?

CUNNINGHAM—Yes! And the mugs;
That we may drain a bumper to the King.

[*The attendant places a bottle and mugs upon the table.*]

This is the best fire for these chilly hours.

[*Pours out a huge drink and drains it off.*]

That is good. That makes some amends for being
Here. Any prisoners brought in to-day?

SECOND KEEPER—Some from Harlem Heights.

CUNNINGHAM—What had they?

SECOND KEEPER—The clothes they stood in.

CUNNINGHAM—Bah! Did you drown them?
How do such trash expect to pay for their
Keeping here? [*Drinks another glass.*]
Our Generals are too humane for this war.
Why take such prisoners? A blow on the
Crown is cheaper.

FIRST KEEPER—My assistant is mistaken.
We found a few watches and some keepsakes.

CUNNINGHAM—[*greedily.*] And you secured them all?
All—every item? If you allowed as much
Of value to escape as could be felt
By sensitive fingers, I'd lash you,
Every one—every one of you. Keepsakes
And spoils! I am here for these.

[*To one of the armed soldiers of the guard.*]

Fellow, how dare you smirk at me?
[*Reeling from drink, he offers to strike him, and the soldier dodges.*]
FIRST SOLDIER—Colonel, I did not smirk at you.
CUNNINGHAM—Colonel! How dare you call me Colonel?
Say General to me, or I will shoot you
With your own musket. General! Remember
Now, every one of you, General! I will
Be General to my guard even though
My superiors are slow in promotion,
And still keep me Captain.
I know my deserts, and promote myself.
[*Staggers with intoxication.*]
FIRST SOLDIER—General, I did not smirk at you.
CUNNINGHAM—That's better. Have a drink.
[*Pours out for him a dram, which the soldier drains off. He drinks again himself.*]
How the wind roars! Well, let it roar!
We are snug.
[*To second soldier.*]
Your face is new. Your eyes are crossed—And your
Nose—your nose is loose. You seem to have two
Noses; and they are not at rest. Who are you?
SECOND SOLDIER—I am William Clayton, General.
CUNNINGHAM—Where did you come from?
SECOND SOLDIER—I am from Monmouth,
In New Jersey.
CUNNINGHAM—How got you here?
Here in the King's livery, that should be worn
By men with straight eyes—and a single nose?
SECOND SOLDIER—I served the King there,
And was ordered here by General Howe.
CUNNINGHAM—You lie!
General Howe never stoops to such promotions.
It is only men of rank whom he considers.
[*Strikes his breast.*]
SECOND SOLDIER—I am not cunning in such matters.
I was given place here in the prison
Guard, and thought it was General Howe.
CUNNINGHAM—What did you do in that land—
That land—that traded you to us?

SECOND SOLDIER—I was loyal to the King.
CUNNINGHAM—Good! And you smote his enemies?
SECOND SOLDIER—My nearest neighbor—and once my my dearest
Friend is with Washington. I burned his home.
CUNNINGHAM—Brave heart, drink!
[*Gives him a mug, which he drains.*]
And his chicks? Did he have any?
SECOND SOLDIER—His wife, bearing her infant in her arms,
Escaped through the snow to friendly shelter.
CUNNINGHAM—Bungler that you are!
[*Smites him with a small stick from a chair near him.*]
You shall have no more drink.
You should have brained them both.
You shall be cashiered for neglect of duty.
[*To third soldier.*]
Weazen-faced hero in the King's toggery,
How got you into this place? I have ten
Other prisons in this town,[2] and in them all,
No man on guard who looks like you. Your hair
Is too red for this place, and your paunch too
Lean—too like our prisoners. Fatness,
Fatness pleases us. You are not fat.
Where came you from? Loon, answer me.
THIRD SOLDIER—I am an honest boy, born in Connecticut, not very far from here.
CUNNINGHAM—What did you eat and drink, to get that shape?
Roots, weeds, and vinegar, I am certain.
Be careful of our rich diet here, or
Apoplexy!
What deed of valor belongs to you?
THIRD SOLDIER—I quarreled with my brother
Because he was a rebel. The night he
Was to leave to serve with Putnam, in the
Dark, I crawled up and shot him in the back.
I then came here.
CUNNINGHAM—Cadaverous and red-headed Cæsar!

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[2] See Note 1.

Shake hands with your General.
[*They shake hands cordially.*]
Oh! That I had a thousand mighty men
Like you!
We will warm that shriveled but heroic
Front with drink.
[*He fills a mug for the soldier and one for himself and both drink.*]
[*While drinking, a dozen prisoners from different sides of the court enter the place. They are emaciated, ragged and suffering.* FARMER DICK, *now* CAPT. STANDISH, *is among them.*]

FIRST PRISONER—General, it is so cold.
By day we scorch in summer's heat, but at
Night we shiver, for winter's chill comes with
September gales. No clothes—no fire.

SECOND PRISONER—General, I have not tasted food for
Two days. I am slowly dying. For pity,
Help us![3]
[CUNNINGHAM *moves up and down the court in great impatience.*]

THIRD PRISONER—My brother died last night.
I nursed him to the last. I must follow
Him, if I have no relief. For two days
I have parched with thirst for want of a glass
Of water. I was captured on Long Island.

FOURTH PRISONER—And I on Harlem Heights.
I have been but four days here, and already
Know how blessed it would have been to have
Died in battle. This imprisonment would
Be punishment to Lucifer.
General, be merciful!

CUNNINGHAM—[*furiously.*] Curses upon you all!

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[3] In the North Dutch Church [on William Street] eight hundred prisoners were incarcerated without fuel or bedding during two of the coldest winters New York has ever known. Their provisions were scanty and poor, and, of course they died from cold and starvation. "We never," says Oliver Woodruff, one of the prisoners, "drew as much provisions for three days as a man would eat at a common meal. For three months in that inclement season, the only fire I saw were the lamps in the city. There was not a pane of glass in the windows, and nothing to keep out the cold except the iron grates." And so of the other prisons. Many were poisoned for the sake of their watches and silver buckles.—"*History of New York City,*" *Wm. L. Stone.*

This very morning the town was fired—
No doubt by some friendly hand of yours, and
Is still smoking in its ashes; and yet
You cry for warmth and fire. Knaves and traitors
To your King, starve and thirst and die!
[*The prisoners all fall back before his fury, except* CAPT. STANDISH.]
Had I a thousand smoking joints, they should
Feed the sewers, instead of you. Back
Now to your holes, impudent scum—and die—
Die, as the only duty left to do.[4]
[*They all move off but* CAPT. STANDISH.]

CAPT. STANDISH—Provost-Marshal Cunningham
I ask a word with you before I go.

CUNNINGHAM—Varlet! Do you brave my orders?
[*Raises a stick as if to strike him.*]

STANDISH—Dare to lay a blow on me, and these fists
Shall be the hammers of your sudden death.[5]
[*Raises his clenched fists and moves threateningly upon* CUNNINGHAM, *who becomes quiet.*]

CUNNINGHAM—Who are you?
Such courage is not of every day.

STANDISH—I am Richard Standish,
Captain in the Continental army.

CUNNINGHAM—What word would you with me?
[*Becomes suddenly sobered.*]

STANDISH—I have a dream to relate,
Which will interest you. At all events,
I desire you to hear it. I intend
You shall.

CUNNINGHAM—A dream!
Nothing so captivates me as a dream.

STANDISH—Then listen.
[*Prisoners and guard gather round to hear.*]
Last night, as I lay famished, I fell into
An uneasy sleep. The vision I then
Saw has appeared twice before; hence so

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[4] About 1 o'clock on the morning of the 21st [September 21, 1776] a fire chanced to break out near Whitehall Street [New York City]. More than four hundred houses were burned.—*Bancroft.*

[5] This was the language really used by Ethan Allen to Gen. Prescott, who threatened him after his capture before Montreal.

Marvelous. I thought the war was over
And our arms victorious. The king and
His hirelings were driven from our shores. I
Was next in London—a free American
Citizen—the equal of any sovereign,
For I felt I was myself a king.

CUNNINGHAM—A curse upon your comments!
The dream, the dream!

STANDISH—Curiosity took me
To Newgate Prison. The sufferings from
The Briton here led me to seek what he
Did at home. It was the day for an
Execution. The crime was forgery.
How vivid is the picture here before
Me now! This moment I see in part my dream.
The culprit was brought forth, bound.
Cowardly wretch! he cringed, and writhed and begged
For mercy, but none was shown. The noose was
Around his neck! His fainting form—I see
It now upon the trap! Hell or Heaven
Is to receive him. The black cap is
Lifted for farewell. I look. I tremble
In amazement. Is it possible? God
Is just and retribution comes. I look
Again, and the villain is—it is—
William Cunningham!
British Provost-Marshal of New York—
It is you—it is you![6]

[*All fall back horror-stricken.*]

CUNNINGHAM—[*blanches with fear and staggers—Aside*]. I have had that very dream.
What can this mean? I shakes me in every
Fiber. It will never do to falter here.
[*Aloud.*] Do you hope to frighten a soldier in

[6] Provost-Marshal Cunningham was executed in London for forgery August 10, 1791. In his dying confession he said, "I was made provost-marshal of the royal army, which enabled me to wreak my vengeance on the Americans. I shudder to think of the murders I have caused. In New York City there were more than two thousand prisoners starved by stopping their rations, which I sold. There were also two hundred and seventy-five prisoners executed. The people on the street were ordered at midnight to put out their lights and not to appear at the windows, on pain of death. Then the unfortunate prisoner was gagged and hung and buried.—*Memorial History of New York, J. Grant Wilson.*

The British Army with the visions of
A treacherous and diseased brain? I have
Heard enough. All of you back to your dungeons,
Or my guard shall force you there.
[*All the prisoners retire.*]
I would much that I had not heard the raving
Of this madman. I know not why, but my
Heart sinks at the recital.
[*Enter an English Corporal and a guard of soldiers, with* NATHAN HALE *as a prisoner.*]

CORPORAL—[*holding papers in his hand.*]
Orders for Captain Cunningham,
Provost Marshal of New York.

CUNNINGHAM—I am that man.

CORPORAL—[*handing him the papers.*] With these orders
I am to deliver to you this prisoner.

CUNNINGHAM—[*reading.*] A spy! I see we have a spy.
He is to die at daylight.
That is here already; so he dies at once.
Prisoner, you know your fate.

HALE—I know it, and am prepared to meet it.

CUNNINGHAM—You will die like a dog!
Because taken in a work most foul.

HALE—Any service for the public good is
Honorable, when necessary; such
Service did I seek to render to my
People, and I now regret it not.

CUNNINGHAM—Still unrepentant!
You ought to die twice for a speech like that.
[*Aside.*] I'll not be cheated into mercy by
A dream. What's a dream to me more than to
Any other man.
[*Aloud.*]
Who presided at your trial?
These papers state not.

HALE—I had no trial.
I was seized at Huntington, Long Island—
Betrayed by a cousin who is against
Our cause. Was taken before General Howe.
I told him that my name was Nathan Hale;

CUNNINGHAM. We have no time to waste in comfort
To a spy. Your hour has come.
Guards, take your places.

HALE. I only regret, that I
Have but one life to lose for my Country.

My rank, Captain in Knowlton's Connecticut
Rangers of the Continental Army;
And that as a spy, I was within his lines.
CUNNINGHAM—And he served you right
When he ordered you to the scaffold. Guards,
Prepare the prisoner for immediate
Execution!
[*The guards strip off his coat, tie his arms behind him, and place the noose around his neck.*]
This work revives me, and gives me spirit.
May the devil catch all dreamers!
I am a man again.
HALE—In these last moments,
I ask for man's final consolation—
A Bible and a clergyman.
CUNNINGHAM—You shall have neither. What have I
To do with Bibles and such drivelers?
The devil is already waiting for your soul!
Let him have it quickly;
Nor seek to change a just fate.
HALE—May I write?
I would send a letter to my mother;
And a farewell, a long farewell, to
Another as dear to me, as she. No man
Worthy of the name would refuse this.
CUNNINGHAM—You shall not write.
I would not have the ragged traitors know
That one among them could die so bravely.
Moreover, you are prepared for the cart,
And we have no time to waste in comfort
To a spy. Your hour has come.
Guards, take your places.
[*The guards arrange themselves on each side of the prisoner.*]
HALE—[*raising his eyes.*] I only regret, that I
Have but one life to lose for my country![7]

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[7] Nathan Hale volunteered his services to gather information within the lines of the enemy for Washington. (See Note 12, Scene 2.) He was captured on Long Island just as he was returning to the American camp. He was taken before Gen. Howe, in New York City, and to him Hale boldly avowed his position. He was ordered, without a trial, to immediate execution at daylight, and sent to the infamous Cunningham to enforce it, on September 21, 1776 (the day of the great fire). He was presumably brought to [the Hall of Records] "the New Jail," as this was the prison for prominent captives. His letters were destroyed,

CUNNINGHAM—Forward, march!

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV. *A room in headquarters of* GEN. CHARLES LEE, *of the Continental Army, at Baskingridge, New Jersey. Time: Forenoon, December 13, 1776.*

Enter CAPT. STANDISH *and* "FARMER GEORGE," *now* CAPT. GEORGE ALDEN, *of the Continental Army. Both in uniform.*

CAPT. STANDISH—Dear friend of peaceful days—
I rejoice to meet you, though it's a great
Surprise.
CAPT. ALDEN—I can almost fancy, Dick, seeing
Your honest face, that I am home again.
STANDISH—I notice, George,
That you have now your straps, as well as I.
ALDEN—Yes. I am a Captain—
And Aid to General Charles Lee.
STANDISH—And I am a Captain—and Aid to General
Washington.
ALDEN—Dick, I heard you were a prisoner.
STANDISH—Two months ago I was a prisoner.
But I have quickly gained my freedom,
As you see.
ALDEN—The brutal Cunningham, after all,
Must have a streak of kindness to let you
Go. How did you escape from him?
STANDISH—I told him of a dream.
ALDEN—And was a soldier managed from a dream?
STANDISH—It was a weird visitor of the night.
It surely frightened him. He shunned me as
A ghost—And soon got rid of me.
ALDEN—I shall resort to dreams hereafter.
STANDISH—But to business.
I am the bearer of orders to
General Lee from the Commander-in-Chief,

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for Cunningham would not have the Americans know one of them could die so bravely. He was not permitted to write to his mother, nor to have a Bible. When he ascended the scaffold on the morning of September 22, 1776, his dying words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

Now encamped upon the Delaware. They
Are to be delivered immediately.
[*Alden receives the papers from Standish.*]
ALDEN—I will hand them to the General,
Who is in his private chamber.
I will return at once to you.
[*Alden retires with the papers.*]
STANDISH—[*musing.*] My friend George Alden,
An aid to this man? I do not rejoice
At this; for I could wish him a better
Fortune. [*Alden returns.*]
ALDEN—The General requests that you await
His answer. Dick, what were you saying to
Yourself as I came back?
STANDISH—When?
ALDEN—Just now, as I returned.
STANDISH—Nothing worth repeating.
I was musing, George.
ALDEN—Yes, Dick. No secrets from me! I heard you
Say, "I could wish him a better fortune."
Tell me—what meant you by this?
STANDISH—Will you have it, George?
Old friend, whose last crust would half be mine,
Shall I tell you?
ALDEN—Dick! Dick Standish—
You have grown false to me unless you tell
Me.
STANDISH—Are we quite alone?
No danger of other ears?
ALDEN—In this mansion of bygone days,
If you should shout, besides myself the walls
Alone would be your listener.
STANDISH—Then George—
I could wish you a better fortune than
That of Aid to this man Charles Lee.
I believe him to be a cursed traitor!
I echo no man's opinion, but I
Have my own. As the confidential Aid
To Washington I have learned much, and,
As I think, know him well.
ALDEN—Dick! Dick!
Ought I to stand here and listen and not resent,

This assault upon my superior?
Remember, Dick, I wear a sword—
And am a soldier,

STANDISH—George—here we meet as friends.
Put up the sword and forget that we
Are soldiers. This man Lee, is in rank
Insubordination at this moment
To our great Commander. The orders I
Have just brought require him at once to join
His strength to Washington's, now across the
Delaware. I have carried such before
And they were of no avail. They will be
So now. O George! if you knew the heavy
Load our Chief daily bears from necessity,
You would burst with anger, as I do now
To have it needlessly augmented.

ALDEN—By Heavens, Dick!
Make good your words—and though he ranked me as
The sun planets, he should know me as
Alien to his conduct!

STANDISH—He has friends in Congress,
The seat of Civil power; and hence is
Sustained as a daily menace to our
Cause. How often, in this world, does virtue
Unwittingly lay her tribute upon
The brow of vice, and after seeks to cleanse
The act of wrong by deep repentance.
This man Lee was in the South, and there did
Little more than cavil at better men.[1]
After the disaster on Long Island
He was ordered north to assist our General.[2]
Would that he had staid where he was harmless,
And been food for Southern fevers!

ALDEN—It was not his fault that he came, however.

STANDISH—The fault was afterward.
The retreat from New York was done when

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[1] Gen. Charles Lee was sent South in March, 1776. He was as querulous as ever. Not till the 4th of June did he reach Charleston. On the 28th of June, at the battle of Fort Moultrie, Lee for the tenth or eleventh time charged Col. Moultrie to finish the bridge for his retreat, and said the fort was a slaughter pen.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Early in September, 1776, Congress called Lee to the North to command in case of mishap to Washington.—*Bancroft.*

Harlem and White Plains came tapping upon
Its heels. With the certainty of sunshine
When the storm abates, so Washington saw
Safety in retreat across the Hudson.
Early in November a deserter from
Fort Washington, gave Howe its plans, and thus
The key for capture. Putnam crossed with some
Force to Fort Lee, then in command of Greene
Which also included Fort Washington,
On the Eastern bank.[3] General Lee, receiving
Orders to follow, refused obedience
And openly criticised his chief.
His command was farther up the river.[4]

ALDEN—Then Lee was not responsible
For Fort Washington and its loss
This was the work of Greene.

STANDISH—Not directly.
But it was impropriety to belittle
The plans of his superior. Greene—than
Whom no truer patriot ever carried sword—
Construed his orders to retreat as
Optional with him to hold Fort
Washington or not, and so decided
That Magaw defend it. Congress—the
Bungler will ever spoil a master's work—
Would have it thus, and Greene was so far excused.[5]
On the night before the assault, I was
In the boat that carried Washington toward

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[3] Since the Hudson had been forced by ships of the enemy, and a deserter had given to Howe the plans of the fort, Washington saw that Fort Washington could not be held. He said it would not be prudent to hazard stores and men at this place. "I leave you [he wrote to Gen. Greene] to give such orders of evacuation as you may judge best, so far revoking orders to Col. Magaw to defend it. You will immediately have all the stores removed." Putnam, on the 9th of November, crossed into Jersey with five thousand men."—*Bancroft.*

[4] Lee, with a force of seven thousand, was farther up at King's Bridge. The orders to him were: "If the enemy remove the greater part of their force to the west side of the Hudson I [Washington] have no doubt of your following with all possible dispatch." But to Lee the prospect of a separate command was so alluring that he resolved not to join his superior.—*Bancroft.*

[5] Greene framed measures contrary to Washington's intentions and orders. (See Note 3.) He questioned the directions received; insisted Fort Washington should be held. Instead, therefore, of vacating it, he took upon himself to send over from west side of the Hudson reinforcements; and, in a report to Congress counteracting the urgent remonstrances of his chief, he encouraged Congress to believe that Howe would fail in his attempt. Previous to these events Congress had opposed the idea of further retreat.—*Bancroft.*

Greene considered Washington's orders [See Note 3] optional to retreat or not, since it was left to him to give the orders, and decided to hold the fort.

The eastern shore. In midstream Putnam and
Greene were met, and counsel had, such as the
Stream afforded. It was too late to repair
The wrong. Greene contended, even then, that
Howe would attack in vain. All returned to
Fort Lee, and our General awaited the
Coming day with the gravest apprehensions.
The end you know.[6]

ALDEN—It was a grievous loss.
Twenty-five hundred of our best soldiers,
And much needed stores!

STANDISH—It was more grievous
To witness the sore distress of our
Great-hearted chieftain. Through all, not a word
Of censure, though the offense was heavy.
He never does complain.[7] If he would, it were
Much better. Distress may fly, in words that
Blaze and burn, from the overburdened soul,
When hot temper holds ajar the door.
But so patient and so undismayed!
There is something of mystery about
This man that inspires a sense of awe which
No other mortal gives. I tell you, George—
He is the one hope we have of victory;
And upon his single palm he bears up our
Falling fortunes, as God bears up the world!

ALDEN—How cruel to add in weight,
A needless feather to his burdens!

STANDISH—After the fall of Fort Washington,

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[6] Before the assault and fall of Fort Washington, the General-in-Chief, who had been reconnoitering the river at the North, returned to Fort Lee, and to his great grief found what Greene had done. "The importance of the Hudson" had induced Congress to intervene by an order which left Washington no authority to abandon it except from necessity. Greene insisted still that it could be held. Under all this advice Washington now hesitated to give an absolute order to withdraw.—*Bancroft.*

On the night of the 14th of November the British took their position, and on the 15th summoned Magaw to surrender. This was sent to Greene and by him to Washington. Washington crossed the river late that night, and was met by Putnam and Greene, and a consultation held in the stream. Greene was still confident. It was then too late to change affairs, and Washington returned to Fort Lee. The result was Fort Washington the next day surrendered with garrison and stores.—*Bancroft.*

[7] Greene, to whose rashness the disaster was due, would not assume his share of responsibility. The grief of Washington was great that he did not instantly on his return from inspection of the Highlands countermand the orders of Greene; but he never excused himself by throwing the blame on another. No hope remained in the United States but in Washington.—*Bancroft.*

Cornwallis commanded in New Jersey,
With directions to follow Washington
And to destroy him. Fort Lee next was
Threatened. Greene, now all obedience,
Retreated and joined his General at Newark.
General Lee, your Commander here, was still
At Kings' Bridge with more than seven thousand men.
Short enlistments—that military curse
Still upon us—and other casualties
Had reduced the army now west of the
Hudson to about three thousand. Lee was
Peremptorily ordered to cross.
Then, as now, I conveyed the order.[8]

ALDEN—I never knew of such command.
I need not ask if Lee refused.

STANDISH—He refused—
He still refuses, and will refuse to-day!
Washington, fell back from Newark as
Cornwallis came in, and bivouacked at
New Brunswick. Lee still disobeyed.[9]
Flushed with
Victory, the brothers Howe scattered wide
Their proclamations of pardon—a tempting
Bait to men so sore of heart as ours!
Even delegates in Congress accepted
The terms, and lesser men by thousands went
Trooping to British power. With his army
Dissolving around him, and hope blown upon
The freezing breath of winter, it was
Washington alone who could say—
I will not despair.[10]

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[8] Earl Cornwallis then took command in New Jersey. His first object was Fort Lee. Drop after drop of sorrow was falling into the cup of Washington. On November 17 he gave orders to Lee to join him with his division, but the orders were willfully slighted. In the following weeks they were repeated constantly, mingled with entreaty, and were always disobeyed.—*Bancroft.*

On the fall of Forts Washington and Lee, Washington with his little army of about three thousand, ill-armed, worse clad, and without tents, blankets, or provisions, commenced a disastrous retreat through New Jersey.—*Frost.*

[9] At New Brunswick, where the American army arrived on the evening of November 28, it found short repose. Lee, importuned sometimes twice a day, still remained east of the Hudson.—*Bancroft.*

[10] All this while Washington was forced to conceal his weakness and bear loads of censure from those ignorant of his condition. In these trials he said to Livingston, "I will not despair."—*Bancroft.*

ALDEN—Will the world
Ever know this mighty man; or knowing,
Will it appreciate?
STANDISH—In this extremity,
Schuyler sent seven regiments from the
North to the aid of our distressed Commander;
To the aid of this mighty man, as you
Call him—now mighty in his woe! On
December first—this very month I speak of—
How dates of trial fasten upon one's
Memory as with fangs of steel—Cornwallis
Still pushing on, Washington left New Brunswick
Then he crossed the Delaware, pleading now
With Lee since orders failed. Meantime, and on
December third—for I would be accurate
When accusation loads my speech—this lazy
General, this Charles Lee, crossed the Hudson and
Advanced to where we this moment stand—
In the center of New Jersey.
Does he come to join Washington?
God forgive him, for I never will!
He has come to intercept the regiments
From Schuyler. By virtue of his rank this
Man turns them to his own command. He has
Sent an officer to help defend Rhode Island.
If sent to the moon he would be as
Serviceable; and he intends to follow
With his stolen soldiers.[11]
George! Have I made good my words, that this man
Is a villain and traitor to the
Land we fight for?

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[11] On the 1st of December, just as Washington was leaving New Brunswick, he renewed his urgency with Lee, telling him Philadelphia, the seat of Congress, was the object of the enemy. Washington crossed the Delaware with Cornwallis and Howe in close pursuit. Washington from here entreated Lee to join him; he got an evasive answer. Lee was impatient to gain the chief command. From the east of the Hudson Lee wrote to Rush: "I could do you much good might I but dictate one week." He had received one explicit order and another peremptory order to pass into New Jersey. He [Lee] said, "These orders were absolute insanity." He said, "There are times when we must consent to treason against the laws of the state ror the salvation of the state. The present crisis demands this brave, virtuous kind of treason." He wrote criticising Washington for indecision. "Indecision is a much greater disqualification than stupidity or want of courage," he said, referring to Washington. On December 3 Lee crossed the Hudson, but not to join Washington. To the center of New Jersey he marched, and there incorporated into his own command three thousand men whom Schuyler had sent from the northern army to the relief of Washington.—*Bancroft.*

ALDEN—So well, Dick,
That I shall seek as soon as may be, other
Service. With him I cannot remain. The
Serpent that strikes and kills were a more honest
Friend, since it gives some warning of its
Intended battle. Here comes the General.
[*Enter* GEN. LEE *in morning gown and slippers.*]
LEE—[*To* STANDISH.] Inclosed
Is my answer to General Washington.
How is the General? Across New Jersey
He seemed light of foot. One might say he were
A fugitive from closely pressing powers.
STANDISH—If he were light of foot,
It was to hurry to that desired goal
Where end our trials. There are some who are
Slow of foot on this very mission.
LEE—Give my considerations to the General.
STANDISH—And thanks I give to you in his name.
He will doubtless be overjoyed thereat.
[STANDISH *retires.*]
LEE—[*To* ALDEN.] What meant the Captain,
That some were slow of foot?
ALDEN—Through these drifting snows,
It is nearer truth to say "slow of foot."
Thus I took him.
LEE—A shrewd interpretation,
And, I guess, a just one.
[ALDEN *retires.*]
The alluring promise of my scheme for
A separate command overtops my hopes.
If the supreme command should quickly
Follow, then my end is gained.[12] This revolt
Were throttled here, if England held forth the
Offer of deserved rank within her armies.
At the head of this uprising, I could
Compel this offer as the price of peace.
What to me is independence—the end
And all of these Confederate braggarts—
But a means to help my purpose? Charles Lee,
Late of European legions, now serves

[12] Lee was planning for the chief command. See Note 11.

Charles Lee of the Continental Army,
And gives to empty air the sham of
Deeper feeling. John Adams—whose honesty
In this strife gives weight to counsel—favors
Me as the military head that should be.[13]
A powerful support! So do shrewd men
Often thrive by aid of dullards, too shallow
To comprehend. Greene and Gates are partial.
Washington commands me to join him!
Rush—since I have told him this—knows that I
Will not do so.[14] Shall I, once of high estate
In the army of a king, consent at last
To follow the commands of this surveyor
Of sheep-browsed hills? His cheap and hungry
Followers—the spawn of England's refuse
Population driven to these shores—I
Despise, as I do him.[15] Yet, it serves me
Well still further to dissemble. I have
Here cut off and taken to myself three
Thousand soldiers, which the gentle-mannered
Schuyler sent to him from the North.
This further cripples him and strengthens me.
So may it be: While Congress, or its leading
Spirits, remain my approving friends,
Washington may plead and fret and fail.
He stands in my way. Then let him fail.

[CAPT. ALDEN *rushes in, greatly alarmed.*]

ALDEN—The Cavalry!
The British Cavalry are upon us!
Away, General, away, and save yourself![16]

LEE—[*Also in great alarm.*] Heaven help us!

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[13] John Adams was ever ready to belittle Washington and exalt this Lee.

[14] From Morristown he [Lee] announced to Rush "That it was not his intention to join the army of Washington."—*Bancroft.*

[15] Lee had not one talent of a commander. He affected to look down upon his associates in the American army as "very bad company." His alienation from Great Britain was petulance for being neglected. He esteemed the people he then served [Americans] unworthy of a place among the nations.—*Bancroft.*

[16] On December 13, while at Baskingridge, in the morning he wrote to Gen. Gates saying: "A certain great man [Washington] is most damnably deficient." Before he had folded the letter Wilkinson at the window cried out. "Here are the British cavalry." An English lieutenant with dragoons had surrounded his house. He was ordered to come forth. He came out pale from fear, unarmed, bareheaded, without a cloak, in slippers, etc., and entreated the dragoons to spare his life. They seized him just as he was, placed him on a horse, and within four minutes of their coming were off with him, together with his aid.—*Bancroft.*

Where can I go? The house is surrounded!
[*Looking from the window.*]
We are prisoners!
[*Thundering noises are heard at the room doors. They are burst open, and British troopers rush in from each side of the room.*]

BRITISH CAPTAIN—You are prisoners.
[*Flourishing his sword.*]
Do you surrender?

LEE—Yes—we surrender. I have not my sword.
Shall I get my sword? I will secure it
For you.
[*Moves off as if to leave the room.*]

BRITISH CAPTAIN—[*Stepping in front of* LEE.]
Never mind the sword!
We want you. General Howe will be glad
To see you.

LEE—Shall I dress to go with you?
I will prepare myself.
[*Again moves to leave the room.*]

BRITISH CAPTAIN—[*Still bars his exit.*]
We run no risk, General,
You will not pass.

LEE—[*rubbing his hands in abject submission.*]
Gentlemen!
Spare my life! spare my life! I trust you will
Do me no harm. I entreat you, gentlemen,
As soldiers of the King—of my King—do
You mark me? of my King, whom I have much,
Offended—let me live! I have been drawn
Into this—this most foolish revolt. I
Will explain to General Howe. I know him well.
We have fought as comrades together—a good
And valiant man. I will explain to him.

BRITISH CAPTAIN—Then do so when you may.
Soldiers, secure your prisoners!
[*Soldiers advance and bind both* GEN. LEE *and* ALDEN.]

LEE—Oh! Oh! [*Cringing and entreating.*]
This is so wrong—so wrong to treat a General
Thus. But save me, Captain! Save me from

Violence! I will make amends for what
I have done. I will! I will!

BRITISH CAPTAIN—To horse with both prisoners—
And away! To horse! to horse!

[*All retire.*]

SCENE V. *Tent of* WASHINGTON, *in Camp of Continental Army, West side of the Delaware. Time: Christmas Day, 1776.*

Enter GENS. GREENE, STARK, MERCER, SULLIVAN *and* KNOX.

SULLIVAN—It is five days
Since I brought into camp the men of Lee.[1]
The great enterprise of this hour has been
Thus long delayed, that these men might rally
From hunger and frozen limbs.

MERCER—It is a Christmas blessing
That you are with us now, succeeding Lee
When captured.

STARK—On the same day, Sullivan,
That you came in, Gates brought five hundred good
New Englanders, whom, in his absence, I
Now command. Were I superstitious, I
Should say our conjunction here, at the very
Point of such distress, means much that is
Beyond us.

KNOX—On this holy day,
May the result of work laid out to do,
Confirm your thoughts.

GREENE—I am permitted, gentlemen,
To detail this work. The General-in-Chief
Would revive the hopes of patriots, and
Stay the unseemly rush for British pardons,
By a blow at Trenton. The enemy there,
As elsewhere, season their coming with
Cruelty most unnatural. Plunder
Rules the hour, and opposition invites
To sudden death without a trial.

---

[1] On December 20 Gen. Sullivan arrived in the camp of Washington on the Delaware with the troops which Lee had commanded. The capture of Lee December 13, gave Sullivan the command. But they were in a miserable plight. —*Irving.*

So runs the law as these Hessians make it.[2]

MERCER—This sword shall help to change this law,
Or I will fall its victim.

GREENE—Nobly said, good Mercer!
The plan for assault stands thus: Maxwell from
Morristown will distress the enemy;
Griffin, on his other side, will worry
Him from Mount Holly, assail Donop at
Burlington, and hold him there. Ewing, with
Five hundred, will cross the Delaware at
Trenton, and so assail him. Putnam
Will do the same, leading a force from
Philadelphia, since Congress—some days
Ago removed to Baltimore—releases
His hand; a hand of iron when it strikes the
Foe. General Gates, two thousand strong, will cross
From Bristol. The main attack will be made
By Washington, with us to aid him.[3] To-night
These plans, thus working in each direction,
Must distract the enemy and give him
To us a prisoner.

SULLIVAN—My blood is already up for action;
And tedious will be the minutes that run
Before this blow. Who but our great Commander
Could have arranged a game in war, for us
So certain when played as planned?

[*Enter* WASHINGTON *in excitement, holding dispatches in his hand.*]

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen!
I beg you, pardon me; but I am sorely
Tried. The bitterest curse I could wish my
Enemy would be to have him fill my
Position.[4]

SULLIVAN—General!
Our swords are ready to redress any

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[2] By orders of Count Donop [Hessian commander near Trenton] the inhabitants who should fire upon any of the army were to be hanged upon the nearest tree without further process. Provisions were seized alike from Whig and Tory. Life and property were at the mercy of the foreign hirelings.—*Bancroft.*

[3] The arrangements for the assault upon Trenton, as made by Washington, were substantially as stated in this scene by Gen. Greene. It is from Bancroft.

[4] Washington. before White Plains, had said: "Such is my situation that, if I were to wish the bitterest curse to an enemy on this side of the grave, I should put him in my stead."—*Bancroft.*

Wrong to you.
WASHINGTON—Have my plans
Been submitted to this council?
GREENE—Yes—in every detail, and all approved.
WASHINGTON—Would it were so with others upon
Whom I have depended! These dispatches—
[*He runs them over.*]
Gates disapproves wholly, and has left his
Post at Bristol. Griffin, flying before
Donop, has left the Jersey Shore. Ewing
Will not attempt to cross the river in
This storm; and Putnam—you, too, Putnam—must
I record you with the rest? He would not
Think of it.[5]
[WASHINGTON *sinks back into a chair and covers his eyes with his hand.*]
KNOX—This is a heavy disappointment.
SULLIVAN—Men cower before this war
Of the winds, whom bullets could not scare.
General, what shall we do?
WASHINGTON—[*rising from his chair and with vehemence.*]
Do! Do! What shall we do!
I shall go to this assault, if I have
To go alone! It is a dire necessity.[6]
Without it, this war is ended and our
Country lost. We will cross the Delaware
To-night!—to-night, I say!—and, before the
Morning's sun is up, smite the enemy.
The storm, this tempest, this river of running
Ice—they are all to us the blessed weapons
Of offense, since they lure the foe to his
Rest and ruin.
Who will not dive shall not gain the coral!

---

[5] The day for the attack arrived, and Washington was abandoned, Gates willfully turned his back on danger, duty, and honor. Eager to intrigue with Congress at Baltimore for chief command of the Northern Army, Gates rode away from Bristol; Griffin flying before Donop, had abandoned New Jersey. Putnam would not think of crossing the river. Cadwallader [succeeding Gates] sent word to Washington it was impossible to cross. Ewing did not even make the attempt.—*Bancroft.*

[6] Washington answered Cadwallader "that notwithstanding the discouraging accounts [these failures came to Washington about the time his force was to move], I am determined to cross the river and make the attack on Trenton in the morning. Our numbers are less than I supposed," said Washington, "but necessity, dire necessity, must justify the attack."—*Bancroft.*

What means this fury of the elements,
If not a shield to cover us in our work?
Oh! The greater storm, that surges here within,
Makes that without mere sunshine. I wish that
Others, for a few hours only, could feel
As I do! Generals! I am resolved
To go forward. We have here twenty-four hundred
Men. At Mackonkey's ferry, this night, we
Can reach the other side. We will do so,—
Since we so resolve—and by daylight raise
Our flag in Trenton. Have I your approval?

GENERALS—[*All in unison.*] You have! You have!

WASHINGTON—[*drawing his sword and raising it in the air.*]
Then pledge me with your swords.
[*Generals all cross his sword with theirs.*]

SULLIVAN—Wherever
Our Commander leads, we follow!

WASHINGTON—I am satisfied,
For I know the metal of these blades.
Each one to his command, and be prepared
At three o'clock to march.
Good angels, aid us, as our cause deserves!
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VI. *Trenton. Headquarters of* COL. RALL, *Commander of the Hessians. Time: Midnight, Christmas, 1776.*
Enter COL. RALL, *with three officers.*

COL. RALL—[*Partly intoxicated.*] Come,
Seat yourselves, and let us have another round.
It would never do to let Christmas go
Without a final bumper. The wine is
Ordered.[1]
[*Enter a servant with decanter and glasses.*]
I have run three days of revelry, and

[1] Col. Rall [commanding the Hessians at Trenton] till late into the night sat by his warm fire, while Washington was crossing the Delaware.—*Bancroft.*
Col. Rall, when urged to guard against surprise, said: "Let them come; we will receive them with the bayonet." "It is not necessary to intrench. The rebels are a bad set." It was Christmas Eve, dark and stormy; Rall went to an entertainment. The night before the attack [Christmas night] Rall had been carousing.—*Von Eelking.*

Need repairs. But one more glass and then to
Bed. [*They all fill glasses.*]
Here's to home and swift promotion.
[*All drink with a huzza.*]

OFFICER—That was a pleasant toast.

COL. RALL—And a just one.
This war is closed. The end has been won by
Our arms—we, of Hesse Cassell. Then we
Should wear the laurels with new straps upon
Our shoulders. Cornwallis is in New York,
And has left this command to me. He goes
Soon to London. Howe is to be made
A Knight of the Bath. To-night the army,
In grand carousals, make New York a bedlam.
All are looking to the King for a reward.
Must we be forgotten? No, no! I tell
You, no!
[*Thumps the table.*]

OFFICERS—[*all in unison.*] No, no!
[*Enter orderly and whispers to* COL. RALL.]

COL. RALL—Show them in.
No secrets here! Show them in.
[*Orderly retires.*]
[*Enter two countrymen, who bow to* COL. RALL.]

COL. RALL—I am Colonel Rall.
Speak, if you have anything to say.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—We live on the other side
Of the Delaware. We are loyal to
The King, and hate his enemies. We have
Come to tell you that Washington and his
Army are this night crossing the river
To attack this town.[2]

COL. RALL—Good news! good news this!
For then we shall take him prisoner, with
His wretched followers. They are a bad set.
But they won't come here. You croak to me false
Statements. They won't come here.
They will keep far from Colonel Rall.

---

[2] Rall received warning. Shortly before the 26th of December two American deserters came in and reported that Washington was about to cross the Delaware to attack Trenton.—*Von Elking.*

SECOND COUNTRYMAN—But, Colonel, they are now
Crossing, and we have learned the intention—
COL. RALL—Did you see them at the river?
FIRST COUNTRYMAN—No, we did not
See them there, but we know that was the route.
COL. RALL—How do you know so much?
SECOND COUNTRYMAN—We tracked them.
We went over a part of the march.
COL. RALL—How could you track them
In this falling and shifting snow? Tracks
Would be swept away in minutes. If you
Come to deceive us, we will have you
Punished. Beware that you bring no lies to
These headquarters.
FIRST COUNTRYMAN—We tracked them by their
Blood-stained footsteps, over ice and frozen ground.[3]
COL. RALL—[*loudly laughing, the other officers joining.*]
And you fear lest such beggars as these,
Who spend their blood upon their march, shall at
Last conquer us with their skeletons?
If they come, we'll meet them with the bayonet,
And toss their bare bones into yonder snowdrifts.
You have done well to come, and so be thanked.
You may go.

[*The countrymen retire.*]

COL. RALL—Gentlemen, we will now to bed—
And a good sleep to all in spite of
Washington and his bleeding tramps.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE VII. *Trenton. A street. A snow storm. Time: Daybreak, December 26, 1776.*

Enter WASHINGTON, *with drawn sword, soldiers following.*

WASHINGTON—So far all is well.
The pickets have been surprised, and fortune

[3] Wilkinson [aid to Gates], who joined Washington's troops before the crossing, said, "He traced the route easily by the blood on the snow from the feet of the men who wore broken shoes."—*Bancroft.*

Favors us. Sullivan and Stark—two props
That never fail—may you be faithful now!
Men, there form the enemy; with the bayonet—
Charge![1]

[WASHINGTON *and his troops rush off the stage.*]

[*Enter* GEN. SULLIVAN *with soldiers.*]

SULLIVAN—On every side
We have pressed them back. The Colonel of these
Hessians fights with the courage of despair;
But he is surrounded and must yield.
Soldiers! Once more into the fray!

[GEN. SULLIVAN *and his troops rush off the stage.*]

[*Enter* COL. RALL *alone, with drawn sword.*]

COL. RALL—The air is as full of bullets
As of flakes of snow. The artillery is
Silenced, and the guns of my brave Hessians
Are wet and useless. Oh! for an hour of
Donop. If I could but reach him! These men
Fight like fiends, and from their hidings their shots
Strike as they will. No matter—my brave
Grenadiers shall redeem the day.[2]

[COL. RALL *rushes off the stage.*]

[*Enter* WASHINGTON *and* GREENE, *with soldiers and aids.*]

WASHINGTON—Where is General Stark? Is he safe?
GREENE—He and all the rest.
The Hessians are overwhelmed, and their dead
Strew the ground.
On our side not a man has fallen.[3]

[*Enter* MERCER *and* KNOX *hurriedly.*]

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[1] Washington entered the town by King Street, Sullivan by the river road. Sullivan reported to Washington that the arms of his party were wet. "Then tell Gen. Sullivan to use the bayonet," said Washington.—*Bancroft.*

[2] The Hessians could do nothing with the bayonet, for there was no enemy in sight. The deadly bullets came from the riflemen behind walls, trees, doors, and covers. It rained balls. The guns of the Hessians were wet and useless. Their artillery, too, was unlucky. Rall placed himself at the head of his troops, crying, "My grenadiers, forward!"—*Von Eelking.*

[3] The action, in which the Americans lost not one man, lasted thirty minutes. —*Bancroft.*

MERCER—I seek our General.

[*To* WASHINGTON.]

The Hessians surrender and Rall is lost.
Wounded and falling from his horse, he is
Still alive, though his hurt is mortal.

WASHINGTON—Let our firing cease.
Knox, will you quickly give such orders?

[KNOX *retires.*]

[*Enter* COL. RALL *supported, but in dying condition.*]

COL. RALL—[*to Washington*]. To you I give my sword—
Won as a soldier should ever wish, by
Valorous deeds. My army are your prisoners.[4]

[WASHINGTON *receives his sword.*]

I beg of you, sir, with the breath of a
Dying man, that you will be kind to those
Now in your keeping through the chance of war.[5]

WASHINGTON—I am much distressed
At your misfortune. I grant your wish.

[*To an aid.*]

See that Colonel Rall is conveyed as
Gently as possible to proper shelter—
And there granted the tenderest care.[6]

COL. RALL—I thank you, General.

[COL. RALL *goes off, assisted by soldiers.*]

WASHINGTON—[*handing* RALL'S *sword to an aid.*]
Guard this with care. It is a brave man's relic.
General Mercer, will you see that the
Prisoners and stores are made ready to
Transport across the Delaware?[7]
Cornwallis will be upon us soon, and he

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[4] Rall paid with his life the penalty of his carelessness. Wounded, he fell from his horse. Two non-commissioned officers raised and supported him to Washington. Pale and covered with blood, Rall surrendered his sword.—*Von Eekling.*

[5] In a few broken words he begged Washington to be kind to his men, and Washington promised that he would, and in a friendly way tried to console him. —*Von Eelking.*

[6] Washington had the dying man carried to the house of a well-to-do Quaker family, and committed him to their care. Col. Rall died the same evening.—*Von Eelking.*

[7] Washington rode up after the surrender, and after a few kind words ordered the troops to be escorted across the Delaware.—*Von Eelking.*

Should not find us here, burdened with our trophies.
[*Mercer retires.*]

WASHINGTON—And now, I trust, turns
The tide so steadily set against us.
Back to camp and then for Princeton.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VIII. *Trenton. Another street in suburb on north bank of Assanpink River. Time: January 2, 1777.*

Enter CORNWALLIS *and two aids.*

CORNWALLIS—Here we are in Trenton; and at a time
When I had hoped to be upon the sea.
Seven days ago, Rall, upon this spot, paid
With his life the price of negligence.
The new year is but two days old, and
Before the third is spent we must repair
This damage.[1]

FIRST AID—Across this river
Washington awaits us. On this side, with
A force of five thousand veterans in hot
Pursuit, he cannot now escape.
He has not three thousand.

CORNWALLIS—What is this stream which divides us here?

SECOND AID—It is called the Assanpink.[2]

CORNWALLIS—The day is nearly spent;—
And our army tired—So we will rest here
To-night. To-morrow, at sunrise, advance
And bag the game. Meantime, be his camp
Closely watched, lest the entrapped stealthily
Moves away.[3] [*All retire.*]

[*Enter* WASHINGTON *and* PUTNAM, *on south bank of Assanpink River.*]

PUTNAM—That we have an army to-day,

---

[1] On the 2d of January, 1777, Cornwallis, leaving three regiments at Princeton, advanced upon the Americans at Trenton with the flower of the British army, just as Washington expected.—*Bancroft.*

[2] In the afternoon of January 2 the army of Washington had safely crossed the Assanpink, which the British could not cross without a battle.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Cornwallis coming up on the opposite bank, his lordship retired to rest with the sportsman's vaunt, "We will bag the fox in the morning." Meantime a night watch was set upon Washington's army.—*Irving.*

Is because you have pledged your private
Fortune to pay the men!
And thus have held them into the new year.[4]
WASHINGTON—I count that as nothing
If we but cripple the invader.
Now is the time to clip his wings—
Since across New Jersey he spreads them so.
He will not soar so high, nor swoop so deadly,
If we repeat in Princeton what we did
Here one week ago.[5]
PUTNAM—On this river we may defy him.
He cannot cross it, our riflemen opposed.
WASHINGTON—We dare not risk this battle.
Again strategy must aid, and to you,
General, I will now divulge my plan.
Mercer already knows it.
PUTNAM—I am all eagerness to hear.
WASHINGTON—As I foresaw—
Since great anxiety peers into the
Future with keenest vision—Lord Cornwallis
Has come upon us with a weighty army.
He now lies encamped upon the other
Bank, whence flame his angry fires, and doubtless
Dreams of victory with the morning's sun:
And of the end and home. We know the country
And its roads. This knowledge should be to us
A power—so we use it skillfully.
Have all our camp made bright and burning—
And kept so—as if we, too, strove in honest
Rivalry to illumine the hours to
A hopeful dawn. At midnight put our army
In motion—the lights left glimmering along
Our lines—and passing round his Lordship, we
Will strive at daylight to deal a telling
Blow at Princeton; and this, before
He shakes off his lazy slumbers here.[6]

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[4] The term of enlistments of some of Washington's troops expired with the New Year's Day. The paymaster was out of money, and public credit was exhausted. Washington pledged his own fortune to these men if they would stay six weeks longer, and they stayed.—*Bancroft.*

[5] "Now," said Washington, "is the time to clip their [British] wings when they are so spread."—*Frost.*

[6] While the British slept it was not so with Washington. He knew the byways leading out of the place. Soon after midnight, sending word to Putnam to

PUTNAM—A plan easy of execution.
I rejoice to have a part to do,

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *A road near Princeton. Time: Daylight, January 3, 1777.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and aids, with soldiers.*

WASHINGTON—We have struck the rear
Of the British line, already on the march
To Trenton to join Cornwallis. He may
Return upon us. His strength I do not
Know, but I am hopeful.[1]

[*To his aid.*]

Where is Mercer?
AID—He is to the west, as ordered,
To destroy the bridge over Stony Brook.
WASHINGTON—Surely he is too late:
For these reinforcements, which we would have
Stopped, have already passed.
Yet, he will do whatever man can do.[2]

[*Artillery heard at a distance.*]

Whose cannon these? Listen! there comes the roar again.
It is a call to us that Mercer is
Engaged, and needs us. So far, we have had
Our way.

---

occupy Crosswicks, Washington marched his army into the road to Princeton. The American camp fires flamed along the Assanpink, and the drowsy British surmised nothing.—*Bancroft.*

[1] When Washington reached Princeton, at daylight, January 3, two regiments had already passed on the way to join Cornwallis at Trenton.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Mercer, at Princeton, was sent to the west to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook, and to cut off these regiments. He was too late; and these regiments, discovering Americans in their rear, returned to attack. Washington, hearing the sound of Mercer's cannon, marched to his aid. But meantime the British had charged Mercer with the bayonet. Mercer's troops, having no bayonets, being riflemen, gave way. Just then Washington came upon the ground, and, in desperation, rode up to within thirty yards of the British line. Each line gave a volley. Gen. Hitchcock then brought up his brigade, and the British fled. The action, from first to last, lasted twenty minutes. The British lost 200 killed and 250 prisoners. The great loss of the Americans was the death of Gen. Mercer, who was killed in the bayonet charge.—*Bancroft.*

Soldiers! To the sound of Mercer's guns! March!
[*All retire.*]

[GEN. MERCER, *with drawn sword, and with soldiers, rushes upon the stage.*]

MERCER—To the front, brave men!
And the fight is ours!
The British are coming with bayonet.
Give them the rifle in return!
They have had it to-day already.

[*Before the volley is delivered, enter the British, who charge with the bayonet.* MERCER'S *troops having no bayonets, retire. In the fighting* MERCER *falls from bayonet wounds. Musketry is heard in the distance.* WASHINGTON *with a force, then rushes on, and after some fighting with sword and bayonet, the British give way and retire.*]
[*Enter an aid.*]

AID—[*to* WASHINGTON.] The enemy overwhelmed
By the deadly fire of General Hitchcock,
Throw down their arms and yield as prisoners.
WASHINGTON—Then the day is our own.
Hitchcock, with New England's hearts of oak, came
Up just in time. Cornwallis will return.
But he must not find us.
[*To aid.*]
Take orders to General Putnam to
Secure the prisoners and guns.
[*Aid retires.*]
[*Bending over the body of* MERCER.]
And thus a heavy grief comes in to swallow
Up our joy! So often, on this weary round
Of life, happiness, within the self-same
Hour won, is changed to infelicity;
And in the very zenith of exultation,
Envious fortune, coming with rapid steps,
To our unwilling lips presses the cup
Of bitterness. Thus now is pricked the

Bubble of our pleasure. The foe yield!
What counts this to lighten heavy hearts
Since Mercer lies here, dead?[3] Farewell brave man!
Let the muffled drum be the only music,
Till he receives an honored sepulcher.

[*Rising.*]

And then to Morristown;
To winter quarters, and a well-earned rest.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

[3] Mercer was unconscious upon the field and apparently dead. Mortally wounded, he died nine days after.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Room of Count de Vergennes, Minister of King Louis XVI., in Royal Palace, at Versailles, France. Time: February, 1777.*

COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Minister of Foreign Affairs, seated at a table.*

VERGENNES—Since the English Henry
Was at Agincourt, no time has been more
Auspicious to amend that history.
The New World passed from our grasp at Quebec,
And again the Briton beat us down. France
Can now revel in a revenge that cancels
Ages of humiliation. Before me,
Choiseul saw the future as I do now,
And humored this revolt. To follow him
Is wisdom.[1] Strike from England these colonies,
And she no longer threatens as the Colossus
She hopes to be. Spain would have France do the
Deed of injury; but to share in it
She dares not.[2] Nor is it policy that France
Too greedily advances to opportunity.
Diplomacy shall hide the hand of mail;
And that extend which is loaded with good
Intentions. The British Ambassador
Suspects our purpose;—but filmy suspicion
With no solid proof supporting—the
Shadow, and not the knowledge of open act,
Is thus far his possession.

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[1] Duc de Choiseul was minister of Louis XV. Choiseul watched the rising spirit of Colonial independence with joy. "Here," he said, "is the happy opportunity for dividing the British Empire."—*Bancroft.*

[2] Choiseul proposed to Spain a plan of commercial co-operation to benefit the Colonies, but the King of Spain did not act upon it.—*Bancroft.*

Hence Lord Stormont storms in vain.[3]
[*Enter* LOUIS XVI., *King of France.*]
Heaven grant that your Majesty
Is in health this morning!
LOUIS—Thanks, good Count.
Receiving my summons, perhaps you
Divined the motive of this meeting?
VERGENNES—The Colonies—
Now in revolt from England?
LOUIS—Precisely.
I am much harassed, not knowing what to do.
Maurepas and Turgot—far-seeing men—
Are both against our interference.[4]
VERGENNES—How difficult it is
To map the future, and line it here and
There as if subject to our hand like the
Firm and measurable earth! If this may
Be done with the precision of mechanics,
Then the statesman has survived his skill, and
The dolt is as good as he in politics.
Uncertainty ever hides behind the
Curtain of the future, and doubt rides with
All foretelling. Choiseul was of opinion
The opposite of Maurepas, and, as
I think, was wiser in his reasoning.
Now or never is the time to bring England
To her knee; and we do this with the weapon
We extend in friendship to these Colonies.
LOUIS—Shall I forget my place;—and the duty
Which royalty owes to royalty?
Joseph of Austria, my royal brother—
And here my visitor—refuses to see
The agents of this revolt, saying:

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[3] Vergennes said, in 1775, "The King's proclamation [of 1775] cuts off the possibility of retreat; America or the British ministers must succumb."—*Bancroft.*

On October 31, 1775, Lord Stormont, the British ambassador, was received by Vergennes at the French court, who said to him: "France would not increase the embarrassments of England." "The consequences of the acts of the British ministry," said Vergennes, "are as obvious as those from the cession of Canada. I see the consequences which must follow the independence of North America. They might, when they pleased, conquer both your islands and ours and advance in power over both North and South America. The time for this being remote is none the less sure." Vergennes had the courage of Choiseul, and he was equally sensitive for the dignity of France.—*Bancroft.*

[4] Maurepas and Turgot, both ministers of Louis XVI., did not deem it prudent to oppose Great Britain.

"I am a King by trade!" So, indeed am I!
And, therefore, may not hurt my guild more than
He of other calling.[5]

VERGENNES—Sire! As the years roll on,
Great changes come.
The people, once the puppet of the throne,
Are become its prop and master! The King
Who notes not this—
Or gives to it but little of respect—
May some day miss the path of safety.
Frenchmen to-day burn with a fiery
Frenzy to strike our rival across the
Channel.[6] It may scorch him sadly—even
Though he wears a crown—who
Seeks to check Vesuvius while he flames!

LOUIS—Your words fall upon ears,
Which receive their lesson because they must.
All Paris, all France, the Continent!—go
Stumbling over rank and station to
Caress this democrat—this Franklin—whose
Name obscures all others.[7]

VERGENNES—Then let us profit
From this current of opinion, since it
Runs to the defeat of England. This modern
Prometheus controls the lightning; and,
He permitting, we may direct the bolt!

LOUIS—We are not prepared for war;—
And the Colonies may fail.

VERGENNES—It is prudent
They be smelted for a season;
That we may know if they are gold or dross.
When their swords shall win the right to kindness,
Then be it extended openly.
Meanwhile, under cover, we alone
Shall know that which we do.

LOUIS—Their agents are already informed—
In answer to that petition, handed

---

[5] In 1777 Joseph II. of Austria was in Paris. He said: "I am a King by trade." Nor would he permit a visit from Franklin.—*Bancroft.*

[6] To strike the nation's rival [England] was the sentiment of every Frenchman except the King.—*Bancroft.*

[7] Franklin reached Paris December 21, 1776, and his fame and presence acted like a spell. He received the homage of the gay capital.—*Bancroft.*

To us when this year was young—that we
Cannot furnish either ships or cargoes?[8]

VERGENNES—Yes, sire.
In happy contentment did they receive
Your gracious answer of refusal.
This contentment grew, from the private gift
Extended in your royal hand, of credit
And of money, which meant so much to them
At home. The restless Beaumarchais quickly
Pushed to sea three ships, burdened deep with arms.
Two of these have safely sailed their course!
The third fell a prize to British guns.[9]

LOUIS—Then thus far
Has tribute been granted to the people.
But we play a game that needs a crafty
Hand. The ocean is swept by American
Privateers, and they seek our harbors for
Their confiscations. The state must not forget
Its honor, even in deference to
The people, wild with zeal to hurt our rival.

VERGENNES—All this admitted,
Stormont has done no more than beat the air
In harmless protest. We surely would not
Try to change the drama as now it runs.[10]

LOUIS—France sleeps serenely,
While your discretion guards.

[*Exit the King.*]

VERGENNES—So may France always sleep!
Charles, a son of France, the mighty Hammer
For distinction called—struck down the Moor, and
Saved all Europe to the Cross, the Crescent
Rising never more to threaten.

---

[8] "The King could not as yet," so Franklin and his associate commissioners were told, "furnish the Americans with either ships or cargoes, Time and events must be waited for."—*Bancroft.*

[9] "The King, unable to enter into a detail of supplies, will, nevertheless," so the commissioners were told, "mark his benevolence to the Americans by giving them secret succor which would extend their credit." This promise the King kept, and half a million of livres were paid the American commissioners quarterly. This was in answer to petition of the commissioners to the King, presented January, 1777, requesting ships, ammunition, and arms.—*Bancroft.*

With this aid three ships, laden with supplies, sailed for America. One was captured, and the other two reached America in time for the summer campaign of 1777.—*Bancroft.*

[10] Stormont complained to his government [England], and reported how little his remonstrances were heeded.—*Bancroft.*

She is ever found in the lead of
Liberal thought, whence grow generous states.
France has earned the right to sleep serenely;—
If she sleeps at all.

[*Enter* FRANKLIN.]

VERGENNES—Good-morning, Doctor.
You have opportunely come. I expected you.
FRANKLIN—You please me much,
If coming, I hear good news. A lackey
Told me you were present;—and, as I have
Come on your commands—I was not then
Too bold to enter.
VERGENNES—You are now, as ever, welcome.
The King has just departed.
FRANKLIN—And I hope, left behind him,
In your keeping, good intentions for those
I serve.
VERGENNES—Louis is a King!
And as a king, has no love for subjects
Who rebel.[11] No king has. Charles of Spain will
Not sanction popular revolt, and so
Decides. Louis, however, bows to his
People, who through their ministers, or some
Of them, daily make their wishes known to him.
FRANKLIN—The French our friendly to our cause.
But not so you who govern. Upon my
Landing, I was forbidden to enter
Paris. Forbidden, as if a culprit!
VERGENNES—You came, however!
The restraining order was much too late—
Or you too venturesome.[12]
FRANKLIN—And being here—
You would not turn me out for a dozen
Englands? It was so unfortunate,
You failed in time to stop me.[13]

[*Both laugh.*]

---

[11] The King would burst out into a passion whenever he heard of help furnished to the Americans. But he could not suppress the enthusiasm of the French nation. The King was petulant at the praises of Franklin; it was the public opinion of France that swayed him to help the young republic.—*Bancroft.*

[12] An order was sent to Franklin not to come to Paris; but the order came too late to Nantes, where Franklin landed, to prevent his coming.—*Morse's Franklin.*

[13] Vergennes said to Stormont "that, should Franklin [missing the order] in-

VERGENNES—It was a lapse most lamentable!
And so the Ambassador of England
Was informed.
FRANKLIN—The shipment of many cargoes, for
Our help, have been forbidden from these ports.
VERGENNES—In all these, again, too late!
The orders limped, and the cargoes sped.
A strange misfortune, as England knows.[14]
FRANKLIN—You have denied
The rights of harbor to our privateers?
VERGENNES—And in every case,
You have enjoyed that right, as if you owned
This Kingdom. And saucily have your ships—
With stomachs filled from keel to deck—put out
To sea for further depredations. How
Like a snail in motion have been official
Mandates here, when aimed against America!
Upon each lapse, as a convent nun, with eyes
Demurely floored, we make to England sighs
Of deep repentance. Then, comes the offense
Again.[15]
FRANKLIN—[*Laughing heartily.*] Count—
It grieves me much to note such negligence.
I fear that you give that worthy
Ambassador of England cause for much
Anxiety. Watch me! Watch me closely;
Or here I'll equip an army, and with
It march away.
VERGENNES—A thing most likely.
Your pleasantry may be reality

---

nocently arrive in Paris, it would be scandalous and against the laws of nations to send him away."—*Morse's Franklin.*

The British Embassador sent an official note to Vergennes that "he would quit France the moment permission was accorded to this chief of the rebels to set foot in Paris." He was informed that a courier had been sent to the seaport to forbid the doctor's coming to Paris, but they could not say it would reach him in time.—*Bigelow.*

[14] Ships were constantly leaving France for the United States, laden with all they most needed, and American vessels were received and protected. When Stormont remonstrated, they would be stopped. But presently the ship would take its cargo and sail, and the renewed complaints of Stormont would be put aside by the quiet earnestness of Vergennes.—*Bancroft.*

[15] See Note 14. The Reprisal [American privateer] replenished its stores at Nantes, cruised off the French coast, and its five new prizes were unmoored in French harbors. Stormont hurried to complain. "You come too late," said Vergennes; "orders have been sent that the American ship and her prizes put to sea." The Reprisal continued these depredations till midsummer. Stormont remonstrated with passion, and Vergennes prevaricated.—*Bancroft.*

When you have successfully held the field
A little longer. Be content that
Equivocation aids you now; and till
The iron hand filled with masterial gifts
Openly supplants it.

FRANKLIN—I can ask no more.[16]
You gave me notice, Count, that I should meet
A stranger here.

VERGENNES—An impetuous youth,
Who will not be denied admittance to
Your presence. He is now due.

[*Enter* LAFAYETTE.]

Good-morning, Marquis. You are the tick
Of punctuality. Doctor Franklin,
This is the Marquis de Lafayette, whom
I commend to you.

[DR. FRANKLIN *and* LAFAYETTE *bow.*]

FRANKLIN—It gives me the greatest pleasure
To meet any friend of yours, Vergennes.
I did not catch the name.

LAFAYETTE—My name is
Gilbert Mortier de Lafayette.
Called here at home Marquis de Lafayette.

FRANKLIN—And, Marquis, something of
Your name and family I know already.
What service may I render you?

LAFAYETTE—Commend me to your government.
I have closed a contract with Mr. Dean—
Your colleague—to serve your people as best
I can in arms.[17]

FRANKLIN—Such commendation you shall have,
And my heart dictate it. But you are young
For such a daring enterprise.

LAFAYETTE—If youth be my only fault,
Then this can be cured.

FRANKLIN—But you must live to cure it.
I would not encourage your journey across

---

[16] These measures sanctioned by France were a war in disguise against England. —*Bancroft.*

Franklin knew just as well as Vergennes did, that the French ministry was all the time favoring the privateersmen, far beyond the law, and that it was ready to resort to any device for that purpose.—*Morse's Franklin.*

[17] Franklin commended Lafayette by letters which had real value, from the fact of the extreme rarity of such warranty from this source.—*Morse's Franklin.*

The sea. Disaster has followed us in
America—though the news of Trenton
And of Princeton, lately come, revive brave
Expectations.

LAFAYETTE—If your country did not need my sword
I would not tender it. I seek
To confer—not to receive—a favor.

FRANKLIN—I am overwhelmed
With such as offer aid—but from very
Different motives:—who would fight our
Battles, if sure profit followed! We are
Very poor in purse. You should know the worst.

LAFAYETTE—The greater reason this
For my engagement. I am rich in purse,
And will provide my own ship for
Transportation.
Then I am not debtor to any man.[18]

FRANKLIN—You are a favorite of the Court.
Distinguished in rank—with youth and health and
Wealth—to buttress it securely. A young
Wife adds to favors which fall upon you,
Thick as flowers poured from the cornucopian
Horn.

VERGENNES—To this you may add,
The King in disapproval, forbids this
Madcap's journey to America.[19]

FRANKLIN—What moves you to this sacrifice of pleasures,
Which others would dare much to keep when gained?

LAFAYETTE—Were I made for no better end
Than to loll in drowsy dullness, it were
Well to ask me as you have. The dog in
My kennel, which this hand feeds, is sleek from
Luxury, and daily fawns for more. I
Could take a lesson from his contentment,
And in the rounds of ease sing my own life

---

[18] When Franklin told Lafayette plainly that the credit of the government was too low to furnish the volunteers [Lafayette, De Kalb, and others] a transport. "Then," said the young man, "I will purchase one myself." And he did so.—*Bancroft.*

[19] Lafayette received orders from the King [Louis XVI.] to give up his expedition to America. But he braved the order, and sailed on the 26th of April, 1777. —*Bancroft.*

Away:—And be a dog. With this as highest
Wish, then let me die at once—a groveller
Upon the earth—and give place to some better
Beast. From across the water, he who listens
Hears that men of brave thoughts, and with high
Inspiring aims, are up in action to
Lift mankind into a higher destiny.
Wrong is to be suppressed; tyranny
Trampled down; and liberty defended.
Such purpose thrills, as if proclaimed with voice
Supernal;—and every man, worthy of the
Name, should join his kindred. Shall I sit here
And seek a lazy rest, when others, in
God-like deeds, are spurring on to Fame's proud
Temple that reaches up to Heaven? The
Thought of duty, in such stirring times, urges
The impatient body on:—
And healthy fibre tires from inaction.
The clarion call of heroes swelling
Across the sea, sounds in my ears:—
And I cry back to them, I come! I come![20]

VERGENNES—All the young men of France are thus impelled!
And our gracious Queen abets them.[21]

FRANKLIN—[*To Lafayette.*] So far as I can direct it
You shall stand with the best in our armies.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *Royal Council Chamber, Buckingham Palace, London. Same as Act 2, Scene 3. Time: February, 1777.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, LORD GERMAIN *and* GEN. BURGOYNE.

KING—This news of Trenton
Comes to plague us, at the time when
Expectation had fixed its seal upon

[20] To his young wife Lafayette wrote while at sea: "From love to me become a good American. The welfare of America is clearly bound up in the welfare of all mankind; it is about to become the safe asylum of virtue, tolerance, equality, and peaceful liberty.—*Bancroft.*

[21] The Queen of France [Marie Antoinette] applauded the heroism of Lafayette. "The same folly," said Vergennes, "has turned the heads of our young people."—*Bancroft.*

The bond of victory. Bad work has been
Somewhere done.

GERMAIN—Our Generals
Have been slow to harvest after advantage
Gained, your Majesty. At Long Island and
On the heights of Harlem a quick advance
Would have secured to us all who stood opposed
In arms:
The autumnal fruits thus garnered into
Our bins as the reward of summer's trials,—
The barren stubble left could not disquiet
Us. Across New Jersey we kept the traitors
In front, when we should have gathered them
Behind as prisoners. At Trenton we slept
Until the enemy, at his pleasure,
Awoke us with his guns. I am no soldier;
But as a novice say, this is not the
Way to conquer. Burgoyne, is this so?[1]

BURGOYNE—Excuse me if I hesitate
To criticise my fellow-soldiers.
This is the courtesy of arms.

NORTH—Howe fails to recognize
The efficacy of energetic
Action. A younger and more dashing chief
Will redeem the past; and I think we have
Him here—though he is too modest to
Admit it.

BURGOYNE—You do me too much honor,
If your reference be to me.

KING—General Howe calls for
Fifteen thousand more troops. We are not
Preparing to assail all Europe after
The Colonies. Yet upon such a levy
Might such suspicion rest.[2]

GERMAIN—We cannot get them.
Every effort has been put forth with our
German friends—hitherto so generous—
And the additions made to us will not

---

[1] Germain sought to screen the ministry by throwing the blame upon the delays or inactivity of Clinton, Carleton, and Howe.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Gen. Howe [in the spring of 1777] had requested reinforcements of fifteen thousand men. But Germain professed to think such a requisition ought not to be complied with.—*Bancroft.*

Exceed three thousand.
KING—Charleton, too,
Calls for thirty thousand. Burgoyne, are so
Many men required?[3]
BURGOYNE—Your Majesty, with skill led forward—
A wise plan, of course, preceding—one-third
Of this number could cleave from north to south;
As the ax divides the log by blow of
Proper aim.
KING—Have you arranged a plan?
GERMAIN—We have, your Majesty;
To be followed upon your approval.
The line of strategy is now as it
Was a year ago—a march from Canada
To New York, down a dividing stream, the
Hudson named. To our General Carleton, last
Autumn, was given the order to do
This deed. He advanced to Crown Point, scattering
Opposition, and there encamped; further
Motion was to return upon his march
To Canada; leaving, as we learn, a
Stricken enemy wondering at his retreat.
Thus he, in part, did the work assigned him.
The better half remained undone when he
Fell back.[4]
KING—We have in America
Too many generals who, like this one,
Promise much and do but little.
GERMAIN—Burgoyne agrees,
With ten thousand men, to march to Albany,
The central point in the field of action.
With a column from the west, through the
Mohawk Valley—and General Howe from
New York—all conjoining here, the work is
Not in part, but wholly done; and then
Rebellion, as we believe, dealt a
Mortal wound.
KING—Who is to lead this column from the West?

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[3] Gen. Carleton [in Canada] wanted thirty thousand more.—*Von Eelking.*

[4] On the 14th of October, 1776, Carleton landed at Crown Point [driving Arnold before him]. He waited for tidings from Howe, and on the 28th of October his army began its return to Canada. On November 3 his rearguard abandoned Crown Point. British officers were astonished at his retreat, which seemed to the Americans a flight that could not be accounted for.—*Bancroft.*

GERMAIN—No one has yet been named.
It is a wild march through a savage land.
KING—Then let it be Colonel Barre St. Leger.
A trusty man for a desperate work.
And chief command be given to Burgoyne,
Who is here to pledge success. We are weary
Of this delay to restore to our Kingdom
Peace.[5]
BURGOYNE—Bearing this confidence of your Majesty,
I will be in Canada before May
Blossoms fall; and moving at once bring
Victory home when the fruits ripen in
The autumn.[6]
GERMAIN—Upon the calendar this is a year
Distinguished. Three like figures mark it.
May three sevens, with the unit in front
Of all, be the lucky number in the
Links of time, that wins a rest from this tedious
Strife!
KING—What success
Attends recruiting in America?
GERMAIN—In New York and in New Jersey,
We have gained more than a regiment of
Resident soldiers. Loyalty to the
Crown is still there found, and heard, too, when free
To speak.[7]
KING—This does not include
Savage support? My thoughts run to this.
GERMAIN—Brant,
The chief of many Indian tribes, is
Enlisted with us. Thousands will follow
In his train, with tomahawk and scalping
Knife; terrible both to civilized

[5] This plan [marching from Canada to Albany, with a union there from West and South] appeared magnificent to the Cabinet in London, and was persisted in through the fascinating promises of Burgoyne. St. Leger was selected by the King to conduct the expedition against Fort Stanwix and through the Mohawk Valley.—*Bancroft.*

[6] Burgoyne, on the 6th of May, 1777, with his reinforcements arrived at Quebec with orders to supersede Gen. Carleton with the army that was to move to Albany as soon as it crossed the border of Canada into hostile territory.—*Bancroft.*

[7] American recruiting stations were established for British service. De Lancey, in New York, recruited about six hundred and Cortlandt Skinner, in New Jersey about five hundred.—*Bancroft.*

Communities. I maintain my promise
To the Commons, that the plan just submitted
Will surely end this war, and before this
Year is closed.[8]

KING—There is one annoyance
That should have abatement even at the
Cost of severest remedy. Our commerce
Moves with timid sail, since armed cruisers of
America dare molest it. No recognized
Power grants charters of the sea to these
Marauders; hence they are pirates, and should
As such be treated.

GERMAIN—The naval commissions,
As issued now, so direct. Armed vessels
Of America are pirates, as we
Make the law; and within the scope of our
Instructions their men, as soon as captured,
Are to be hanged at the English yardarm.[9]

KING—Lord Stormont
Continues to report the perfidy
Of France. She receives these corsairs and their
Prizes, all the while professing friendship
And neutrality for us, a friendly
Power.[10]

GERMAIN—More than that:—
She entertains, upon the footing of
An Ambassador, this Franklin; too long
Tolerated here in London. And the
Court and mob exalt him as a hero.

BURGOYNE—If all goes as here provided,
The day is near when French manners must be
Mended! Tumble your hero into the
Gutter and he becomes as loathsome as
His companion there, even to his idolaters!

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[8] The King greatly favored the employment of Indians. "Lose no time," he ordered, "to induce them to take up the hatchet against the rebellious subjects in America." Joseph Brant, the Mohawk chief, roused his countrymen for the war. Germain drew out the plan of the Northern campaign in concert with Burgoyne. These preparations, Germain assured the House of Commons, would end the war.—*Bancroft.*

[9] In February, 1777, letters were granted to private ships to make prizes of American vessels; and American privateersmen were to be treated as pirates.—*Bancroft.*

[10] See Notes 14 and 15, Act IV. Scene 1.

When their banners are toppled down by the
King's artillery the gutter awaits
Them all! In the campaign this day arranged
We shall do our best to teach the need of
Greater honesty in French diplomacy!
KING—Blow high or low, traitors are on the rack;
And we'll not rest till treason bows the neck.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE III. *Camp of Washington, at Middlebrook, New Jersey. Time: May 28, 1777.*

Enter GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, *and* (CAPT.) *now* COL. STANDISH.

STANDISH—Here we are in the camp of my chief;
And here I could contentedly remain.
ARNOLD—Since you left, however,
You have changed the signs upon your shoulders
To a higher grade.
In the army we live for rank and honors.
STANDISH—And you, too, General, have been fortunate.
What Congress denied to your merits a
Few weeks ago, you have wrung from it by
Your valor since:—
The epaulets of a Major-General.[1]
ARNOLD—These sages of civil life!
They select commanders from the soil they
Grow upon, as they do their cabbage!
I was born in Connecticut; and that
State had two Major-Generals to it
Accredited. Because of this, though I
Were an Alexander, geography
Was as fatal to me as a ton of
Lead around my neck in the open sea,
In these new selections! Standish, this was
To me an insult, which sooner or later
I would have avenged upon these men.
And as it is, I fear, sometimes, that I

[1] On April 26, 1777, a corps of British, under Gen. Tryon, made an effort to destroy an American magazine at Danbury, Conn. Arnold and Wooster assailed them in front and rear, and they were routed. Congress, at Washington's instance, appointed Arnold a major-general.—*Bancroft.*

May remember it when I should not do so.[2]
STANDISH—Danbury changed that;
And humiliated the humiliators.
ARNOLD—But for Washington,
Who knew a wrong was done, and urged a
Remedy, I am not sure Congress would
Have revised its map. For like reason, since
I know no other, Stark was neglected.
He breasted hostile bullets at Bunker Hill,
At Princeton, and in other fights between.
Had he been Great Jove, and smitten the
Enemy with his lightnings, having been
Born in New Hampshire, his deeds would weigh as
Nothing against this natal error. Stark
Has gone home angry. To curse his native
Hills, no doubt, for playing the base trick of
Wet-nursing him!
STANDISH—You are in error as to Stark.
In him Congress found a stubborn will, but
Little used to the obedient mood;
And so did not call him.[3] Gallant Stark!
No matter where he sulks or hides, when the
Blast of war blows in his ears, he will be
Found in the front ranks for Freedom! Honor
Holds him fast to honor's shield, heedless of
The rank his shoulders carry!
General Tryon will not seek to cross swords
Again with you, General Arnold?
ARNOLD—Perhaps not.
At Danbury we were outnumbered heavily.
Tryon destroyed the stores and burned the
Village. But homeward bound, we caught him.
While I was in front at Ridgewood, brave Wooster,
From behind, pushed him on, as the mastiff
Tears at the flanks of the frightened bull!
We rode fetlock stained among the dead!
Night came to the relief of these torchbearing

[2] Congress, in appointing four more major-generals [in 1777] on the pretext that Connecticut already had two passed over Arnold, the oldest brigadier. Arnold was very angry, and wrote: "By Heavens! I am a villain if I seek not a brave revenge for wounded honor!"—*Bancroft.*

[3] On the same day six new brigadiers were appointed. Stark stood at the head of the roll for New Hampshire, but was passed over on the idea that he was self-willed. Chafing at the injustice, he retired to his farm.—*Bancroft.*

Britons—and under its friendly cover
They escaped our further vengeance!
STANDISH—Your horse was shot under you!
And for this Congress votes you a fresh
Animal,—and in rank makes you what you are!
Wooster, pressing close, fell with his face to
The British line! I then crimsoned my sword
With the wine of British lives in recompense![4]
ARNOLD—And so heavy was the toll
Exacted that you are now a Colonel.

[*Enter* WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON [*bowing to both.*]—Gen. Arnold,
To this camp I could give no one a warmer
Welcome. Of late, as heretofore—for so
Your habit is—you have been giving these
English a cutting blade! At Danbury,
You added new laurels to such as already
Twine around you!
ARNOLD—General!
The hardships of war are lighter, when they
Are softened with such commendation.
WASHINGTON—Since Princeton,
We have rested upon these Jersey hills.
But, winter has folded his icy wings,
And summer brings a grateful recompense
For his nipping rage.
Howe, shaking off a city dullness, has
Ventured forth to tread among our flowers; and,
Like busy bees we have stung him back again.
To-day we advance our camp from Morristown
Here to Middlebrook,—to test the courage
Of these Britons. In New York City, and
Within its call, they have a force of
Twenty-five thousand men;—
We confront them with one-third that number.[5]

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[4] On the return of Tryon from Danbury, Arnold confronted him and Wooster hung upon his rear. Arnold's horse was killed under him and Wooster fell mortally wounded. The British fled, with a loss of two hundred men.—*Bancroft.*

[5] On May 28, 1777, Washington advanced his army from Morristown to Middlebrook. Gen. Howe had now a force of thirty thousand men, with which he passed into New Jersey. Washington, to meet this force, had seven thousand five hundred. Howe tried to draw Washington from his strong position and failed. On June 22 Howe returned to Amboy, with the Americans assailing his

ARNOLD—You will whip Howe badly,
With no greater difference between you.
One to five against us, I regard as
Fair battle. He will not assail you upon
Present terms.
WASHINGTON—You jest on serious things.
I dare not venture a struggle against
Such odds, unless intrenched. If he throws the
Gauge—and so he may—I will repel him
From these hills, which are nature's battlements.
But I would not risk a conflict in the
Open field. Suspecting him of wish for
Philadelphia to quarter in next
Winter, should he cross New Jersey to gain
His end, we are here to dispute the road.
If he wins his goal, we shall still be near
To watch and worry him;—
As once we did when Boston gave him shelter.
STANDISH—I notice, General,
That you at least have not lost heart; since even
To the coming winter you forecast your plans.
WASHINGTON—If, after Long Island,
I held fast to hope, I surely will do
So now. Thanks to Franklin and to generous
France, we are at last equipped. Guns, stores and
Ammunition have crossed the seas to us.
Our little navy has done its share; and,
In a measure independent of them all,
We now make for ourselves things most needed.
Unity! Unity! of action!—is
What we sadly want to-day.
ARNOLD—The old cry:—
Our cause still weakened from the jealousy
Of meaner men, who fawn at the feet of
Power, and by private favor win the

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rear, and Washington advanced to Quibletown. Howe turned upon him, and Washington fell back to his mountain passes.—*Frost.*

On the 30th of June Howe left New Jersey, never again to step on its soil. A great American victory could have accomplished no more.—*Bancroft.*

Congress fretted at Washington's caution. To all censures Washington replied, "As I have one great object in view, I shall steadily move to the accomplishment of it." And in this he baffled an enemy of much more than twice his number.—*Bancroft.*

Place of eminence. And Congress favors this!
Will this go on forever?
WASHINGTON—I make no reflections
Upon any man; and will be no partisan,
Since I am the Chief. It is a grave danger
That Schuyler and Gates will not act in
Harmony. To their dissensions we may
Chiefly charge the loss of our stores at Peekskill.[6]
STANDISH—Schuyler is the older in rank.
Gates should not seek to climb at his cost.
WASHINGTON—In March last
Congress ordered that my judgment in the
Army be supreme. It was a decree
Of empty sound; for, since then, Congress has
Taken sole charge of this Northern quarrel.
When Gates was made, one year ago this June,
Commander of the forces operating
In Canada, it was not supposed that
He would claim from this to rank Schuyler, when
This same Canadian army came within
Our borders. This he did, however, and—
Congress opposed his view.[7]
STANDISH—And straightway,
Like a tricky politician, Gates began
To flatter and plead for place, to Schuyler's
Detriment. For this he sought Congress, and
Left you at the ferry;—and while the
Delaware you crossed to Trenton, he crossed
To Baltimore. From that day he has
Bombarded the civil rulers in his
Own behalf.[8]
WASHINGTON—I will not join you, Standish,
In your criticism. Men are weak. And even
Those of merit sometimes value themselves
Higher than others do. Schuyler, fretting
From interference, in petulance wrote
To Congress; and that body, without

[6] In the early part of the year [1777] the stores of the American army deposited at Peekskill were destroyed.—*Bancroft.*

[7] Harmony between them [Schuyler and Gates] was impossible.—*Bancroft.*

[8] Just before Washington moved across the Delaware [to assault Trenton, in which Gates was to assist] a letter was handed him from Gates. "From Gen. Gates. Where is he?" said Washington. "On his way to Congress in Baltimore," was the answer.—*Bancroft.*

Consulting me—not even giving notice
Of the act—appointed Gates as chief of
Schuyler's army.[9]

ARNOLD—Were I the head of our troops, Congress
Should know the danger of such insolence.

WASHINGTON—Then, Arnold,
I rejoice that you are not that head. There
Can be but one supreme authority
In the State; and we should bow to that, though
Error at times may taint it. Gates was of
Opinion that too many troops were here;
And asked Congress to divide my command
For his benefit. The makers of our
Laws so ordered, and I obeyed. I did
Think application should be made by Gates
To me as Chief; but since he thought otherwise—
I would not cavil about the shadow,[10]
If the substance was to be made more secure.
The substance is to destroy the invaders
Of our soil; all else is shadow.

ARNOLD—I assure you, General,
You act with too much patience. Times are out
Of joint when subordinates thus flout their
Commander; yielding does not mend them.
With all his cunning, Gates lost his game!
Schuyler is again in favor.

WASHINGTON—So you know that, do you?
In the turn of fortune's wheel, only one
Week ago, Schuyler was once more, by
Congress, given command of the Northern
Army. But will this stay so? I have laid
The plans for meeting these hirelings from
Canada; but who, at last, will execute
Them? Arnold, I intend to send you there,

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[9] Congress, without consulting the commander-in-chief, directed Gates to repair to Ticonderoga and take command of the army there [superseding Schuyler].—*Bancroft.*

[10] Gates, in April, 1777, wrote to Congress, "I foresee the worst consequences from too great a proportion of the army being in New Jersey" [with Washington]. Congress forwith ordered Washington to forward troops to Gates, and he did so. Washington thought application should be made to him.—*Bancroft.*

"My own difficulties have been increased [wrote Washington] by the extra aid of troops which I have spared from this army. [Sent to Gates.] But it is to be hoped all will yet end well. If the cause is advanced, indifferent it is to me where or in what quarter it happens."—*Irving.*

When the plot ripens and the battle comes
Threatening on.[11]

ARNOLD—Wherever Washington directs,
There will Arnold go, pledged to do his utmost.

WASHINGTON—This I know.
And, therefore, want Arnold at our Northern
Gates, where giants will assail. I cannot
Tell—Indeed I do not yet know—who will
Lead the British; but the importance of
The movement will enlist their best. Standish,
You will also gather new honors there,
Or have the opportunity. I cast
From myself the bayonet and flint of
My own armor—for such you are to me—
When I send you off. But I would defeat
These visitors at any cost. Near New York
I must remain to watch the head assailant,
Who there encamps his mightiest power.
With such strength as I may gather here,
I will trust myself to fortune.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV. *Headquarters of* GEN. HOWE *in New York City. Time: June, 1777.*

Enter GEN. HOWE, GEN. SIR HENRY CLINTON *and* GEN. LORD CORNWALLIS.

HOWE—Sir Henry, I shall do no such thing!
If this be disobedience of orders,
Then Germain may make the most of it.

CLINTON—It is commanded, so I read, that you
And your power, shall join Burgoyne at
Albany; when he comes there the expected
Conqueror.

HOWE—Not so, Sir Henry.
I am notified that Burgoyne will try
And join me by way of the Hudson.
Very well! This he may do, if he can.

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[11] Alarmed at Schuyler's [now again, July, 1777, in command in place of Gates] want of fortitude, Washington ordered Arnold, who was fearless, to join Schuyler at Saratoga; and also, even to his irretreivable loss, Glover's Brigade, in addition to others sent.—*Bancroft.*

It is an outrage that Carleton is so
Treated; and also much of insult this
Order brings to me. Should we, who have grown
Old in dodging cannon balls, now bow in
Deference to this upstart John Burgoyne?
These men who plan campaigns in London, may
Come and execute them. I have written
Germain that this Northern Army will get
Little aid from me; and that while he makes
Plans, I do the same; that I have resolved
To assail Philadelphia.[1]

CORNWALLIS—General, was not that a hasty letter?
Which cooler thought will wish to cancel?

HOWE—No! By the heavens above us, no!
For years I have had a soldier's fare here
In America. Lived in wretched tents,
And many times, of necessity, with
Coarsest food satisfied dainty appetite.
Have frozen in the winter and scorched in
Summer's heat, and through it all planned, marched,
And fought; and with all borne such anxiety
As is known only to a chief commander.

CLINTON—And, as I think,
Have won great battles, worthy of reward.

HOWE—And this reward?
It is that I give myself as a wing
To this fledgling—that he may soar, and say
To a gaping world—"Look!
I am the conqueror of America!"
Again, I will not do it. I have asked
For reinforcements; and, where I expected
Fifteen thousand, got but three. This noble
Lord is mortified, indeed, that my
Successes are tarnished by defeat![2] He

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[1] Gen. Howe was notified that Burgoyne had orders to force a junction with his army. Gen. Howe was indignant [at Burgoyne's command] and dispatched to the Secretary [Lord Germain] his plan of campaign. He announced his determination to evacuate the Jerseys and invade Pennsylvania by water from the sea. He further made known to Carleton and to the Secretary [Germain], that the army which was to advance from Canada [under Burgoyne] would receive but little assistance from him.—*Bancroft.*

[2] In May Howe received letters from Germain, after the news of the disasters at Trenton and Princeton had reached England, who expressed his mortification that the brilliancy of Howe's successes had been tarnished.—*Bancroft.*

Germain gave it as the king's opinion "that a 'warm diversion' should be

Has written so. Who rolls on,—and still on,
To successive triumphs? The highest
Soaring pinion from mere exhaustion will
Sometimes seek the plain, though it mounts again.
CLINTON—It is the fault with some
Never once upon a field of battle, to
Think they can set the fighting squadrons best.
CORNWALLIS—It is the wisdom of ignorance,
The world is full of it.
HOWE—Then I will not yield to it.
I would rather be a traitor to a
Fool than to my King.
CLINTON—General, pardon me; you are rash.
You will feel less of injury when the
Fever goes. Meantime let me counsel
Moderation both in speech and conduct.
CORNWALLIS—As your friend,
I urge Sir Henry's wise advice.
HOWE—I accept your cooler judgment,
Gentlemen; and sink the man into the
Soldier. These are my plans. I leave you here,
Sir Henry, with six thousand, to keep what
We have gained.[3] Such aid as you may give
Burgoyne be your affair, not mine. With the
Rest I will sail for Philadelphia,—
Since the sea is more friendly than dry land—
And so give up the march intended.
As you know, when Washington advanced from
His hills in Morristown to Middlebrook,
I offered battle upon the plain, which
He declined. I will not attack his
Intrenchments, nor move across New Jersey,
With him on flank and rear. It is now high
Summer,—and we can best show our regard
For July Fourth—become the day of honor
With these proud reformers—by sailing hence
At this pompous time, and advancing, as
Wind and tide may favor us, upon the

made upon the coast of Massachusetts." Gen. Howe answered, "It was not consistent with other operations."—*Bancroft.*

[3] On the 5th of July Gen. Howe, leaving six thousand men in New York under Sir Henry Clinton, began to embark the main body of his army for an expedition against Philadelphia.—*Bancroft.*

Town where was hatched this ill-feathered bird
Of Independence. I will gain it, or
Germain may mortify again at my
Tarnished glory.
CLINTON—With knowledge
Of the grave responsibility, I
Assume command here; as so you
Honor me.
HOWE—Cornwallis, you sail with me.
CORNWALLIS—Whenever the sails
Are bellied by favoring winds,
I shall be found on board.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE V. *Headquarters of* GEN. CARLETON *at Three Rivers, Canada.*[1] *Time: June, 1777.*

Enter GEN. SIR GUY CARLETON *and* GEN. FREDERICK RIEDESEL.

CARLETON—You men of Germany
Must learn the field from us; who for years have
Tramped through its briers and felt the pricking thorns.
RIEDESEL—An old soldier
Can claim some right to judge the future from
The weight of his artillery and that
Opposed. This campaign will surely end a
Wretched war and England regain her own.
I am posing as a prophet.[2]
CARLETON—And so have others;—
And been scourged, by loss of reputation
As seers, for doing so. You men from
Brunswick will better know the enemy
When you have met him.
You may then revise your prophecy.
RIEDESEL—The plan
Of uniting the army of Canada

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[1] It was at Three Rivers, Canada, that the British army in early June, 1777, held high revelry; and as soon as it passed the Canadian borders, Carleton ceased to command.

[2] "This campaign [under Burgoyne] will surely end the war," was the opinion given by Riedesel.—*Bancroft.*

With that of Howe at Albany,—
St. Leger advancing from the west,—
Is well laid. Successful execution
Must bring the end, as I have prophesied.

CARLETON—Who will stand sponsor
For such successful execution?
I will not. If you consent, then great is
Your generosity. I have tried to gain
The views of Howe thereon, and the cave of
Silence is not more quiet, so far, than he.[3]
I much suspect he turns his eyes away,
And refuses to see the signal of
Attack in this direction. And I do
Not censure him; though between us there is
No friendship that should make either fret at
The other's injury.[4] He—as well as I—
Has been overreached by a subordinate.
This plan of attack is mine!
Another would pluck and wear its honors.[5]

RIELDESEE—Gen. Carleton!
I came here to fight the enemies of
King George; not to mingle in the quarrels
Of his officers.

CARLETON—Nor shall you find any quarrel,
With me a party. I obey as a
Soldier should, but not beyond the letter
Of my supplanting order, stintedly
Construed. I have turned over the army
Of Canada—that part about to cross
The border—to Gen. Burgoyne.
Such is the command. He may lead it where
And how he will;
But, I go not with him to grace his car.
I remain in Canada;

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[3] Gen. Carleton had tried to get word from Howe, and failed. Gen. Carleton sent out small bodies of Indians to gather news of Howe's army. Riedesel wrote the Duke of Brunswick [spring of 1777] that Carleton had not the slightest idea of Howe's plans or the whereabouts of his army.—*Von Eelking.*

[4] Riedesel wrote his sovereign that the relations between Carleton and Howe were very much strained.—*Von Eelking.*

[5] The plan was Carleton's, made in 1776, of moving the Canadian army to Albany, there to be joined by Howe from the south and by an expedition through the Mohawk Valley.—*Von Eelking.*

The scheme was Carleton's, who outranked Howe, and, on the union of forces, would have chief command.—*Bancroft.*

As General Burgoyne knows from me.[6]
RIEDESEL—And so all of us
Who march will share in a common loss.
CARLETON—In fifty-nine I was with Wolfe
Before Quebec; and on my person bear
The scars of battle there as my credentials.
For years I have been the ranking soldier
Of the King in all America; but
Specially have commanded the Canadian
Army. Some service is set to my account.
But what of that?
A life of toil and triumphs, such as the
Great Macedonian endured and won,
Would all go as nothing—should an unfriendly
Minister be the critic.[7]

[*Enter* GEN. BURGOYNE.]

RIEDESEL—Good-morning, General.
BURGOYNE—Also to you, Riedesel.
And may every morning renew a blessing
To you, General Carleton!
CARLETON—A timely salutation;
And needed much by me.
BURGOYNE—I am sure
You would not scold Dame Fortune, who has
Crowned an honored brow so lavishly?
CARLETON—And yet, sometimes,
Her good intent will fail, counterpoised
By the bad intent of others.
BURGOYNE—We all meet disappointments.
Constant pleasures sicken, as continued
Sweets would do. Variety is the new birth
Of daily life,
And rescues the humblest from monotony.
Too smooth a road is tiresome, as one
Too rough; and the reason in each the same.
CARLETON—A soldier
Seldom finds his road too smooth.

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[6] On May 6, 1777, Burgoyne reached Quebec. Carleton was amazed at dispatches censuring his conduct in the last campaign; and ordering him to make over to an inferior officer [Burgoyne] the command of the Canadian army as soon as it should cross the boundary of the province of Quebec [Canada].—*Bancroft.*

[7] Carleton answered with passionate recrimination the reproaches of Germain. —*Bancroft.*

BURGOYNE—I trust, General Carleton,
To yourself pertaining, I am free from
The charge of any act that roughens it.
CARLETON—I am without evidence,
And so acquit you. But this I know:
You have my command; how you gained it—
While I was at the post of duty here
And you in London, three thousand miles away—
You can better answer.
BURGOYNE—Do you doubt me in this?
Or do you put in question my loyalty
To you, whom so long I followed with most
Willing steps?
CARLETON—I know not whom
To doubt or question. But I shall know in
Time. The guilty man shall answer to me
For this affront, even though he be a
Minister of the King.
BURGOYNE—I regret
That thus you arraign Germain;
For to him, as I perceive, you point.[8]
CARLETON—He has censured me!
And, after, deprived me of command
As one unfit to lead. That command is
Now yours.
May you have honor in keeping it!
BURGOYNE—And the honor in keeping it, no whit
Outweigh the honor in obtaining it!
And both be as two rills that, flowing through
The land, are each unto the other a
Counterpart in clear and sparkling volume.
CARLETON—You sing in a lofty strain!
You were with the King and his advisers
When I fell from the grace of all.
He who seeks a place which royalty may give,
It is better for him to bombard a prince's ears
Than a battery of hostile guns.
BURGOYNE—[*grasping the hilt of his sword.*] General
Carleton!
Your words convey a meaning for which the

[8] See Note 7.

Speaker should feel resentment from this blade,
Did they fall from other lips.
RIEDESEL [*stepping between them.*] When two commanders
Of such rank assail each other,
Both injure a prop that upholds a throne.
BURGOYNE—General Riedesel,
If you are ready, we will join the army
And move at once upon our expedition.
The wives and families of officers, who
So desire, have permission to attend
Our march—since no danger can threaten them.[9]
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VI. *Encampment in the Valley of the Mohawk, near Fort Stanwix. Time: August, 1777.*

Enter GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD *and* COL. STANDISH.

ARNOLD—We need go no further
At such breathless pace. Herkimer has
Paralyzed this arm of Burgoyne without
Our aid. Fort Stanwix has not yielded, but
St. Leger has, and is now in full retreat.
STANDISH—Glorious news!
From what source obtained?
ARNOLD—A scout just in reports it.
In ambuscade of savage warriors
At Oriskany, Herkimer was sorely
Pressed, till Gansevoort sent relief from the
Fort, upon the report to him of the
Approach and battle. This changed the conflict.
The Indians carried some scalps away—but
Left in death many of their braves as recompense.
STANDISH—Schuyler will find in this
Great solace for all his troubles; and they
Are many.
ARNOLD—The plan to strike the enemy
And wound him here was wise. Our march back to

[9] Officers' wives attended their husbands, promising themselves an agreeable trip.—*Bancroft.*

Albany will be quickened from the news
We carry.[1]

[*Enter a messenger.*]

MESSENGER—I am sent to you,
General Arnold, to make report.
ARNOLD—You may give it here.
Who sends you?
MESSENGER—Colonel Gansevoort.
After the fight at Oriskany—where
Slaughter sought the Indian as if Death's
Favorite—by savage scouts reports were
Carried to St. Leger that you were
Approaching, many thousand strong. Whether
True or false, the end was that, panic-stricken,
These red-skinned allies of the English swept
From their General's hands all authority.
They turned in plunder upon the men they
Served—and many a British soldier now
Mourns their contact. St. Leger, infected
With the fear, followed them in retreat.
When this fight began, you, with such force as
You may lead, were yet forty miles away.
Tents, artillery, and stores are left to us.[2]
ARNOLD—Then we have not marched in vain.
Upon my head be the guilt of the false
Rumor that did an army's labor.
While marching hither—this you may report
To Gansevoort—Hon-Yost was taken as
A spy; and condemned, as such, to die.
His mother, an Indian witch or gypsy,
Begged his life, which I gave back on condition
That he carry the tale into St. Leger's

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[1] Gen. Schuyler [now end of July, 1777, again in command of the Northern army over Gates] had ordered Gen. Arnold [as suggested by Washington], with a Massachusetts br gade, to go to the relief of Fort Stanwix, defended by Col. Gansevoort against St. Leger.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

In the battle of Oriskany, the savages fought with wild valor. But thirty-three and more, among them the chief warriors of the Senecas, lay dead beneath the trees.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Long before Arnold, with his relief expedition, approached, an Indian ran into St. Leger's camp, reporting that a thousand men were coming against them. Another, and still another Indian came, increasing the number to thousands. The wild warriors turned to the robbery of British officers and made off. St. Leger, in a panic, followed, though Arnold was yet forty miles away.—*Bancroft.*

Camp, now by you reported.[3] For surety,
His brother was held as hostage. He has
Done his work. The brother gains his freedom;
And the fortune-telling mother may now
Resume her ghostly task, of turning the
Mirror of the future to the present Eye.
If deception were a deity, and
Did good like this, I'd worship her.
Here we find rich recompense for tiresome
Days of tramping through trackless forests.
And how fares gallant Herkimer?

MESSENGER—Wounded,
He refused to leave while the fight was on.
Supported by a tree, he ordered the
Battle to the end.
Though yet alive, his wound is mortal.[4]

ARNOLD—I wish that part had been left untold;
For it is a heavy cloud upon a
Radiant sky. To him, in such a death,
Is all the gain, and the loss is ours.
Most favored of mortals, he, to strike, and,
Striking, win the first blow in this last campaign
Of tyranny! Wounded and dying, he
Would not leave the fight while yet life's current
Run—it was thus you made report—and that
Stopping, he mounts to bivouac eternal.
Immortal sacrifice! In years to come,
Little children upon their sire's knee
Will be told this tale, and, wondering, lisp
"Brave Herkimer!" Gray-beards tottering
Under the load of years, when they repeat
The story o'er and o'er a thousand times,
With rekindling eye will add at close, to

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[3] On the journey to Fort Stanwix, Arnold had captured a half-witted fellow named Hon-Yost Schuyler, who had spent his life among the Indians. He was condemned to die. His mother implored Arnold to spare his life. The old woman was a gypsy in character, and pleaded with eloquence and pathos. Arnold consented that Hon-Yost should live on condition that Hon-Yost should hasten to the camp of St. Leger and so alarm him that he would fly. The mother offered herself as hostage, but his brother was accepted, and Hon-Yost undertook the task. Hon-Yost did as agreed, and the ruse succeeded. Hon-Yost then gave Gansevoort his first information of the advance of Arnold.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

[4] Herkimer [in the battle of Oriskany of August 6, 1777] fell, wounded below the knee; but he remained on the ground giving orders to the end. He was placed against the trunk of a tree for support, and thus continued the battle.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

Round their eulogy: "Grand old Herkimer!"
Beware, Burgoyne! Tremble at the name of
Herkimer! He yet fights on, for deathless
Is his example. This August heat glows
With good news! Then let it rage and burn its
Blessings upon our submissive heads!

MESSENGER—In this battle
Was raised over the fort the banner of
The Republic, last June adopted.
Thirteen stripes of red and white, and
Thirteen stars upon a ground of blue.[5]

STANDISH—Why, this is the baptism of our flag.
Emblem of free men! thus saluted,
Its destiny be the engirdled globe!

ARNOLD—To our troops,
The command—on, on to grasp the hand of
Honest Gansevoort—and then right about
And back to Albany; there to finish
With the invader, so badly crippled here.

[*All retire.*]

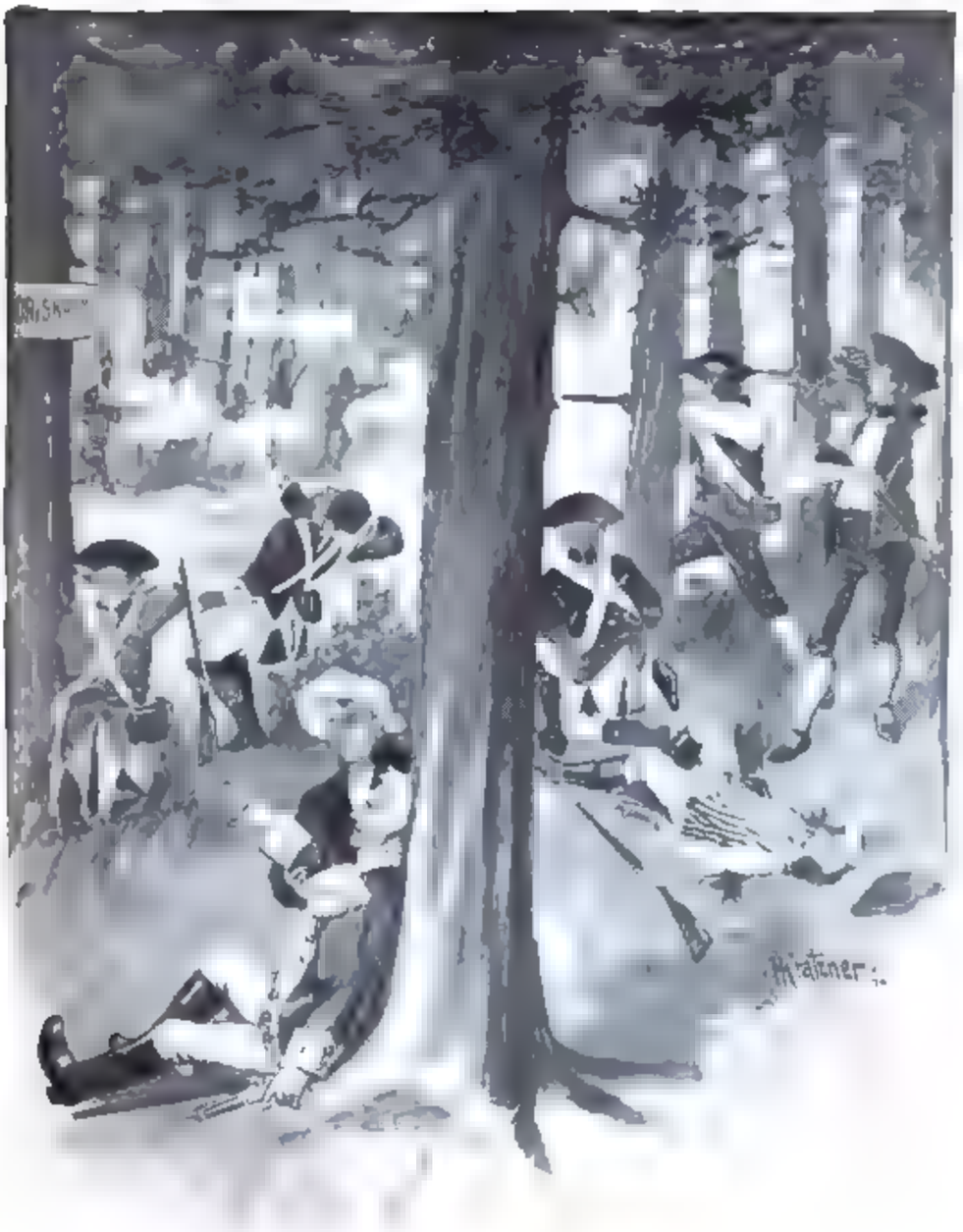
SCENE VII. *Camp of* GEN. BURGOYNE *on the Hudson at Fort Edward. Time: August, 1777.*
Enter GEN. BURGOYNE, COL. BAUM, *and* COL. BREYMAN.

BURGOYNE—Thus far we have advanced
Into the heart of opposition without
A pause. As once before, Crown Point has fallen,
But this time has been held. Fraser and
Riedesel, refusing to sit in idleness
When other trophies there were to win,
Moved on and captured Ticonderoga,
With stores and prisoners.[1] This without a
Gun to speak for its surrender. My
Proclamation that this army would not

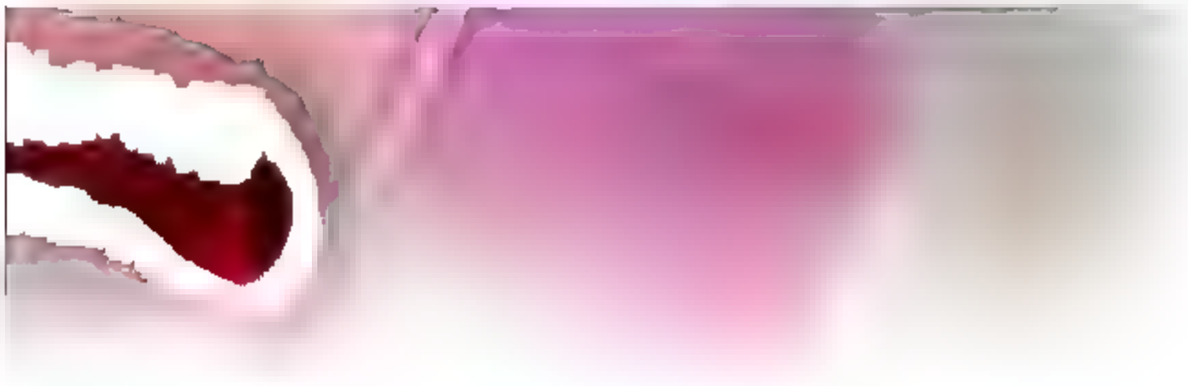
---

[5] The captured colors [taken from the British in a sortie from Fort Stanwix] were displayed on the fort under the Continental flag [adopted by Congress in June previous], the first time a captured banner had floated under the Stars and Stripes.—*Bancroft.*

[1] On the 30th of June, 1777, the army [British] occupied Crown Point. Gen. Fraser pushed forward to Ticonderoga. On July 1 Gen. Riedesel followed. Ticonderoga surrendered without a gun.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*



ARNOLD. "Brave Herkimer!" Grey-beards tottering
Under the load of years, when they repeat
The story o'er and o'er a thousand times,
With re-kindling eye will add at close, to
Round their eulogy: "Grand Old Herkimer."



Retreat, time and our march defend![2]
COL. BAUM—But at great labor, General.
We have been an army of axmen, hewing
Our roads through forests which even the savage
Could not enter.
Our soldiers are much worn, having much endured.
BURGOYNE—Rest will ease the pains
Of their tedious labors—
Which have given muscle as well as patience.
August is yet young; and in this month we
Will prepare for the end we seek in the
Month that follows.
BREYMAN—My soldiers are pleading for more food.
Before us, as we have advanced, the land has
Been swept and barren left, as if nothing
Thrived but trees.[3]
BURGOYNE—At Bennington, near at hand,
Are magazines which would feed our soldiers.
Colonel Baum, will you take a detachment
Of your faithful Brunswickers and bring home
These needed stores? A support of savages
Will help you much—for this people dread the
Tomahawk, from terrible experience.
The red children of our King have brought us
Many scalps, and Brant, their leader, moves
Them as a demon, in ways of slaughter.
COL. BAUM—I will march at once.
A Brunswicker is always ready to
Obey his prince!
And here, you stand with his authority.
BURGOYNE—This land you visit is rich in horses.
Our cavalry have suffered. If you will
Gather in about a thousand, and bring
Them with you when you come trooping back, we
Shall hail you homeward with greater obligations.[4]

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[2] In the evening [June 30, at Crown Point] Burgoyne issued his proclamation: "This army embarks to-morrow to approach the enemy. This army must not retreat."—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

[3] Schuyler, in falling back from Ticonderoga, had devastated the country.

[4] To aid St. Leger by a diversion, and fill his camp and gain horses, cattle, and provisions from the magazines at Bennington, Burgoyne, on the 11th of August, sent an expedition there under Col. Baum.—*Bancroft.*

COL. BAUM—Expect me back with this evidence
Of loyalty to England's King.

[*Exit* COL. BAUM.]

BREYMAN—I trust that Baum
Will return with well-filled sacks, for the need
Is great. Supplies from England, following
Our tramp, are not assuring; and it would
Take time to gather them.

BURGOYNE—We have gone too far—been
Too successful, for apprehension now.

BREYMAN—I will give promise to my soldiers of
Relief, as I have such from you.

[*Exit* BREYMAN.]

BURGOYNE—I have left open no road for retreat;
So, we must go forward. It is not supplies
That give me anxiety. Where is St. Leger?
That is the grave question. Can he have failed?
With his well-armed veterans against this mob;
I'll not believe it!
And Howe cannot, or he will not, respond!
Like Carleton, is he, too, nursing his hate
At the rise of a younger soldier?[5] If
This be true, so much greener will be the
Bays I wear, gained without their aid!
Burgoyne, your star is rising to mid-heaven!
When in the zenith there it shall remain!

[*Retires.*]

SCENE VIII. *Camp of* GEN. STARK, *near Bennington, Vermont. Time: August 16, 1777.*

Enter GEN. STARK, *with soldiers.*

STARK—Bennington is saved!
On front and right we have given our leaden
Salutations to these hirelings!
They do not like our hospitality,
And would fly from it if they could.
Their savage allies have left them to fate
And fled to refuge! Their cannons cease to

[5] Burgoyne had asked Carleton to garrison Ticonderoga for him. Carleton refused, and left Burgoyne to drain the life-blood of his army for the garrison. —*Bancroft.*

Belch in thunder, as our marksmen have picked
From them the cannoneers!
Baum, the commander, is dead, and his fate
Be that of all![1]

[*Enter an Aid in great haste.*]

AID [*to Gen. Stark.*]—Heavy reinforcements
For the enemy have just arrived;
And I learn that Colonel Breyman leads them.
They are worn with a rapid march.

STARK—Carry word to Warner
To bring his regiment into action.

[*Aid retires.*]

Now is the hour to send these new arrivals
Up to heaven, while the fatigues of this
World are on them; and so give them in the
Next much needed rest! Soldiers, there come the
Enemy! Every man look well to his
Priming;
And see to it that not a bullet fails!
To-day we conquer, or this night
Molly Stark shall sleep a widow! Charge![2]

[*All rush off the stage upon the enemy.*]

[*A group of savage warriors, plumed and armed, and shouting the war-whoop, fly panic-stricken across the stage. These are followed by a company of English soldiers, also in flight.*]

[*Re-enter* GEN. STARK.]

STARK—The cowards fly, and like
Stricken deer make for a place of safety!
The artillery, the field, and a thousand
Prisoners remain!
Accursed minions of a tyrant King,
This is your welcome upon freemen's soil!

[*Re-enter Soldiers.*]

Men of New England; gathered to repel

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[1] On August 16 Stark concerted with his officers the plan of the day. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Baum [at Bennington] was assailed in front and right. New England sharpshooters picked off the cannoneers and the Indians fled. Baum fell mortally wounded.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Breyman came up to reinforce Baum, with troops much fatigued. Warner came up just now with a fresh regiment, and with it Stark began a new attack. The fight raged till sunset, when the British fled in retreat.—*Bancroft.*

Invasion, you have made this spot forever
To be honored by your valor!
Burgoyne must stagger, here hit with a vital
Wound, and if he falls it is your hands that
Helped to smite him down! Upon the calendar
Be this August day marked for a memorial
Of brave deeds, done for the liberty of man!
Carry its report wherever winds may blow,
That this much we do for Washington and
Independence! [*Cheers.*] And now,
Home again to our neglected fields. March!
[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *Room in house of* GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER, *at Albany. Time: August 19, 1777.*

Enter GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER.

SCHUYLER—In the crowning hour of my success
Congress again supplants me in command.
From May till August I have planned to conquer
The common enemy; and all this while
Gates has planned to conquer me. Each of us
Has been successful. On this nineteenth day
Of August I yield to him this army.
Shall I now feel wounded because my rival
Wins?
Perish the thought, worthy of basest mortals!
By greater support to him, in loyalty
To our cause—thus overtopping all personal
Resentment—I win greater laurels than
The sword can gain!
Oriskany and Bennington both remain
As loud-tongued champions of my rule—this
Day ended—and so they must remain forever.[1]
I bow to the authority of the State,

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[1] On the 4th of August, 1777, Congress appointed Gates again to supersede Schuyler in the northern army. But before Gates assumed command Fort Stanwix was safe and the victory of Bennington achieved. Gates did not assume command till August 19. Schuyler proffered his services to the general by whom he was superseded, and heartily wished him success. Congress ordered Washington to send to Gates Morgan's corps of riflemen [besides the other troops theretofore sent], and Washington promptly obeyed.—*Bancroft.*

As expressed in Congress, without a murmur.

[*Enter* GEN. HORATIO GATES.]

General Gates, I welcome you with all my
Heart to what was my headquarters of the
Northern Continental Army;—
Now yours, if you will choose it!

GATES—Your kindness, General Schuyler,
Is no more than I might anticipate;
Knowing, as all do, your fidelity
To the Republic, to the check of all
Other feelings!

SCHUYLER—To-day, and now, I formally withdraw
From the command. And as my successor,
I tender to you all aid and obedience
In our common purpose to defeat the
Invaders of our country.

GATES—I thank you;
And will draw heavily upon that
Nobility of character which never
Yet has failed.

SCHUYLER—I am ready to explain
My plan for resisting Burgoyne when he
Offers battle, as soon he must. These you
Will follow or change, as your better
Judgment may direct. From the day he left
Canada I have had the land before
Him swept, as if the great Sahara had
Here a sister in desolation.
He must starve or fight; and fighting, he must fall.

GATES—To-morrow we will confer together
Upon this matter. I shall be fortunate
If these plans for the future be as
Effective as those against St. Leger and
General Baum. And still more fortunate, if
I may execute them.

SCHUYLER—To-morrow
I shall be at your service, General Gates.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE X. *Camp of* GEN. WASHINGTON, *at Chadd's Ford, on the Brandywine. Time: September 11, 1777.*

Enter GEN. SULLIVAN, GEN. GREENE, *and* MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

SULLIVAN—What day is this?
And what name does this place carry?
LAFAYETTE—The eleventh of September. This spot
Is called Chadd's Ferry on the Brandywine.
GREENE—On the twenty-sixth day of August,
Howe reached the Elk with his eyes upon
Philadelphia.
The hawk is fluttering above his prey.
LAFAYETTE—I deem it a gift
Of some good angel that I may help to
Check his march. And I am not the only
Foreigner to this soil, who to-day thus
Rejoices. Casimir Pulaski will
Draw his sword, and, like all Poles without a
Country, he will win a country here,
Or gain a grave.[1]
SULLIVAN—Howe comes on
With twenty thousand; and we oppose with
But half that number.
LAFAYETTE—And yet we should win the day, finding
Safety in the justice of our quarrel.
In July last Colonel Barton carried
To captivity General Prescott from
The very front of his command. Numbers
Opposed checked him not. It was a desperate
Act, born of desperate courage.
Such honor brave men envy.[2]
SULLIVAN—If we had the troops,
Which would be here but for timid tongues
Clamoring at the North, no fear need shake

[1] The battle of Brandywine was the first battle in which Lafayette drew his sword in the American cause. Count Pulaski, a Polish nobleman, was also in this battle.—*Frost.*

[2] Gen. Prescott, commander of the British forces in Rhode Island, had his quarters at a farmhouse a mile from his troops. On the night of the 10th of July, 1777, Col. Barton, with a few volunteers, captured him and hurried him away a prisoner.—*Bancroft.*

Us. Morgan and his riflemen have been
Sent to Gates. Schuyler plead in vain.[3]
GREENE—Schuyler's fall
Was illumined by Oriskany and
Bennington.
So a departing day, with gorgeous tinting,
Flashes in the rays of a brilliant sun.
SULLIVAN—His loss of Ticonderoga;
And his desperate cries for help in terror
Of Burgoyne, unhorsed him. Congress sought a
Firmer hand. But since, Gates calls with as loud
A voice, and Washington replies at his
Own cost of veteran soldiers. With raw
Militia—whose training has been upon
Some village green, in the vanity of
Their belief focusing the eyes of all
The world upon their strut and showy
Uniforms—must we drive home these veterans
Of a hundred conflicts?

[*Enter* WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON—Here, directly
In the path of General Howe, will we make
Our stand. Here fling out our banners and be
Shield to Philadelphia. We contest his
Privilege to cross this river flowing
At our front. The rapids below Chadd's Ford
Help us on the left, which we entrust to
The militia; the forests along the
Brandywine join with the current to
Protect in that direction. On the right
Will come the struggle which makes or mars this
Day; and, General Sullivan, I intrust
This point to you.[4]
SULLIVAN—I shall make effort
To deserve the confidence so reposed.
WASHINGTON—From information—to me reliable—
General Howe, attended by Cornwallis,

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[3] See Note 1. Scene 9.

[4] On the 8th of September Howe sent a strong column in front of the Americans to feign an attack. On the morrow he intended to turn Washington's right. Washington had divined his purpose, and took a position above Chadd's Ford [in the Brandywine], on the north side of the Brandywine, directly in Howe's path.—*Bancroft.*

Marched this morning with more than half his
Power up the valley, intending to
Cross the Brandywine to our side; and then
Moving down, to strike the right wing of our line.
Since we are the owners in this land, and
He a visitor, we will play the generous
Host and anticipate his visit.
Across this stream, and in front of us,
Encamp the battalions he has left behind.
Here he is vulnerable; and at this
Spot may be wounded mortally, if no
Move fails in this bloody game. Go, Sullivan,
And at a point above cross the Brandywine
To the shore of Howe, before he visits us;
And take your place between him and those whom
He has left. And then see to it with all
Your strength, that he may not return to aid
His mewing kittens while we, with tigers'
Claws, are tearing them. He will surely strive
To retrace his march when he hears of your
Position. You have force enough to hold
Him back, and that done, means his present
Overthrow.[5]

SULLIVAN—This shall be done.

[*Exit* SULLIVAN.]

WASHINGTON—Greene, put your troops in motion
And assail in front. The river here is
Shallow. You have an easy conquest, for
These Hessians whom you meet are much encumbered,
And surprise may give birth to panic.
In straits of danger, the unexpected
Sickens judgment and leaves it smitten with
Overcrowding doubts, each pointing a
Threatening spear. This indecision is the
Javelin which we now invoke.

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[5] Washington had certain information of the movement of Howe, and resolved to strike at once at the division in front. Sending Sullivan to cross the Brandywine at a higher ford, and to prevent the hasty return of Howe, and to threaten Knyphausen [who was left in front of Washington] the movement began. The Brandywine [on the left] below Chadd's Ford was a rapid, and the militia was placed there. Sullivan, who was sent up the river on the right, where he was to cross, was hidden by a thick wood along the river. Greene was ordered to make the attack in front, and was at the water's edge about to begin.—*Bancroft.*

GREENE—Knyphausen commands
These Hessians opposite. I hope I may
Induce him to come home with me.[6]
[*Exit* GREENE.]
WASHINGTON—Lafayette, will you join Pulaski,
Now in his tent, and both report for
Service to General Sterling, who is on
The right? There may be work to test your
Mettle before the sun goes down.
[*Exit* LAFAYETTE.]
If we gain this day, and I see no sign
Otherwise, then shall we send greetings to
The North worthy of those received. Herkimer
And Stark have there clipped either hostile wing,
And against retreat—if this hawk flies that
Way—the wide-extended cage is firmly closed.
So at last this high-soaring pinion falls
Into the fowler's net, that is spread
Front and rear. Burgoyne marches to defeat,
Else argument mocks at its just conclusions.
He comes in pomp to hear the linnet sing;
And he shall stay to hear the lion roar.
[*Enter Aid, in great haste.*]
WASHINGTON—In your face I read bad news.
What has gone wrong?
AID—I hope all goes well, your Excellency.
At least, I come not to croak disaster.
I am from General Sullivan to say
That he has disobeyed your orders, as
He finds no proof of the march of Howe,
As you have been informed.[7]
WASHINGTON—Oh! The most dismal news
That courier could bring. Orders disobeyed,
And in that act ruin threatened. The sky
So full of promise, without a note of
Warning, now suddenly hurtles its
Bolts of danger. And all because some
Subordinate assumes to supervise his

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[6] See Note 5.

[7] Just as Greene was to begin the attack a messenger came from Sullivan, announcing that he had disobeyed his orders; "as the information [to Washington] on which these orders were founded must be wrong."—*Bancroft.*

Chief and to disobey his orders.
Quick! To Gen. Greene, now at the river
Bank in front, and say he must not advance,
But report at once to me. Quick! Speed is
Life, and Death may be in tardy steps.[8]

[*Exit* AID.]

What cruel demon has come to check us here,
Wrecking highest expectations?

[*Enter* AID *in haste.*]

Out with it! What new thrust comes
Again to wound?

AID—General Stevens sends me to say
That Cornwallis has crossed the Brandywine,
And in great force, upon this shore, is
Moving to turn our right.

WASHINGTON—As I expected.
To Sullivan at once! Ride as horse never
Before was driven, and direct him, from
Me, to form at once across this advance—
And to check it! To check it, if strong hearts
Can do so.[9]

[*Exit* AID.]

Oh! Sullivan! Sullivan! The air
Infected is, and disease breathed upon
A healthy brain,
When a man so good, does a wrong so great!
Had you obeyed your orders and crossed to
The other shore, Cornwallis had not been
Free to come to this. He must then have turned
To assist divisions which your guns cut off.

[*Enter* AID *in haste.*]

And still a running current of choking seas?
It must be breasted with head above the waves,
Or all is lost. Speak! I am prepared to hear.

AID—On the right,
General Sullivan with Generals Stevens
And Sterling, with the main body of the

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[8] Washington's information was correct; but Sullivan's failure upset all the plans. Greene was at once recalled.—*Bancroft.*

[9] After two hours word was brought that Cornwallis and Howe had passed the forks on the right [as they planned], and were then marching [on the north side of the river] against Washington's right. Sullivan was ordered to confront this advance.—*Bancroft.*

British are heavily engaged.
General Howe has joined Cornwallis.
With heavier weight opposed, our lines waver
And may give way. Lafayette is wounded.

WASHINGTON—If that noble youth is wounded,
Then so am I, for I am drawn to him.
See to it that the best of surgeons here
Plies his skill.

[*Exit* AID.]

Howe, under cover of this attack, will
Move to our rear. This must not happen
While a soldier is left in arms.

[*Enter* GEN. GREENE.]

[*To Greene*]: Fly! General! To the support of
Sullivan, now engaged with Howe and
Cornwallis. With all your force, and Heaven
Give to each arm a giant's strength!
The night comes too slowly on.
Its darkness is worth ten thousand men. Stop!
This is a trying moment, when all is
Put to hazard. My army is in peril;
To save it I risk myself. Greene! I go
With you, and in person will lead your soldiers.
And now away!
To change the fortunes of misfortune's day.[10]

[*All retire.*]

SCENE XI. *Street in Philadelphia. Time: September 26, 1777.*

Enter British troops with flags and beating drums. GEN. CORNWALLIS *and a citizen. Troops halt.*

CORNWALLIS—And thus we
Victoriously enter the City of
Independence. Where now are these boasters
Of human rights, these pullers down of Kings?
I am told they have fled.
Sir, tell me, whither have they gone?

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[10] Generals Sterling and Stevens were hotly pressed by Howe and Cornwallis. Lafayette was wounded. But at the sound of the cannon on the right, Washington, taking Greene with him, moved swiftly to the support of Sullivan and met him in full retreat. Washington's approach checked the pursuit. Darkness ended the contest.—*Bancroft.*

CITIZEN—If you refer to the American
Congress—it has adjourned to Lancaster.
Alarmed by the report of your success
At Brandywine, it moved away.[1]
CORNWALLIS—Our success there was not so great
As our plan provided. We expected to
Bring the Continental army into this
Town as prisoners—to follow our cohorts
As captives in a Cæsarian triumph.
All was favorable at Brandywine,
Until Washington came upon the field,
And then we advanced no further. Our pursuit
Was checked, and we were glad to hold what we
Had when the sun went down. We did no more.
On the morning Washington was gone. So
Stood affairs, till the twenty-first, when our
Road was barred by Wayne—I learned his name from
A deserter—but he had the prudence
To retire; and five days later, being
Granted an open way, good, loyal souls
Now find us here.[2]
CITIZEN—And all good citizens
Who still love the King—and I am one—
Feel safer for your coming.
CORNWALLIS—Here we settle down
To test your hospitality, till another
Winter howls its frosts away. Great has been
The task of getting to this end, and great
Will be the joy of the rest it brings.
We receive it with more zest for the labor
It has cost, as that fruit tastes sweetest which
Hung upon the furthest limb.
And now to quarters [*to the soldiers*].
Forward! March!

[*The drums again beat, and soldiers march on, while the curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT IV.

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[1] On the 18th of September Alexander Hamilton, at Philadelphia, gave Congress notice of immediate danger, and its members fled in the night to Lancaster.—*Bancroft.*

[2] On the 26th of September, Cornwallis with the grenadiers entered Philadelphia; but it was too late to aid Burgoyne.—*Bancroft.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A clearing upon Bemis Heights. Time: Morning, September 15, 1777.*

GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, *with a glass, surveying the distance.*

ARNOLD—Yonder smoke proclaims the enemy.
But in what force? That is the question.
Were I commander here I would quickly
Know; and, knowing, act. With stupidity
At the head—stolid ignorance settles
Upon our army. Here on Bemis Heights
Good Kosciusko lays our camp, and in
The impregnability of battlements
By this Pole erected lie our hopes.
I came to serve with Schuyler; and find Gates
Instead—wearing Schuyler's plumes. Congress
Orders thus, and in its united wisdom
Congress can do no wrong. So runs the new
Catechism which our arms defend. Congress
May be right, and yet I hold to doubts, when
It demands that the wreath which we are here
To win shall settle upon this man's head.[1]

[*Enter a file of soldiers, dragging* MOTHER YOST, *an Indian witch, bound, her head covered, and holding a crooked staff.*]

[1] Burgoyne crossed the Hudson at Schuylerville on September 13, 1777, and encamped about six miles from the American camp. Neither army at this time [September 15] knew of the condition or strength of the other. Gates encamped on Bemis Heights September 12 with a force of nine thousand men. Intrenchments were then and there made by Kosciusko, the Pole who had consented to serve the American cause. When Arnold was sent North by Washington, Schuyler was in command. It was under Schuyler, as commander of the Northern Army, that Arnold went to Fort Stanwix. Schuyler now [since August 4 by appointment, and August 19 by actual assumption of office] again superseded by

ARNOLD—Men, if such you are, release this creature!
Cut these cords and give her back her freedom!
[*Cords are cut.*]
What brutes are you, that, a dozen strong, you
Thus bind a helpless woman? Whose close
Companions, as her frame and rags exhibit,
Are gaunt hunger and pinching poverty.
SOLDIER—She is a witch—
An Indian witch.
ARNOLD—An Indian witch?
What mean you by this?
SOLDIER—She prowls around the camp;
And tells fortunes. She has been seen before.
And we believe her dangerous.
Some say she is a spy. We seized her to
Bring before you for judgment,
And she resisted. And so we bound her.
MOTHER YOST—[*Suddenly removing the covering of her head.*]
You know me, General?
ARNOLD—Unsightly hag!
Yes! You are Mother Yost.[2]
MOTHER YOST—We meet again.
To you, all good come! To these cowardly
Pale faces, [*To the soldiers*]
Cramps and pinching pains
Run through their bones; for touching
The red daughter of the Great Spirit!
With an Indian's curse I blight you!
And the red man make your faces like
The snow in terror of what he may do!
ARNOLD—That is enough, Mother Yost!
Keep your curses for a better time.
[*To the soldiers.*]

Gates, Arnold suddenly found himself in service under Gates, whom he did not like. The New England people, however, hated Schuyler, or rather withdrew from him their confidence, partly because of the retreats daily made before the advance of Burgoyne from Canada. Col. Brown, with New England troops, under direction of Gen. Lincoln, had now attacked Burgoyne in the rear. Ticonderoga was assailed by Col. Brown, and many prisoners taken, with stores. This was all by arrangement and plan of Washington, as Notes will show further on.

[2] See Note 3. Act IV. Scene 6. Mother Yost, the mother of Hon-Yost, who acted for Arnold to frighten St. Leger from Fort Stanwix, for which service Arnold pardoned Hon-Yost from death as a spy.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Retire, all of you, and leave this prisoner
With me. [*Exit soldiers.*]
Mother Yost, I have hitherto
Done you some service?
MOTHER YOST—And I have been of service
To you, General Arnold.[3] The pale-face
At times wants the aid of the
Red child of the forest.
ARNOLD—I freely admit obligations.
Your son, Hon-Yost, faithfully carried my
False rumor to St. Leger,—and scattered his
Forces as the angry winds scatter the leaves.
MOTHER YOST—Manitou heard him promise.
An Indian is never false to him
Who holds the sun and the moon as his.
ARNOLD—But I gave to your son his life.
The brother would have hung as his hostage,
If Hon had not journeyed to Fort Stanwix,
As he agreed to do.
MOTHER YOST—Yes, hung as a spy, as Lovelace was.
And the earth cover him where the tree grows![4]
His spirit now roams abroad, and talks with
Mother Yost. Yes, yes! Talks with me.
Great deeds are brewing.
A panther cried last night
With the voice of a dog.
Mother Yost understood.
ARNOLD—What brings you here?
MOTHER YOST—I came from the valley
Where the Mohawk flows and sings,
To see you. A feather
From a flying crow fell at my feet.
It was a message from the Great Spirit
That General Arnold wanted me.
I came over hills; and through forests
That never saw the moon,
And my feet tired not.
I am here!

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[3] Referring to what her son, Hon-Yost, had done.

[4] About the time of Burgoyne's campaign, Thomas Lovelace, a malignant Tory, was condemned as a spy. Gen. Stark presided at his court-martial. He was hung upon an oak tree, and was buried in a standing posture near the tree. —*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

ARNOLD—Weird and mysterious creature!
My flesh creeps in your presence.
You have come in good season—
For I do want you.
MOTHER YOST—I knew it! I knew it!
The great pines whispered,
And pointed the way as I came.
What deed would you have me do?
ARNOLD—As I know, you have wit and judgment.
Find out for me where Burgoyne's army lies;
His strength, and what he is about to do.
Bring report to me.
Quickly do it, and have quick reward
MOTHER YOST—And what reward,
Will come to Mother Yost?
ARNOLD—Foul, audacious scum of an accursed race!
You shall live a little longer to starve and freeze!
Is not this enough? See! I will do more.
I can trust you, for I have done so.
Here is money.

[*He drops, one by one, several coins into her hands.*]

MOTHER YOST—I do as you will have it.
Mother Yost serves him who serves her.
This will bring comfort to Mother Yost.
May she bring such to you!
ARNOLD—Now be off and at your work.
When shall we meet next?
MOTHER YOST—On Thursday, three days away;
On Thursday you shall know all.
But not here! Not here! Where these
Prying pale-faces may look into the
Red daughter's heart and tie her hands again!
Not here! Not here!
ARNOLD—Then name your hour and place.
MOTHER YOST—In the Devil's Glen;
At nine, on Thursday night.
Upon the river, about a mile away.
You know the spot.
ARNOLD—I know it well.
Meet me there;

And fail not, if you hope for mercy! Go!
[*Exit* MOTHER YOST.]
This crooked, uncanny specter, seemingly
Not of this world, yet in it. A dozen
Scouts were not her value,
In gathering what we need to know.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the Taylor House, within British lines and near to the British Camp, before the battle of Saratoga.*

Enter MADAM RIEDESEL *and* LADY ACKLAND.]

MADAM RIEDESEL—Dear Lady Harriet,
We have much need to prop our fortitude
For our husbands' sakes; and for the army,
Too, since we are its special wards. Of all
The women on the weary march we have
Been most favored.
LADY ACKLAND—My heart resolves like a lion,
Yet throbs like a deer! To be out of this—
Worlds for recompense to return again,
Would weigh as nothing!
MADAM RIEDESEL—How mistaken all have been!
I came from Germany, and, as I supposed,—
Since so the heralds told us,—upon a
Journey where the dance and pleasure were
To be sole sources of fatigue.
LADY ACKLAND—And so I, from England.
We dance, and have danced again, since we left
Quebec; but how irregular the measure!
I declare secretly to you, madam,
I am frightened nearly unto death.
MADAM RIEDESEL—These men will not avow it to us—
For we are women—but I can see we
Contend against a bitter and courageous
Enemy.
LADY ACKLAND—And, as my husband
Has confessed to me, who are fighting for
Rights as sacred and just as is the right
To live. This accursed thirst for power!—where

Might maintains it at the price of justice!
I already hate it.
MADAM RIEDESEL—Hush, woman!
You are, at heart, a traitor to your King.
The rebels use no stronger argument.
LADY ACKLAND—Then it may find a place
Upon our private records—for no other
Eye than yours—that half the army of the
King—in the lowest depths of conscience—feel
As I do; and bring into battle, when
It is on, a divided heart!
Such an army never conquers.
MADAM RIEDESEL—Beyond this,
Frederick says that we are badly led;
Hesitate when we should go forward;
And push on when prudence leads to the camp.
St. Leger has failed; and the defeat and
Death of Baum at Bennington! Oh! I can't
Reflect upon these dismal ends of such
High-sounding promises, and look with hope
Into the days in front of us.

[*Enter* GEN. BURGOYNE, GEN. FREDERICK RIEDESEL *and* COL. BREYMAN.]

MADAME RIEDESEL and LADY ACKLAND—[*bowing.*]
Good-morning, gentlemen.
BURGOYNE—And many returns to each of you,
Of a day so bright as this.
MADAM RIEDESEL—I hope, General,
You are as stout of heart as ever;
And regard our foe as so much game,
Which good huntsmen bring home at last.
BURGOYNE—That we shall gain the approaching battle,
I have the faith with which I left Quebec.
But the work is not so easy that we
Set it down in the sportsman's catalogue.
We oppose a people terribly aroused!
And of Spartan valor.
LADY ACKLAND—In short;
You would say they are of English origin;
And hence English grit is against
English grit contending.
BREYMAN—Well said, Lady Ackland!

All around us we have felt this truth;
A deeper impression—thus receiving it—than
When imbibed from your occult reasoning.
Baum is dead; St. Leger is driven back;
And we are in want of food for our soldiers.
I have seen more hopeful days than these, in war.[1]
[*Enter an orderly, who speaks to* MADAM RIEDESEL.]

MADAM RIEDESEL—Let her come in.
[*Orderly retires.*]
A poor Indian squaw, who has been here before;
And claims the right to visit, since her
People serve our cause. [*Enter* MOTHER YOST.]

MOTHER YOST—The red child of the Great King
Fears to come where so many pale-faces
Meet together. It was to the pale squaw
I came; so I will go back again.

BURGOYNE—No! Stay where you are.
This good lady [*bowing to Madam Riedesel*]
Vouches for you—and you need no better friend.
What is your name? And where have you lived?

MOTHER YOST—I came from the Mohawk;
And they call me Mother Yost. My people
Follow Brant, the Big Chief; and this name the
White children give him. He rises at the
Call of the Great King across the blue waters.[2]
My son was condemned by the wicked
Pale-faces—who give trouble to the Great King—
To be hung as a spy. He was not hung.[3]
When the moon was dark, and the faces of
All the children of Manitou of one
Color, he escaped.

BURGOYNE—You have suffered in our cause.
What know you of these wicked palefaces?
How many are in front of us?
And where are they?[4]

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[1] "Supplies [after the battle of Bennington] are very scarce," wrote a Brunswick officer. "This army is fed with bread made of flour sent from England, and with meat salted there. And the difficulty in getting food brought to the front is incalculable.—*Von Eelking.*

[2] Brant was then in the service of Burgoyne. [3] See Note 2, Scene 1.

[4] On the 15th of September Burgoyne gave the order to advance in search of the enemy. That general had no knowledge of the position of the Americans.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

MOTHER YOST—I was sent by him who blows a breath
And the mountain shakes, to tell this where you
Would hear it. Before you are not many.
So many as the leaves left upon a
Tree when the frosts have come; and they may be
Counted. Fear makes their knees shake, as when the
Panther approaches in the open field.
The bird flies when the hunter shows himself.
If you hasten, you may trap the bird
Before he spreads his wings.
GEN. RIEDESEL—Heavens, General Burgoyne!
This is important information, and
With my life I will endorse its truthfulness!
Up to this moment we have been in utter
Ignorance of the enemy. In these
Primeval forests our scouts have not
Located a battalion.
BURGOYNE—You say in front of us. How far away?
MOTHER YOST—As far as the crow would fly,
While the white man sits at meat.
MADAM RIEDESEL—This is the mode of speech
Of these simple souls. I have given time
To understand it. It means, in one hour—
While the white man dines—the crow can fly the space.
LADY ACKLAND—And the crow will fly ten miles.
BURGOYNE—Then we have placed the foe;
At least ten miles away; few and full of fear!
Madam Riedesel, we came to make a
Social call; but to a council of war—
With your assisting—it suddenly is changed.
We shall move to-morrow on to Albany.
GEN. RIEDESEL—With our force six thousand strong,
We must make a successful march.
BURGOYNE—Colonel Breyman, will you
Please to attend me in conference with
General Phillips, and with Fraser
Too? For the present, Riedesel, we leave
You here, and say to all adieu.
[*Exit* BURGOYNE *and* BREYMAN.]
MADAM RIEDESEL—Frederick! Frederick!
This means approaching battle;

And now my fears come on again.
GEN. RIEDESEL—Be a soldier's wife;
For such you have ever been.
MOTHER YOST—The wives of the wicked pale-faces
Have no fear. While I came on, I saw one
Lighting with fire her fields of maize. See!
See there, from this window, where the smoke
Now rises![5]
LADY ACKLAND—It is too true.
Desperate sacrifices of devoted souls!
MADAM RIEDESEL—Frederick! With a woman's instinct,
I tell you here and now, people who can
Do these deeds cannot be conquered.
Oh! That we were safely out of it!
MOTHER YOST—I have more to walk, before
The day lies down to sleep. I go, I go.
[*Exit* MOTHER YOST.]
GEN. RIEDESEL—This simple savage has given aid
To-day, far beyond what she can understand.
MADAM RIEDESEL—These savages are our burden,
However much they serve. We are responsible
For their bloody deeds. The face of Jane McCrea
Is before me always.[6] Before me now,
Whichever way I turn, as one confederate
With those guilty of her murder. Do I
Not consort with men who placed this hapless
Child where the tomahawk, which let her gentle
Spirit forth, is our approved instrument?
Frederick, there is blood upon my hands!
And, as if in hate besprinkled, it will
Not out, wash them as I may! Now more slaughter!
Heaping wrong on wrong—and all the more so,
If our side prevails.
A cruel, unjust war! I see it now.
[*Weeps.*]
GEN. RIEDESEL—You must not harbor thoughts
So dismal. I will lead you to your room.
[*All retire.*]

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[5] It has been stated that Mrs. Schuyler, wife of Gen. Schuyler, with her own hands fired her fields of wheat.

[6] Jane McCrea had been murdered a few days before, by Indians, to whom she was intrusted for escort to British lines.

SCENE III. *The Devil's Glen. A dark ravine of rocks upon the Hudson. Terrific gale, with thunder and flashes of lightning. Time: Night, September 18, 1777.*

Enter GEN. ARNOLD, *slowly descending into the glen.*

ARNOLD—This is the Devil's Glen!
And it well deserves the name. Heavens!
Such peals of thunder! Where is the devil
I was to meet? The time is up.
[*A vivid flash, and* MOTHER YOST *is seen upon the brink of the glen above, with outstretched arms, facing the gale.*]
What is that? Ye gods! That is a sight
To appal a man of stouter nerve than mine!
[*Another flash and the same sight.*]
It is the savage witch;
Facing this tumult as if she ruled the storm![1]
[*Amid continuous thunder and lightning,* MOTHER YOST *descends into the glen, as* ARNOLD *had done.*]
MOTHER YOST—I said I would come. I am here!
ARNOLD—Then out with your report!
Can I live to hear it in this place,
Appalling to the imps of hell?
MOTHER YOST—I saw the Big Chief
Of the Great King.
ARNOLD—You saw Burgoyne?
MOTHER YOST—Yes; saw him and other chiefs;
And heard them talk.
ARNOLD—What said they?
The truth, the truth only—or this place shall

[1] Just north of Saratoga lived Angelina Tubs, a veritable witch. Many are the wild and startling tales told of Angelina. Had she been mistress of the whirlwind she could not have been more delighted in storms. She had been seen, her form erect and arms extended, standing upon the verge of fearful precipices, in the midst of awful tempests, conversing, as it were, with unseen spirits; her hair streaming in the wind, while the thunder was riving the rocks, and the red lightning encirling her as in a winding sheet of flame.—*Stone's Reminiscences of Saratoga.*

ARNOLD. This is the Devil's Glen!
What is that? Ye gods! that is a sight
To appall a man of stouter nerve than mine!
It is the savage witch:—
Facing this tumult as if she ruled the storm!

Seem like a summer dell with what I bring
You to.

[*Heavy crash of thunder.*]

MOTHER YOST—The soldiers of the Great King
Are so many as six thousand, and no
More. They have begun the march on the road
To Albany. If they meet you—
Hark! Do you hear?

ARNOLD—I hear nothing but the thunder.

MOTHER YOST—As I came this way
A panther crossed me. Next, a pack of wolves
Howled at the heels of Mother Yost.
They were close as I came down.
Listen! There!

[*Vivid lightning.*]

Did you not see them?

ARNOLD—Where?

MOTHER YOST—There! Upon the edge, where I came from.

ARNOLD—What?

MOTHER YOST—The lean wolves, with white teeth;
And tongues as red as berries.

ARNOLD—No; I saw them not.
Fearless consort of fiends, that sport with
Terrors damnable; say what you have to
Say, and let me go!

[*Lightning and thunder, and* ARNOLD *crouches.*]

Great Ajax would tremble at these spiteful
Flashes.

MOTHER YOST—Ha! Ha! [*Utters a fiendish laugh.*]
The panthers and the wolves are now tearing
Each other.[2] I hear them. The
Red children of the forest have good ears.
If the soldiers of the Great King meet you
To-morrow—I say to-morrow—the
Panthers and the wolves will then, too,

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[2] The nights [after the battle of September 19] also were rendered hideous by the howls of large packs of wolves that were attracted by the partially buried bodies of those slain in the action of the 19th.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Mr. Stafford [who became a resident of Saratoga in 1788] found the wolves were not the only animals that were troublesome. When he "camped out," he invariably kept a fire burning to guard against panthers.—*Stone's Reminiscences of Saratoga.*

Tear each other.
ARNOLD—I understand you.
What did you tell Burgoyne of us?
He questioned you?
MOTHER YOST—I told him the wicked pale-faces were
Few; like the leaves when the frost comes;
And these ten miles away, and full of fear.
ARNOLD—Cunning you are;
And lied so wickedly, because I paid you.
MOTHER YOST—If it does you good, it was no lie.
It was a thing used as needed to help
You on. A gun went off when you did not
Intend to shoot; and yet it killed the deer.
The trees echoed a lie, since it was not
The truth that the owner willed it so;
But the meat to the hungry was as sweet.
ARNOLD—Intelligent and faithful,
You shall not fail of friendship. You plan that
Burgoyne shall be ambushed and surprised.
Your lie was for his undoing; hence, a mere
Instrument of war. True, though savage logic.
I will leave you here—
To follow when I am gone.
MOTHER YOST—One thing more.
ARNOLD—And what is that, gaunt witch?
MOTHER YOST—I have here the
Eye of owl that hooted while it was day;
The wing of crow that like a robin sung;
The claw of a young bear that never tasted prey.
The Great Spirit is with Mother Yost when
She carries these. I would tell your fortune.
[*Thunder.*]
ARNOLD—Quick, then,
Before these loud thunders deafen me.
What want you?
MOTHER YOST—To see your hand.
ARNOLD—How can you see it
In such a night as this?
MOTHER YOST—Stretch it forth,
And the Great Eye will hold his light to it.
ARNOLD—[*Extending his hand.*] Here it is, then.
[*A vivid flash of lightning.*]

MOTHER YOST—I see, I see! I have seen all!
Fear nothing. When the Great Spirit calls,
Arnold from his couch shall go to meet him.
Be of great courage, then—when death darts everywhere—
For no harm comes to him.
ARNOLD—I have no fear of hurt.
Since you would tell my fortune, be thorough
With it. What of the Future?
That future which hides rewards and honors
From ambitious men.
MOTHER YOST—The sun shall shine to-morrow
Upon Arnold's head, and show great honors there.
Before the new moon grows old, and is new
Again, Arnold shall be linked with fame.
ARNOLD—A pleasing and fair-spoken witch!
And a great prediction; much too good
For birth in a spot so damnable.
But what of the future, beyond the
Changing moon?
MOTHER YOST—[*Shrinking back.*] Ask no more!
Be content with what you have.
[*Moves away in terror.*]
ARNOLD—Why, now, your fear
Excites my wonder of what you have to say.
Tell me, before I force you so to do.
MOTHER YOST—Arnold, beware of envy
And the hate that follows at its heels.
In its grasp the strong man shakes more than
These hills when the thunder smites.
See the lightning of the Great Spirit,
And listen to his voice.
Beware! Arnold, beware, when Manitou
Makes such a storm within! The sun that shines
To-day, to-morrow will hide itself in clouds.
No more, no more! I go, I go!
[MOTHER YOST, *in the glare of the lightning, flies up the glen.*]
ARNOLD—Stop, unmannered hag! I was to go before.
She is gone!
Has a blessing or a curse been left behind?
[*Crouches at a clap of thunder.*]

That storm within! I feel it now,
Comporting with this external. I will
Not be made the stone by which others climb.
Prophetic witch, your oracle is easy.
In proud revolt shall Arnold some day rise;
Though the sun shines or black clouds bar the skies!
[*Exit up the side of the glen.*]

SCENE IV. *Headquarters of* GEN. GATES *on Bemis Heights. Time: September 19, 1777.*

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. ARNOLD *and* COL. STANDISH.

GATES—Having advanced
Our camp thus far toward the approaching foe,
Here we fling our banners to the breeze,
And throw the gauge of battle. Bryan, the
Trusty scout, brings word that, on the fifteenth,
Burgoyne crossed the Hudson—and, in three
Columns advancing from the north, will strike
Us to-day, unless we first strike him.
Strover, whose faithful eye has seen every
Movement, confirms what Bryan gives.
This is the nineteenth of September;
Before the sun from his mid-heaven throne
Surveys the teeming world, blows may answer blows.[1]

ARNOLD—I can seal with confidence
The story of your scout, vouching its truth.
How informed, is not important.
Fiery action is the present cue.

GATES—General Arnold,
You will command the left wing of our force
And lead it into battle, if it opens.[2]

ARNOLD—The enemy is deceived

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[1] Bryan was selected by Gates to act as a scout and to penetrate within the enemy's lines. Alexander Bryan entered the British camp at Fort Edward in August. Obtaining his information that there was to be an immediate advance, he started from the British camp for home on the morning of September 15 [the day Arnold was on the lookout at Bemis Heights, Scene 1]. He arrived at the headquarters of Gates on the night of September 16. His information led to the preparation to meet Burgoyne on September 19. John Strover also acted as scout to assist Bryan.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[2] By 4 o'clock [on September 19] the action had become general, and Arnold, with nine Continental regiments and Morgan's corps, completely engaged the whole force of Burgoyne and Fraser.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Between three and four in the afternoon [September 19] Gen. Arnold, with nine regiments and Morgan's riflemen, was closely engaged with the whole right wing of the British army.—*Frost.*

Or ignorant as to our strength or place.
So I believe. We should begin the assault,
Before he awakens from his ignorance
Or feels the supporting arm of Clinton.
Putnam, as the eye of Washington, still
Guards the Hudson, shutting its watery
Gates against reinforcements there.
Now is the hour of advantage.

[*A gun is heard in the distance.*]

GATES—Ah! That gun!
That gun is the Briton's signal, and,
Arnold, your advice prevails. Col. Standish,
Will you order Morgan to answer it
With his rifles? So we begin the ball.[3]

[*Exit* COL. STANDISH.]

ARNOLD—I will also seek the field.
This is a day for heads to fall, and,
If ours, then a glorious exit gained.[4]

[*Exit* ARNOLD.]

GATES—[*Goes to a table, unrolls and consults a map—the firing of guns heard in the distance.*]
This is the chart of my growing fortunes.
Here is the game of chess, with each piece fixed
Upon its proper square; and, if moved with skill,
No check can come to us.

[*The firing draws nearer.*]

By the valor of those who serve do I
Rise or fall.

[*Still nearer are heard the guns.*]

The loud-mouthed voice of battle comes this way!

[*Listens in alarm.*]

Is this repulse or stratagem?

[*Again consults the map.*]

We have the vantage of position, and,
Besides, Morgan and his riflemen are
Ever a wall of consuming fire.

[*Listens, still in alarm, to the roar of guns.*]

The fear that now knocks so suddenly at

---

[3] In concurrence with the advice of Arnold, Gates ordered out Morgan's riflemen, who began the attack. The place contended for was Freeman's farm. —*Bancroft.*

[4] See Note 2.

My heart may not, shall not come in—since I
Am so hedged around with men of lion
Courage. [*Examines the map again.*]
Our forces, set with tact, are well in hand;
So advantage must wait on action.
This impatience for report shrivels the
Most hopeful argument. Here comes a courier.
[*Enter hurriedly* CAPTAIN *now* COL. GEORGE ALDEN.]

COL. ALDEN—Morgan, upon your orders,
Sprung to action, as springs the lioness
When its prey comes within its eye.
He found Breyman at Freeman's farm; and
After such welcome to him as a soldier
Gives when human lives are the pawns to win,
He has fallen back—and bids me report
All this to you.
In three lines the British are advancing.

GATES—Order Scammell and Cilley,
With New Hampshire's battalions, quickly
To Morgan's aid.[5]
[*Exit* COL. ALDEN.]
How soon the pot begins to boil when
Martial fires force it! From yonder point
I will observe the game.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The field within the lines of* GEN. BURGOYNE. *Freeman's Farm.*

Enter GEN. BURGOYNE *and* GEN. FRASER, *with soldiers.*

BURGOYNE—We encountered opposition
Before it was expected. The old witch
Betrayed or ignorantly misled us.
Sorely pressed as we have been, you came up
None too soon.

FRASER—Hearing your guns—

[5] Morgan fell back before the division of Burgoyne. To support him, Gates ordered out New Hampshire battalions under Col. Scammell and Col. Cilley.—*Bancroft.*

Not yielding the heights—I moved from the right
To your support. I fear we are outnumbered.[1]
BURGOYNE—Phillips is on with his artillery;
But in these woods it is an encumbrance.
From report of prisoners, Arnold leads
The line opposed.[2] [*Enter an* AID *in haste.*]
AID—Lieutenant Hervey is down,
And our cannon are captured.
Five times to-day have they changed hands.
BURGOYNE—Then one change more!—
And they come back again. Gen. Fraser!
To the rescue with all your force!
And may that suffice to redeem the day.
FRASER—Whatever strong arms can do shall be done.
[*Exit* GEN. FRASER.]
AID—Gen. Burgoyne, through yonder trees
I see hostile uniforms this way
Steadily advancing, though our troops make
Effort to impede their progress.
BURGOYNE—All fall back to station more secure.
[*All retire.*]
[*Enter* GEN. ARNOLD, COL. STANDISH *and* COL. ALDEN *and soldiers.*]
ARNOLD—Who was that general officer
Just now retired from this spot?
ALDEN—I have seen him once before to-day,
While pressing on with Courtlandt and Livingston
At the head of New York soldiers.[3] Cook with
His men was on his flank, and we thought him
Captured. He rode with desperate but, we
Thought, despairing courage, in the face of
Our leaden storm.
ARNOLD—[*with great vehemence.*] Who is he, I say?
ALDEN—All said he was General Burgoyne.
ARNOLD—As I supposed, and we have lost him.
Were I not leading in the fight to-day,
I'd follow him, though the way between us

---

[1] Fraser, on the right, wheeled his troops, and coming to Burgoyne's relief, forced Morgan to give way.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[2] The ground being covered with woods, embarrassed the British in the use of their artillery. [See Scene IV., Note 2.]—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[3] At four Gates ordered out the New York regiment of Courtlandt, following them in half an hour by that of Henry Livingston.—*Bancroft.*

Were strewn with teeth of the fabled dragon.
I tire with pursuit of smaller game.
STANDISH—No need for such rash risk
To a commander who supplies the
Puissance of a thousand men in the
Terror of his name. Burgoyne is at the
Muzzles of our rifles and cannot escape.
ARNOLD—This day has tried the mettle of both sides.
Face to face and man to man, muscle and
Stout hearts gain the prize.[4] My arm yet thrills for
One more bout before the sun goes down.
Again into the whirl. [*All retire.*]
[*Enter* GEN. RIEDESEL *and* BREYMAN, *with soldiers.*]
RIEDESEL—These men overmatch us
With their rifles. A man falls at every fire.
We have not such soldiers.
BREYMAN—For this clearing, called Freeman's Farm,
Both sides have this day struggled.[5] We hold it
Now, and the sun is nearly run.
It will surely set with victory for us.
RIEDESEL—And our relief secures it.
Coming on, the very air proclaimed our
Utter rout.[6] But before our bayonets
The enemy has fallen back, and the day
Is too far gone for him to renew the
Struggle. Again we have saved this Briton,
As we did at Hubbardstown.
BREYMAN—And for to-morrow as well,
We could have clinched this victory, if
Burgoyne had permitted us to pursue
While our bayonets were in that humor.
RIEDESEL—It was a mistake to call us away;
But we only serve, and hence we obey.[7]
[*All retire.*]

---

[4] The battle was one of courage, not of maneuver; man fought against man; regiment against regiment.—*Bancroft.*

[5] The forces contended for Freeman's farm, which was now held by one, and now by the other of the two armies.—*Von Eelking.*

[6] Before the sun went down Burgoyne was in danger of a rout; the troops about him wavered, when Riedesel came to his aid.—*Bancroft.*

[7] The Germans thus, for the second time [before at Hubbardstown], saved the English, and followed up their pursuit of the Americans, until Burgoyne ordered them to stop—much to the discontent of the Germans.—*Von Eelking.*

SCENE VI. *Same as Act V. Scene IV. Head-quarters of* GEN. GATES, *on Bemis Heights. Time: September 20, 1777.*

Enter GEN. GATES, ARNOLD, STANDISH, *and soldiers.*

GATES—The result of yesterday was our victory.
ARNOLD—Burgoyne holds the field;
But since we did not contend for that we
Have not lost it. To check him in his march
Being our purpose, this was done.
And so far it was our triumph.
STANDISH—Burgoyne is badly crippled.
Six hundred men passed from his command to
The world of shadows. He was
In no position to lose so many.
ARNOLD—While he is in this plight, finish him.
General Gates, yesterday I advised that
The fight begin. To-day I advise its
Continuance with the swiftest action.
GATES—When would you renew it?
ARNOLD—Now! This hour! Burgoyne is outside
Of intrenchments and demoralized.
We are here to fight! And not to loll the
Hours away in rest.
With your consent, I will once more head our
Lines, and end invasion here.[1]
GATES—I cannot consent to this.
Our troops are tired.
ARNOLD—Our troops are not tired!
Sir! brave men never tire while great deeds
Remain undone. You may be tired. But those
Who yesterday faced English bullets are not!
GATES—General Arnold!
This language is grossly wrong.
ARNOLD—It is not wrong!
It becomes right—yes, the right and proper
Speech—when from the man who wins the battle
To him who would basely lose it.

[1] An attack upon the remains of Burgoyne's division, while it was still disconnected and without intrenchment, was urged by Arnold.—*Bancroft.*

GATES—I will not suffer this from you,
Nor any man!
ARNOLD—Nor will I longer suffer you!
The enemy invites you to pick from
The ground his bruised and bleeding form, and you
Refuse! When he grows strong again, and looks
Forth behind high battlements, perhaps
You will be ready then to urge the further
Sacrifice of heroic men!
Scheming servitor for honors filched from
Schuyler's brow, I serve with you no longer![2]
GATES—But for the impropriety of the act—
My place constraining—I should demand a
Soldier's satisfaction for this gross insult!
ARNOLD—The day is not yet born,
Nor will it ever have its place in time,
When Gates calls Arnold to a combat!
I want release from every duty here. I go
To Philadelphia—there to consort
With soldiers!
GATES—With all my heart.
Attend me to this room adjoining,
And there we settle all.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VII. *The field between two camps. In the woods. Time: October 6th.*

Enter GEN. LINCOLN, GEN. ARNOLD, COL. STANDISH *and soldiers.*

LINCOLN—We will go no further.
The opposing pickets may surprise us.
Gen. Arnold, I am tired of this delay!
ARNOLD—I became weary
When the sun hid his face on the nineteenth.
The enemy were at our mercy. Had
Not this man Gates refused reinforcements
While the hunt was on, no hostile battalion

[2] Gates refused the advice of Arnold [to renew the battle at once]. The quarrel between them grew more bitter, and Arnold demanded and received a passport to Philadelphia. But Arnold afterward relented, but Gates would not restore him to a command.—*Bancroft.*

Would have here remained to confront us
Again to-day.[1]

LINCOLN—I brought two thousand sturdy men to camp
After Burgoyne's repulse; arriving on
The twenty-second of September—two
Weeks ago to-day. The frosts of October
Begin to chill their ardor.[2]

STANDISH—And it may be as long again before
They warm themselves behind their firelocks.

ARNOLD—Why came you here at all?
You knew this commander.

LINCOLN—It was at the call of Washington!
Which was heard in all New England. Lethargy,
Like a fatal sleep, held us while Schuyler
Stayed; and Gates—as his successor—aroused
Us not. But Washington's appeal lighted
Camp-fires upon every hill. It was this
Which sent Stark to Bennington and primed
Thousands of idle guns.[3]

ARNOLD—It was he who planned against St. Leger.[4]

STANDISH—No point in this vast struggle
Is beyond his care. And if he ever fails,
It is because poor workmen botch him.

LINCOLN—Under my orders,
Colonel Brown assailed Ticonderoga
Before Morgan's rifles had ceased to echo
Through these pines, in September's battle.
Much gain, in prisoners and stores, elated
Us to Burgoyne's depression. We now hold
The road behind him at all important
Points, as well as bar his progress.
Thus viciously, we hold him in a vise!

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[1] On the 19th of September Arnold, while the fight was on, asked for reinforcements, and Gates refused them.—*Irving.*

[2] On the 22d of September General Lincoln arrived with two thousand men and took command of the right wing.—*Bancroft.*

[3] In August, to hasten the rising in New England, Washington wrote directly to the Brigadiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut urging them to march to Saratoga. Touched by the ringing appeals of Washington, thousands of men from New England States were in motion toward Saratoga.—*Bancroft.*

[4] Washington ordered Arnold to the North to aid Schuyler, and he bade him [Schuyler], "Never despair!" That Burgoyne would be weakened by his garrison duties; that a party in Vermont should constantly keep the enemy in anxiety for their rear; that Arnold should go to the relief of Fort Stanwix; that if all worked together Burgoyne would find it equally difficult to advance or retreat.—*Bancroft.*

ARNOLD—The thing to do is to fight! fight! fight!
So I have said to Gates;—
And we have quarreled on this issue.
LINCOLN—And hence you are without command.
Nor will Gates restore you. So you will not
Tread a measure when the next dance comes on.
ARNOLD—And if I don't—then write me down
As the dull ass of Washington's Major
Generals. These stars upon my uniform
Carry with them the privilege to command.
They will dazzle—when the embattled lightnings
Begin to play—nearest to the foe.
No danger there of meeting Gates, whose state
And nerves seek safer station. I withdrew
In anger. I now elect to stay and
Finish the work Washington set me here
To do.
I shall be in the dance when the music swells!
LINCOLN—Turbulent and restless spirit!
You were born sword in hand, and for strife was
Your ordaining!
Before breakfast, it is your love to fight.
Before dinner—and supper, too—you would
Do the same; and after each meal, resume
Where you left off. In the feast that restored
Nature's wasted strength you'd hurry on,
And begrudge the minutes given thus,
As so much filched from favorite pastime.
This is the tiger's quality! and is
The courage of brutish beasts—grandest in
The brute that is grandest in brutality.
True courage shines most in him who, fearing
Any hurt—yet loyal to duty—marches
With steadfast step even to the lips
Of belching cannon.
ARNOLD—If I were ordained to fight—
Then I am thus compelled. The occasion when,
I hope, is left for me to choose.
I find such occasion now! now,
When the fighting plume befits it, as
Priestly robes do prayer. By thousands our
Kindred are this moment wasting in

New York prisons, while Cunningham's curses are
The benedictions to their departing souls.
All this rushes with the blood; and nerves my
Arm and steels my sword for action.
After the occasion passes—I'll be
As gentle as yon hurtless wren; and bury
This blade as deep as the volcanic fires
It came from.
Then, I'll turn in my toes as I walk along—
Be knock-kneed—of simpering smile and
Lisping tongue; and thus ape the manners of
Lily-livered men. All this I'll do for peace;
Though for naught of this was ever I ordained.

LINCOLN—[*A gun is heard.*] That gun was not ours!
And is much too near. We will move away.
[*All retire.*]

[*Enter* GEN. BURGOYNE, REIDESEL, FRASER *and soldiers.*]

BURGOYNE—It was on the twenty-first
That Sir Henry promised aid. The sixth of
October is here—though not yet gone—and
No further word from him, nor sign of help.[5]

RIEDESEL—In all this time, we
Have heard the morning drums of the opposing
Force—so closely are we to each other
Camped—and yet know nothing of his power
Or position. This spot whereon we stand
Is common ground between us.[6]

BURGOYNE—That he has not assailed us
In all this time, reveals timidity
Or weakness.

FRASER—It may be he only waits
Till we come forth to more certain overthrow.
So the hunter waits for the starved lion
Driven to his lair.

BURGOYNE—At the council yesterday

---

[5] On the 21st of September Burgoyne received from Sir Henry Clinton a promise of aid, but it never came.—*Bancroft.*

[6] During the period of inaction following the battle of September 19, the British were so near the Americans that they could hear their morning and evening guns, their drums, and other noises of the camp, and yet they knew not their position or strength.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Each of you voted for retreat.
Phillips his advice refused.[7]

RIEDESEL—I still maintain and urge my vote.
Our men are on rations much cut down. The
Foragers are captured and our cattle
Driven off. The sick and wounded are a
Heavy burden. I will vouch for a safe
Withdrawal, if made before all the doors
To Canada are closed;—
Trusting this is not done already.

FRASER—I am of the opinion that in
Retreat we escape from greatest dangers.

BURGOYNE—I have said this army would not retreat.[8]
How against the gorge it goes to swallow
Your own words, reversing what they meant.
Honor, reputation, pride—all cry out
Against it.

RIEDESEL—The safety of the army!

BURGOYNE—I know! I know!
Still, I am but human, and so follow
Human guides. Thus shall it be. To-morrow,
With a selected force of full fifteen
Hundred men—in person leading them—we
Will advance and know what is before us.
If we then retreat, we shall do so because
Knowledge gained compels it.[9]

[*All retire.*]

---

[7] On the evening of October 5, Burgoyne called a council of war, and Riedesel and Fraser advised that the army fall back. Phillips gave no opinion.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[8] Referring to his proclamation when the army left Canada.

[9] Burgoyne [after the council of war, see Note 7] decided that he would make a reconnaissance in force, and get at the position of the Americans before he fell back, as advised.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*
Burgoyne would not hear of a retreat.—*Von Eelking.*

SCENE VIII. *Same as Act V., Scene IV. Headquarters of* GEN. GATES *on Bemis Heights. Time: October 7, 1777.*

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. LINCOLN, COL. STANDISH, *three aids, and soldiers.*

GATES—[*Drums are heard in the distance.*]
What is the meaning
Of that beat to arms from our drums?
[*Enter* COL. ALDEN *hurriedly.*]
ALDEN—The enemy in front
Advances in force, with show of battle.
GATES—Then we will indulge him.
Order Morgan to begin the game; and
General Dearborn to support him with all
His infantry.[1]
[*Exit* COL. ALDEN.]
STANDISH—From what I observed
Before entrance here, a greater force than
This is needed.
GATES—Then Poor's and Larned's brigades advance
At once. Convey this order.[2]
[*Exit* COL. STANDISH.]
[*To first* AID.] Go as far to the front as possible,
And, with eye and ear noting what is done,
Report here to me immediatley.
[*Exit First* AID.]
LINCOLN—My place is yonder
To head my column when hot work begins.
GATES—The center of the line
Be your place, General Lincoln.[3]
[*Exit* GEN. LINCOLN.]
[*To second* AID.] Convey to Generals Nixon
And Glover my orders, that if not so

---

[1] An aid of Gen. Gates reported to him on October 7 that the enemy was advancing, and, in his opinion, offering battle. "I would indulge them," said the aid. "Well, then," said Gates, "order Morgan to begin the game."—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Morgan was striving to reach the rear of the British, upon whom Dearborn impetuously descended.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Poor and Larned's brigades were ordered to attack the left.—*Irving.*

[3] Gen. Lincoln was ordered to the center of the line. See Note 5, *post.*

Arranged as previously advised,
They hold the right to-day.[4]

[*Exit second* AID.]

[*To third* AID.] And Morgan
And Larned the left, so far as conditions
Favor it. Go quickly.[5]

[*Exit third* AID.]

GATES—[*musing.*] Again—as on the nineteenth of September—
I am alone with fate, which extends or
Withholds the laurel. No fear shakes me now,
Since we attack a baffled foe, and assail
With heavier numbers. The columns in
Which I trust, would change even a drooping
Cause to victory; then much more surely
Will they crush an enemy half vanquished
From one defeat. This day—this hour—brings to
Me the trophies of a soldier, such as
The most aspiring might be proud to wear!

[*Enter first* AID *hurriedly.*]

Welcome be your quick return, if good news
Be your proclamation! Your celerity,
If joined with good report, shall not go
Unrewarded.

FIRST AID—The British advance in three columns.
Burgoyne leads the center; with Colonel Ackland
On the left, and General Fraser on the right.[6]
Morgan opened the combat, and, with the
Rush of a torrent, struck Fraser and swept
Him back; then around upon the other
Flank of the British he opened his galling
Fire; now Dearborn saluted them in front,
And rout ensued. Lord Balcarres rallied
The fugitives, and again they came into

---

[4] Generals Nixon and Glover to the right of the line. See Note 5, *post.*

[5] And Morgan and Larned to the left of the line. On the 7th of October the American army [for battle], with their right wing on the North River and their left extending to Bemis Heights. Generals Nixon and Glover commanded on the right, Lincoln the center, and Morgan and Larned the left.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[6] Burgoyne's order of battle was: Col. Ackland and his British grenadiers and Major Williams, with artillery, formed the left [opposite Nixon and Glover on the American right]. Next was Burgoyne, with Riedesel and Gen. Phillips in the center [opposite Gen. Lincoln]. And Gen. Fraser and Lord Balcarres were on the extreme right [opposite Morgan and Larned on the American left].—*Irving.*

Action.[7] Poor and his brigade, with telling
Volleys, faced the grape of British grenadiers
Till they, panic-stricken, fled; while Colonel
Cilley turned captured guns back upon these
Losers, now in full retreat.[8]

GATES—Then the battle is now on,
And all this is done within the time it
Takes to tell it. This impetuosity
Of our troops, born of confidence, is worth
A grand division of half-hearted men.
Besides, in force, we are two to one.
And the foe are so quickly falling back?
So you have reported.

FIRST AID—I gathered the facts
While spurs were pricking my animal to
Fullest speed, with Colonel Wilkinson[9]
Keeping at my side and cramming me.
He bid me say that the British are now
Retreating back to the intrenchments from
Which they marched forth this noon.

GATES—Then we will push nearer to the front, and
Closer be to messengers of like glad tidings.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *A place on the field between the contending lines.*

Enter GEN. LINCOLN *with* COL. STANDISH *and soldiers.*

LINCOLN—Good fortune favoring, the day is ours.

STANDISH—Burgoyne is in retreat.

---

[7] As soon as the action began Morgan poured like a torrent upon Fraser, and forced him back; then, by a rapid movement to the left, he fell upon the flank of the British right, and it was on the point of giving way. Dearborn just then gave such a galling fire in front that they broke and fled in wild confusion. Balcarres rallied them again, and they came into action.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[8] Poor, with his brigade, marched steadily against the grenadiers and artillery of Ackland and Williams. They awaited a shower of grape and musket-balls, and then rushed forward, firing right and left. They mowed the grenadiers down at every shot. Ackland was wounded, and the grenadiers gave way. Artillery was taken and retaken, till, at last, Cilley kept it and turned it upon the flying British.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[9] Col. Wilkinson was chief aid to Gen. Gates, and was specially sent out at this precise moment to gather news of the action.

LINCOLN—Fraser has fallen;
And at the command of Morgan.[1]
STANDISH—Ackland and Sir Francis Clark—
Both wounded—are our prisoners. Williams,
The chief of their artillery, is dead.
Their loss is great in men and guns.
LINCOLN—This spot, so far in advance,
May again see the enemy. Follow me;
Work is yet to do. [*All retire.*]
[*Enter* BURGOYNE, RIEDESEL, BREYMAN *and soldiers.*]
BURGOYNE—We are surely outnumbered—!
And braver men than we have met to-day
Never crossed a field.
RIEDESEL—To our intrenchments!
There is no time to spare.
BURGOYNE—The retreat has been sounded,
And every battalion is moving back.[2]
BREYMAN—Behind the breastworks
We will repel them, if their audacity
Carries them so far.
BURGOYNE—When Fraser fell, what was done?
I was not near.
RIEDESEL—I had him removed
To where Madam Riedesel remains, and
Committed to her care. And so with
Many others as unfortunate.
BURGOYNE—Unhappy woman!
At this same hour some of us were engaged
With her at dinner. The table of the
Intended feast has become a bloody
Bier. And Colonel Ackland?[3]
BREYMAN—Wounded, he was
Carried into the American lines.

---

[1] Gen. Fraser, from the right of the British lines, moved to aid the faltering center; and here he was observed by Gen. Morgan, and singled out as a target for "Tim Murphy," a sharpshooter. Fraser fell, mortally wounded.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc*

[2] Upon the fall of Fraser, Burgoyne ordered a retreat to the great redoubt.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[3] Madam Riedesel said, in speaking afterward, that, on the very day of the reconnaissance [the day of the battle], Burgoyne, Phillips, Fraser, and other officers, were engaged to dine with her; and in the very house, some of the expected guests were brought to die, at the very hour appointed for the dinner. *Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

BURGOYNE—I have not avoided danger.
You both will witness this, if ever called.
REIDESEL—You have exposed yourself to rashness.[4]
BURGOYNE—I could win no bullet as a friend,
Though many came so near and so many
Were to spare. But the fight is not yet closed;
And shall not be, with us beyond it.
My sword is yet my own.

[*All retire.*]

[*Enter hurriedly* GEN. LINCOLN, COL. STANDISH, COL. ALDEN *and* AIDS.]

LINCOLN—I thought the struggle for the day was over.
The foe are hurrying to their intrenchments.
Arnold now renews the battle, his own
Will directing.
STANDISH—He is a Major-General;
And so, ranking all near to him in the
Action, the troops obey him.
LINCOLN—And though he is not my
Commander in rank, yet in the absence
Of a superior chieftain, I will
Gladly take his orders.[5]
STANDISH—The soldiers follow him
As they would no other. His name is magic
To arouse them. They would storm the devil,
And drag him from his sulphurous home—
Or attempt it—if he led them on.
LINCOLN—What place is this?
ALDEN—Though of various names,
The one that covers all is Saratoga,

[*Enter* AID *in haste.*]

AID—[*to* GEN. LINCOLN.] General Arnold
Is preparing to storm the enemy

---

[4] Burgoyne exposed himself fearlessly; a shot passed through his hat, and another through his waistcoat.—*Bancroft.*

[5] Arnold, who had now [just as the British began to retreat] come upon the field without command, without a staff, yet carrying authority as the highest officer present in action, gave orders for an attack upon the strongest point of the British lines.—*Bancroft.*

On hearing the din of battle, he [Arnold] could restrain himself no longer, and dashed forward to the scene of battle. He was received with acclamation. Being the superior officer in the field, his orders were obeyed, of course.—*Irving.*

Gen. Lincoln's commission of major-general was dated February 19, 1777; and that of Benedict Arnold May 2, 1777.—*Arnold's Life of Benedict Arnold.*

In his works, and orders all to hold their
Powers at his command.

LINCOLN—Standish, will you
From yonder heights survey the lines, and make
Statement of this changed condition? Arnold
Has just come upon the ground which our hands
Have won, and again forward presses the
Panting columns we halted in their shouts
Of triumph.

[*Exit* STANDISH.]

[*To* AID.] Report to General Arnold,
That we are ready if he calls.

[*Exit* AID.]

[*To* ALDEN.] To General Gates—
Wherever he may be found—with the report
That Arnold assumes command, and prepares
To pursue the British, even into
His camp.[6] This will be news to him.

[*Exit* COL. ALDEN.]

Our dogs of war, resting their heads between
Their paws and licking their bloody chops,
Wearied with their excesses, begin to
Growl again, because Arnold calls to them.

[*Enter* COL. STANDISH.]

STANDISH—The very fiend of war,
Incarnated for the hour, now riots
In human slaughter. The two lines are formed;
And while one falls back, ours, with greedy steps,
Fills up the retiring space, and still onward
Drives retreat! Each to the other volleys
In such quick succession that the air is
Heavy with resounding thunders; while a
Sulphurous pall shuts from the view, a wreck
Of life in hideous ruin sinking.[7]

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[6] Arnold, putting himself at the head of the troops, attacked the Hessians in the enemy's center, and broke them with repeated charges.—*Irving.*

Scarcely had the British passed within their camp, when it was stormed with great fury. Arnold, at the head of the column, rushed upon the British, against a severe charge of grape and small arms. Lord Balcarres defended the intrenchment.—*Irving.*

[7] The action was fierce and the loss of life terrible. "So severe was the fighting at this point [before the great redoubt, defended by Balcarres, wrote one engaged in the conflict] that in the low ground in front of the redoubt, the blood and water were knee-deep.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

LINCOLN—In such a scene,
Surely Arnold holds high revelry.
STANDISH—He rides between the lines.
In wantonness, he wooes the bullets of
Either side—disdainjng the General's place
Behind his soldiers.
Out from the rifting clouds of battle
Flashes now and then a glint of steel,
As when the forked-lightnings gleam in the
Inky heavens. It is the sword of
Arnold, working a magic spell of
Self-forgetfulness upon his frenzied
Followers.
His coal-black steed is white with foam, and
Dashes here and there as if tempest-tossed,
Nor felt the earth beneath him; and every
Minute the wild and maddened line presses
Close—and closer still—after a mad commander.[8]
He loudly calls upon Lord Balcarres,
Who hurries the retreating columns toward
The great redoubt. So the wounded brute, pushed
On with terror, gathers his brood into
His rocky den. And along the ranks of
These pursuing furies, above the din,
Is heard the battle cry of—
"Liberty or death."
LINCOLN—I am all on fire, while you the
Picture furnish of this lurid struggle.
And in it all my part I'll grandly play,
Or rest with epitaph before another day.

[*All retire.*

[*Enter a British officer, flying;* ARNOLD *in pursuit.*]

ARNOLD—Quick-footed Mercury, go not so fast;
For you have naught to fear from me while
Greater game is flying. This sword is dyed
With ruddy currents, let from baser mortals,

---

[8] "He [Arnold] behaved like a madman more than a cool and discreet officer," writes Woodruff, a sergeant, in this battle. Spurring his horse onward with the ferocity of a tiger, he dashed from the left to the extreme right of the British lines, exposed to the cross-fire of the two armies.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Indeed, his actions seemed to partake of frenzy—riding here and there, brandishing his sword and cheering the men on to acts of desperation.—*Irving.*

And is henceforth reserved for daintier
Handiwork. Lord Balcarres, these hills have
This day echoed with Arnold's calls to you.
Come forth! And you and I, like those ancient
Romans, hang victory upon the better
Sword we carry! Come forth, I say! And let
Me clip your name in two, taking from the
Honest half—that title—which, like its kind, is
Worn by the silliest fools as often as by
The noblest men; and so is a common sham,
That all mankind should slash and tread upon.
Now for the Hessian lines, while halts the day;
Since these English will here no longer stay.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter* GEN. GATES, AIDS *and soldiers.*]

GATES—[*addressing an* AID.] Arnold has no
Command to-day, nor do I intend him
Any. I am moved at what you tell me.
His presence is intrusion.
Here comes further tidings.

[*Enter* COL. ALDEN.]

ALDEN—As directed by Gen. Lincoln,
I report to you. I have inquired where
Join the assailant and assailed. When the
Retreat began, and while our soldiers rested,
General Arnold, at this very moment,
Ordered a renewal of the battle.
Assuming command, he led pursuit even
To the British camp. After the first attack
Upon the main intrenchments, at the head
Of the divisions of Brooks and Larned,
He drove at the Hessians. In his furious
Onset, he entered the breastworks of the
Enemy just as their defender, Breyman,
Fell. Still the gale is blowing.[9]

GATES—Go with this order to Gen. Arnold.
Others have preceded it, but are so
Far unheeded. And say, also—to enforce

[9] Arnold, leaving his attack upon the great redoubt [against Balcarres], placed himself at the head of Larned's brigade, and attacked the Brunswickers so fiercely that Col. Breyman was killed, leaving the key of the British position in the hands of the Americans.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc*

What here is writ—it is my command that
He immediately retires.
Go quickly! or he will do something rash.
ALDEN—General, he has done something rash.
He has vanquished Burgoyne.[10]
[*Exit* ALDEN.]
GATES—[*listening.*] The intervening space
Increasing, of lesser fury is the
Sound of battle. Listen! Listen! Farther
And farther recedes the roll of our angry
Rifles, pushing the enemy before
It to sure destruction!
AID—The roar is fainter than it was.
GATES—[*aside.*] The glory of this day shall
Be mine without a rival. And so the
Recall of Arnold is a well-timed deed.
[*Enter* COL. STANDISH.]
STANDISH—I come from the Hessian redoubt.
All was going well—and a complete
Capture of the invaders seemed at hand—
When Arnold, wounded fell. Just then was handed
Him your order to retire. In obedience,
Our forces withdrew. And the foe, now
Shattered without hope, gain a breathing spell.[11]
GATES—In good time Burgoyne must yield.
We need not press him now.
STANDISH—Here comes General Arnold;
Carried by his men and followed by a
Retinue.
[*Cheering heard from without, and cheering soldiers enter.*]
Great Jove, giving his bolts a little time
To cool, wretched mortals gain a peaceful
Hour.
GATES—I grieve with any man who suffers.
STANDISH—To him who suffers in the right—this thought

[10] In the midst of his [Arnold's] success, Gates' order was handed to him, to leave the field and return to camp, Gates saying "he feared that he [Arnold] would do something rash."—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[11] Just as Arnold had forced his way into the camp of the enemy, a shot from the retreating Hessians killed his [Arnold's] horse and wounded him in the same leg which had received a wound before Quebec. He was borne off the field, and just then was handed Gates' order to withdraw.—*Irving.*

Is physic to assuage the keenest pain.

[*Enter* COL. ALDEN, *a detachment of Morgan's riflemen, and other officers and soldiers cheering. Followed by* GEN. ARNOLD, *wounded and carried.*]

All hail! All hail! to Benedict Arnold,—
The hero of Saratoga!

[*All cheer.*]

GATES—[*To Arnold.*] Are you badly hurt?
ARNOLD—A scratch! A ball in the same leg
That got another at Quebec.
This will heal as the other has.
GATES—The battle has been fought and won. Now
To a surgeon and to kinder nursing
Than this place provides.

[*Cheering, all retire.*]

SCENE X. *Headquarters of* GEN. GATES *upon Saratoga Heights. Time: October 17, 1777.*

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. SCHUYLER, AIDS *and soldiers.*

GATES—This final act would be marred,
Gen. Schuyler, without your presence. Here
We fix the place of surrender now agreed
Upon.[1]
SCHUYLER—No one can extend to you
More hearty congratulations. This crowning
Act of glory is interwoven with
A chaplet from our honored chief.
GATES—I have not heard?
SCHUYLER—It is from post, just in.
Washington assumed the offensive at
Germantown; and on the third gave Howe a
Lesson in audacity. With an army
Of inferior size and mostly raw
Militia—and these so poorly equipped
That more than a thousand men were shoeless—
He invited the Britain to the open
Plain. In short, assaulted him.

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[1] Gen. Schuyler was invited, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne, October 17, 1777.

GATES—And with what result?
SCHUYLER—In a heavy fog,
Confusion usurped the place of certainty,
And the movement failed therefrom. It was a
Drawn battle, and the advantage fell to neither;
Except, that the Briton learned from this that
His pillow in Philadelphia was
Not to be an easy one.
GATES—It is surely an advantage to our
Side to teach the other such a lesson;
And to leave anxiety to corrode
The hope of rest. What is the next move?
SCHUYLER—Washington will go into winter quarters
At Valley Forge;[2] and from that point in the months
To come, reduce the British commissary
As he did at Cambridge; and after at
Morristown. If you can starve your adversary,
You do as well as to win his sword in
Open conflict.
GATES—Short rations to Burgoyne,
Were to us worth batteries of artillery.
We have starved him as well as whipped him to
A surrender. Even in his hunger
We have made his sleep uneasy since the seventh.
Daily we have pounded him! And at last,
With Fellows on the other side of the
Hudson—Stark at Fort Edward—and the main
Army pushing him in front, the circle
Of fire was complete and the end inevitable.
Six thousand prisoners and arms and cannon
Fall to us. Since leaving Canada,
Burgoyne loses ten thousand soldiers.[3]
SCHUYLER—Is it an unconditional surrender?
GATES—In reality it is so.
Though some concessions are made as salve to
Wounded pride, which amount to nothing.
Putnam's letter, that Sir Henry Clinton

[2] On the 3d of October Washington planned to assail a part of the British force at Germantown. A heavy fog prevented the prearranged union of forces, and the battle was drawn. The renewal of an attack so soon after Brandywine inspirited Congress and the army. Washington later went into quarters at Valley Forge.—*Bancroft.*

[3] These are the results as given by Bancroft.

Had forced the pathway of the Hudson,
Smoothed the road with me, quickly to yield to
These concessions.

SCHUYLER—I never believed
That Putnam would let Sir Henry pass.

GATES—He was outmaneuvered;
And withdrew from Peekskill, when the English
Landed at a point below. The way was
Open then for storming our forts—Clinton
And Montgomery. They fell, though the
Governor and his brother made a stout
Defense of both, and sold them dearly.
This was on the seventh. Then Putnam hurried
His post to me, that the path was clear and
That Sir Henry and all his power might
Strike us here at any time.[4]

SCHUYLER—These surely were moments
Of harrowing anxiety?

GATES—And yet Sir Henry did not choose to come;
Now, we care not, how soon he does.

[*Drums are heard approaching.*]

The troops are up and moving; at the hour
Of noon, on yonder green, in front of old
Fort Hardy, will the prisoners ground their arms.

[*Enter the Americans,* GEN. ARNOLD, (*wounded and carried,*) GEN. LINCOLN, *Morgan's riflemen, generals and officers, aids and soldiers.*]

GATES—Brave compatriots!
Thus saluting, in this hour of triumph,
One injunction I lay upon you all;
Nothing so becomes the victor as humility,
Which gives the conqueror a double crown.
Your valorous arms have gained so many
Laurels upon this field—that wounds now, from
No good reason made, adding naught, would
Tarnish those you have. Let the enemy,
As he marches by to his humiliation,
See upon your faces no look of

[4] Sir Henry Clinton having made an effort to pass the Hudson, Putnam failed to defend it; and Forts Clinton and Montgomery fell after a stubborn resistance. On the 7th of October Putnam wrote to Gates, "I cannot prevent the enemy from advancing; prepare for the worst."—*Bancroft.*

Exultation; nor hear from your lips words
Of senseless insult. Such orders have been
Proclaimed through all the lines. Alone with his
Sorrow of defeat, a soldier's sorest
Trial, the prisoner will go to the place
Provided, there to yield up the arms which
He has borne so gallantly against us.[5]

[*A line of British troops begins then to cross the rear of the stage, marching to the place of grounded arms.*]

[*Enter the British,* GENS. BURGOYNE, PHILLIPS, RIEDESEL, *with aids, officers and staff.*]

BURGOYNE—The fortune of war, Gen. Gates,
Has made me your prisoner.

GATES—And I shall always be ready to testify
From no fault of yours, General Burgoyne.[6]

[*They shake hands cordially.*]

BURGOYNE—This sword is yours by right of conquest.

[*Hands his sword to* GATES.]

GATES—[*taking the sword.*] And yours,
By right of valor. The greater claim wipes
Out the lesser, and the sword remains
Your own.[7]

[*Hands back the sword.*]

BURGOYNE—[*receiving his sword.*] It lightens
The cruel hardships of a soldier's life,
When a heavy load like mine is lifted
From bending shoulders, with such generous words,
Winged with kindness and magnanimity.

GATES—To these marching columns,

[*Pointing to the English line still tramping across the stage.*]

I have ordered ample rations, that they

---

[5] The British marched out of their lines and laid down their arms in mute astonishment that none of the American soldiers were present to witness the spectacle.—*Bancroft.*

[6] When the generals met on the day of the surrender, Burgoyne, raising his hat said: "The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner." To which Gates replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of yours, Gen. Burgoyne."—*Irving.*

[7] Burgoyne, drawing his sword in the presence of the two armies, presented it to Gen. Gates. The latter received it with a courteous bow, and immediately returned it to the vanquished general.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

May find in us no stint of hospitality.[8]

[*Burgoyne bows.*]

And upon you, General Burgoyne, as well
As upon such officials as are your
Attendants here, we lay the privilege
Of playing host to-day. A happy part,
When honored guests accept with such a good will,
And so enrich the poorest banquet.
You will all dine with me; nor hold me at
Fault if, in these hours so heavy with affairs
Now closed, our neglected table is not
What our love and our duty, too, would make it.[9]

BURGOYNE—We join the feast intended
And thus proposed, with grateful hearts to you,
Who thus honor us as guests.

[*Two orderlies enter and quickly pass to all the officers a salver covered with glasses filled with wine.*]

GATES—Meanwhile,
Since we await the preparations,
We will tease the appetite to a greater
Greed, when the summons calls us to the sitting.
A rare old stock, General, as I can testify!

[*All the officers take in their hands a glass of wine.*]

BURGOYNE—By the double right of
Guest and prisoner, I offer here the toast.

[*All bow in acquiescence. Holding high his glass.*]

I drink to Washington.[10]

ALL [*repeat*] To Washington.

[*They drain their glasses.*]

[CURTAIN.]

END OF ACT V. AND PART I.

---

[8] Upon the surrender bread was served to the British soldiers, for they had none left, nor flour.—*Bancroft.*

[9] Burgoyne, with his generals, dined with Gen. Gates in his tent on boards laid across barrels. The dinner was served in four dishes, the Americans at this time being accustomed to plain and frugal food.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[10] At the entertainment given by Gen. Gates, Gen. Burgoyne proposed a toast to Gen. Washington.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

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ETHAN ALLEN.

ETHAN ALLEN was born in New Jersey, sixty years ago, upon the banks of Manasquan River, a beautiful stream which, taking its rise near the battleground of Monmouth, flows through the county of that name and enters the ocean just south of Long Branch. Capt. Samuel Fleming Allen, his father, was in active service in the war of 1812, and his grandfather, Capt. Sam. Allen, in the war of the Revolution was a minute-man guarding the Jersey shore. Though the latter was but a mere youth in 1776, his daring spirit and commanding influence led him into deeds of heroism, no less dashing than those recorded of his relative, Col. Ethan Allen, of Vermont fame. The subject of this sketch lived upon his father's farm until fourteen years of age, and since that time New York City has been his home. He graduated at Brown University in 1860, and was selected as the orator of his class. Leaving college one year before graduation, he studied law in this city. In 1861 he was made Deputy United States District Attorney for the District of New York, under Mr. Lincoln's administration, and resigning this place in 1869, he has since held no official position. From 1869 to 1885 he was actively engaged in his profession, and with marked success. Mr. Allen has taken great interest in political affairs, but generally for the purpose of securing the highest probity in official conduct. From boyhood he has been ever deeply imbued with a sense of gratitude for those who suffered so greatly a century ago, that this nation, and ultimately the world, might enjoy political emancipation from monarchy. He is the uncompromising foe to any one, no matter how high his station, who by his official turpitude checks the political influence of our revolutionary sires, which should be ever progressive. Mr. Allen has had ambition for political preferment, not from motives of personal gain, but from the loftier desire and pardonable pride of being a part of the grandest system of government the planet has ever known. He has never been successful, because he has not the nature requisite to win in party warfare—that is, the capacity to turn, and fawn, and promise and betray. In sorrow that a people of such great heritage can fall so low, at times, in official corruption—the gravest danger of a republic—he has written the "Drama of the Revolution," that the story concisely told may be known to all, and thus stimulate an ever-living purpose to guard the legacy of our ancestors, by the maintenance of honesty in government.

FRANK B. CARPENTER.


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WASHINGTON;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION.

A DRAMA.

(IN BLANK VERSE.)

FOUNDED UPON THE HISTORIC EVENTS OF THE WAR FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY

ETHAN ALLEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HENRY KRATZNER.

IN TWO PARTS. EACH PART, FIVE ACTS.

PART FIRST: From the Boston Massacre to Surrender of Burgoyne.
PART SECOND: From Red Bank and Valley Forge to Washington's Inauguration as President of the United States.

PART SECOND.

F. TENNYSON NEELY,
PUBLISHER,
LONDON. CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

(906)

TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE,

WHOSE ANCESTORS SO NOBLY SUSTAINED

CHARLES GRAVIER COUNT DE VERGENNES,

THE GREAT MINISTER OF FRANCE,

IN HIS FIRM DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

AND HIS UNSHAKEN FRIENDSHIP FOR WASHINGTON

AND HIS COMPATRIOTS,

THROUGH ALL THE TRIALS OF OUR REVOLUTION,

THIS SECOND PART IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMERICANS:

GEN. WASHINGTON.
GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE.
GEN. WAYNE.
GEN. KNOX.
GEN. ARNOLD.
GEN. GATES.
GEN. CONWAY.
GEN. MIFFLIN.
COL. MORGAN, afterward Gen'l.
COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE.
COL. CAMPBELL.
COL. MARION, afterward Gen'l.
COL. Sumter, afterward Gen'l.
CAPT. JENNINGS, American, } Cousins at Eutaw Springs.
CAPT. JENNINGS, English, } Cousins at Eutaw Springs.
LIEUT. THOMAS CARROLL, afterward Colonel.
LIEUT. EDWARD MOULTRIE, afterward Colonel.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
HENRY LAURENS.
JOHN ADAMS.
JOHN JAY.
WILLIAM DOUGLASS.
ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, Chancellor.

ENGLISH:

GEORGE III., King of England.
LORD NORTH, his Prime Minister.
LORD WEYMOUTH, his Secretary of State.
LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, his Secretary of State for the Colonies.
GEN. HOWE.
GEN. CLINTON.
GEN. CORNWALLIS.
GEN. LORD RAWDON.
COL. TARLETON, at first Major.
MAJ. MONCRIEF.
MAJ. ANDRE, at first Captain.
CAPT. LOFTUS.

FRENCH:

LOUIS XIX., King of France.
COUNT DE VERGENNES, his Minister for the Colonies.
LAFAYETTE, General in the American Army.
COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU, General in the American Army.
COUNT DE GRASSE, Admiral of the French Fleet in the service of America.

GERMANS:

BARON STEUBEN, General in the American Army.
BARON DE KALB, General in the American Army.

Females: Marie Antoinette, Queen of France; Martha Washington.

Unnamed Persons: The Herald and Bugler at Red Bank; First, Second, Third, and Fourth Comrade at Valley Forge; First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier at Valley Forge; First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Speaker, and First and Second Female at Philadelphia; First and Second Old Man, and First and Second Woman at Wyoming; Aid and Courier from Gen. Sullivan to Washington at White Plains; First, Second, and Third Female and Waiter at Fraunce's Tavern; Aid to Wayne at Stony Point; Aid, Scout, and Orderly to Col. Campbell at King's Mountain; Aid to Gen. Morgan at the Cowpens; Sergeant to Cornwallis on the James River; Aid and Courier to Gen. Greene at Eutaw Springs; Couriers to Washington at Mount Vernon; Couriers to Washington at Yorktown; Physician to the King of France; First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Commissioner at Mount Vernon; Servants at Mount Vernon; Officers, Soldiers, Countrymen, Citizens, Women, and Children.

WASHINGTON; OR, THE REVOLUTION.

PART II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The ramparts of Fort Mercer at Red Bank, on the Delaware River*[1] *below Philadelphia; with space in front. Time: October 22, 1777.*

Enter a HESSIAN OFFICER *as a Herald, and a bugler.*

HERALD.—Sound a call, that these men appear and hear us, before we strike.

[*The bugler blows a call;* COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE, *in command of the fort, appears upon the rampart.*

---

[1] The army of Gen. Howe, after the Battle of Brandywine, under Lord Cornwallis, had entered and taken possession of Philadelphia, September 26. [See Scene 2, Act IV., Part I.] Fort Mifflin was on Mud Island, and Fort Mercer on Red Bank, close together and on opposite sides of the Delaware River, seven miles below Philadelphia, and between Philadelphia and the mouth of the Delaware, or the ocean. The possession of these forts by the Americans blockaded the Delaware, and made the position of Howe in Philadelphia untenable. Admiral Howe, on October 6, with his fleet, had reached the mouth of the Delaware, but could not advance to Philadelphia because of these forts. It was a vital necessity for Gen. Howe to capture these forts, and it was equally vital for Washington to retain them. Col. Donop, with a large force of Hessians and artillery, was intrusted with the duty of reducing Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, on the east side of the river, or Jersey shore. This he undertook to do October 22, 1777 [when the first scene opens of Part II], and he was repulsed and killed. Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga five days before (October 17), but the news had not reached so far as Philadelphia, although a courier from Putnam (Gates did not deem it necessary to send a report) was then on his way to Washington with the glorious news. The victory at Fort Mercer followed in a few days, and, with that from Saratoga. made an hour of great elation in the American camp. Washington was now more firmly resolved than ever to hold these two forts on the Delaware, because to do so was to drive Howe from Philadelphia, as he had in March, 1776, driven him from Boston. Howe prepared for a second effort, with naval and military forces, and Washington called upon Gates to return to him at once his soldiers, which he had sent to Saratoga, and now no longer needed there. It was a moment of supreme importance to Washington and the cause. Gates not only refused to send Washington his needed reinforcements, but Congress interfered, and told Gates he need not do so. They came at last, but not till December, and ten days too late. On November 16, Howe began this second effort, and after four days of struggle both forts fell to overwhelming forces, and, the obstructions to the Delaware removed, the British were now secure in Philadelphia. The most daring and desperate defense known to history was made in this last struggle by Col. Christopher Greene of Rhode Island, Col. Samuel Smith of Maryland, Maj. Simeon Thayer of Rhode Island, and Maj. Fleury of the French.—(*Condensed*) "*History of the United States*," *John Clark Ridpath; also, George Bancroft.*

Could these forts be held by the Americans, the communication between Howe in Philadelphia and his fleet would be severed, and Howe would be compelled to leave Philadelphia.—"*History of the United States*," *Richard Hildreth.*

GREENE—What means this noisy summons?[2]
HERALD—Listen, bold traitor, and you shall know! I bring
To you life, with years of rest under Britain's
Gracious sovereign if you obey; and
A promise to enrich the fields around
Us with your corporal substance, if you
Refuse. Surrender the fort upon which
You stand, with all its garrison to my
Commander. And know the gentleness of
This direction, since he holds the force to
Take it, whether you will or not. Colonel
Donop, after answer, will peacefully
Enter your ramparts, with banners lazily
Flapping in this Autumn's sun, or do so
As he may appoint the hour, after savage
Conflict. Be reasonable. Encourage
Not the arrogance that contemns authority,
The corner stone of states. Throw off as vile,
The thought of independence which has brought
You to this pass of danger, and resume
In safety your long-neglected duty.
In my hand I bear a pardon for your
Foul offences. A free gift; and priceless
As life-repairing sleep, as you shall know
If you lie with it upon the bed of
Quick repentance. Reject my favors,—which
I proclaim as the voice of England's patient
King,—and charge yourself with the fell disasters
Following.
Do not, then, compel me,—advancing here
On such gentle mission,—to depart with
Your refusal. If so, speedily shall

---

[2] Col. Christopher Greene, from Fort Mercer, saw an officer approaching with a flag of truce, and accompanied with a drummer. Greene ordered his men to keep out of sight. The drummer [the author uses a bugler] sounded a parley. The officer then demanded a surrender, with threats of no quarter if refused. Greene gave his defiance. The flag and officer rode off.—"*Life of Washington*," *Washington Irving*.

A Hessian officer drew near the fort with a flag and a drummer. The officer insolently proclaimed, "The King of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms; and they are warned that if they stand the battle no quarter will be given." Col. Greene replied, "We ask no quarter, nor give any." The officer and drummer withdrew, and the attack [of Donop] at once began.—"*Field Book of the Revolution*," *Benson J. Lossing*.

Those return, to enforce where now I plead.
The merciless sword in front, and high-crested
Ships behind, destruction will look down with
Pitiless eye over land and river.
Coming then with power to crush, and all
Too late for healing the breach, now made,
My Chief, to these weapons drawn from ready
Arsenals, in addition may turn against
You, those twin terrors of dreadful war, slow
Hunger and creeping fire. What say you?

GREENE—You should have saved for this noisy bugle
The wasted wind; and yourself the trouble
Of this speech. Take my defiance to those
Who sent you![3] The thought of independence,
Which you bid me abjure, shall nerve my arm
To resist the blatant threatenings of
Your royal master. Tell Colonel Donop,
That no banner which he bears, shall cross these
Battlements, without meeting the withering
Hail of unerring guns. The fields around
Us,—if enriched at all,—shall be so, by
The foreign hirelings, sold for this danger,
With the others they encounter. Slavish
Vassal from a slavish state, and chattel
Of England's King, know this from me;
You confront those whose allegiance is
Given to no man of mortal mould; but
To the recorded will of the majority!
The times are charged with great changes, and we
Are here to help them on. From this high eminence,
I look down to you; and thus positioned,
Typify the end we strive for; to place
The man above, and the juggling prince below.
Go! Teach your chief this. If he comprehends,
Let his powers dissolve, in just tribute
To our exalted motives, which, in the
Years to come, hold for him a blessing as
Surely as for us. Failing to comprehend,
Let him dash himself to death upon this

[3] See Note 2.

Rock of liberty, which we and all true
Men defend. You have my answer.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *Philadelphia. Headquarters of* GEN. HOWE. *Time: October 23, 1777.*

Enter GEN. HOWE *and* GEN. CORNWALLIS.

HOWE—Repulsed! Repulsed at Red Bank! An assault
By land and water, hurled back! Donop dead!
And nearly five hundred officers and
Men killed and wounded![1] Two ships of the line
Burned and the Admiral stayed![2] This is a
Sad report, my Lord Cornwallis. Red Bank
Was. yesterday, a red bank indeed to us.

CORNWALLIS—It was unexpected.

HOWE—All things here are unexpected. From the
Day I set foot upon this soil till now,
Our adversary has been under
Estimated.

CORNWALLIS—Man for man, they are without superiors.

HOWE—Burgoyne! I have no tears to shed for him.
His army by this time eat the bread of
Prisoners, and he does, too. So audacious
Ambition has its fall.

CORNWALLIS—Is it true that Burgoyne has surrendered
At Saratoga?

HOWE—It is true that he has lost. And hourly
We may expect report that Washington
Has the disposal of him, and of his
Army, too, as the chattels of war.[3]

---

[1] [See Note 1, Scene 1.]
At a quarter before five [on October 22], under the protection of their artillery the British rushed forward. Donop, the officers of his staff, and more than half of the other officers were killed or wounded. The assailants (repulsed) fell back under the protection of their reserves. Over four hundred were killed or wounded.—*Bancroft.*

[2] The Augusta [the attack was by water also], a British ship of war of sixty-four guns, and the Merlin. frigate, grounded. The Augusta was set on fire by red-hot shot from the American batteries, and the Merlin was burned.—*Bancroft.*

[3] The rumor of Burgoyne's surrender was in the American camp near Philadelphia [October 23, 1777]. A few days after the fact penetrated the British camp.—*Bancroft.*

CORNWALLIS—It was a grave error to supersede
Tried commanders.
HOWE—This was Germain's work. He planted, and the
Crop is thorns; which I hope may prick him to
The end. I have asked leave of the King to
Resign. I am tired of this service. What
Laurels are here to win, others may gather.[4]
CORNWALLIS—The army will feel a pang of grief, when
You depart.
HOWE—But to present troubles. It is necessary
That we open the Delaware, even
To the sea. Because of this defeat, my
Brother, the Admiral, with his fleet is
Still shut off from us.[5] Philadelphia is
A prison without this outlet.
CORNWALLIS—The country around is fertile; and our
Men are brave.
HOWE—[*with impatience.*] Our foragers themselves would starve, with
Washington between them and the housed
Corn. We are here, rats in a trap. Vainly
May we bite the wires of the cage, unless
Conditions change. Again we must assail;
And assail with all our power. Clinton has
Order to send hither six thousand from
New York. To abandon the forts on the
Hudson, useless now to us. We will gain
This Fort Red Bank or Fort Mercer, by whatever
Name called; yes, and all its fellows, which
Impede to us the Delaware, from here
To ocean tide, though it takes every gun
Of England. Once more cry forward, and every
Man to his place, face to the foe, until
Obstructions fall.[6] [*All retire.*]

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[4] This was the moment chosen by Howe to complain to Lord Germain; to ask the King's leave to resign his command; and to report that there was no prospect of terminating the war without another campaign and large reinforcements.—*Bancroft.*

[5] See Note 1, Scene 1.

[6] To open the Delaware River to the sea (an absolute necessity) Howe concentrated his forces. He ordered Sir Henry Clinton to abandon the Hudson River and to send to him in Philadelphia (to clear the Delaware) six thousand more men.—*Bancroft.*

SCENE III. *York, Pennsylvania. Committee Room of the Congress of the United States. Time: December 1, 1777.*

Enter HENRY LAURENS, *President of Congress;* JOHN ADAMS, *Member of Congress;* LIEUT. THOMAS CARROLL, *bearer of dispatches from* WASHINGTON, *and* LIEUT. EDWARD MOULTRIE, *bearer of dispatches from* GEN. GATES.

ADAMS—[*to Laurens*]. Two heralds halt us here;
But they sing in different strains.
LAURENS—He from Gates and Saratoga is
So lofty in his song that, all absorbed,
We hear not the evil in the other's notes.
The surrender of Burgoyne and all his
Army![1]
ADAMS—Red Bank captured, after all!
So the other herald sings. Greene repelled
The assailant in October last, and
Thayer admits him in November.
Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin both in ruins!
They were to us as guardian angels;
And now are lost!
LAURENS—The Delaware is open to the enemy,
And in Philadelphia he rests secure.
A desperate defense has just been made
By Major Thayer; so Washington advises;
But courage bowed to superior numbers.[2]
ADAMS—And so it will ever be
While Washington commands. Again we are
Fabiused into disaster. Can we

[1] Gates sent to Yorktown [York, Pennsylvania, the place of Congress was called also Yorktown] a messenger to Congress [Wilkinson] reporting his victory at Saratoga. His courier was so long on his journey that, when his reward of a sword was discussed in Congress, Dr. Witherspoon—a shrewd Scot—said, "I think ye'll better gie the lad a pair of spurs."—*Irving.*

[2] On the 10th of November the British [the second effort] had completed their batteries for the reduction of Forts Mercer and Mifflin, on the Delaware. Col. Smith, at Fort Mifflin [on the Delaware, nearly opposite Fort Mercer], being wounded, Major Simeon Thayer of Rhode Island took command. He made a desperate defense, but was overwhelmed, and this fort was surrendered, November 16, 1777. And on the 20th Fort Mercer yielded, attacked by land by a large force under Lord Cornwallis, aided with a fleet of ships.—*Bancroft.*

Compel this man to fight, and so have one
Chance to win? Heaven grant we can.[3]

LAURENS—A dangerous compulsion!
Here in Congress we have urged Washington
To assault Philadelphia.
Public opinion joins in our clamor.
A dismal howl is this to a commander
Not able to comply; and injurious,
If he yields to ignorant brawling, against
His judgment.[4]

ADAMS—He never wins who is ready with excuses.

CARROLL—[*with great warmth.*] I will not hear
My chief traduced, when gross injustice feeds
The accusation. Here we meet as
Citizens, and my opinion outvalues
That of any man who, more than I,
Abuses truth with impulsive language.
Washington has been ever watchful for
Holding the Delaware. When in October
Greene plucked Red Bank back from the dragon-jaws
Of war, Washington rejoiced with him whose
Joy was greatest. Then came the struggle to
Keep what he possessed against the next assault.
With unerring judgment, ever nicely trained
Against approaching evil, he knew that
Guns on land and water would again speak,
For the surrender of those obstinate
And now reddened battlements.

LAURENS—I follow you, Lieutenant,
With the greatest interest. Speak freely.[5]

CARROLL—What did you—you who are here in Congress—
To aid my chief? You gave him back not a
Single soldier, even of his own line;

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[3] When Greene had repulsed Donop in October [the first attempt], "Thank God!" said John Adams, "this glory is not due to Washington, or idolatry would have been so excessive as to endanger our liberties."—*Bancroft.*
It was due to Washington, all the same.

[4] While in camp at White Marsh [November, 1777] it was stated to Washington that his own reputation and that of the army, in the opinion of Congress and public expectation, required him to attack Philadelphia and the whole line of redoubts. Washington was opposed to this mad enterprise.—"*Life of Washington,*" *John Marshall.*

[5] Congress, in 1777, selected Henry Laurens of South Carolina as President, to succeed John Hancock, and Congress shortly after appointed Gates President of the Board of War.—"*History of the United States,*" *Frederick Butler, A.M.*

Not a man of those whom he had sent to
Gates, to help him win that chaplet in Saratoga.
Gates made to his chief no report of his
Battle; but left him to hear of it, as
The birds might sing the tale to his listening
Ears. In this contumacy Gates was safe
From your reproof. You forbade Washington
To recall his men from the North without
The consent of this subordinate.
The few devoted heroes who were permitted,
By your oversight, to linger near, were
Emaciated from pinching hunger.[6]

ADAMS—This is an arraignment of Congress,
And not to be permitted.

LAURENS—We are not in session;
And this Lieutenant has the right to speak.
Go on. Moreover, he is ambassador
From Washington; and we may with profit
Listen.

CARROLL—Congress ordered Gates to recover
The forts upon the Hudson. Behind this
Was concealed the excuse for keeping back
Reinforcements, which Washington so much
Craved. These forts in the North were already
Regained by Washington in his far-reaching
Plans. Howe abandoned them as useless; and
Fortunate it was for him,—Oh, happy
General!—that no meddlesome Congress could
Trip him. Howe called from Clinton his surplus
Thousands; with these, Cornwallis, on that fatal
November day, walled off,—from hands too few
And feeble to assist,—these coveted

[6] After Burgoyne's surrender [October 17, 1777], no troops were returned by Gates to Washington, not even Morgan's corps. Alexander Hamilton was sent North to demand them. [Washington wanted them to protect Forts Mercer and Mifflin]. Gates detained a large part of his army in idleness. He neglected to announce his victory to Washington. Congress directed Gates to recover the forts on the Hudson. Washington had regained them already by compelling Howe to leave them. [See Note 6, Scene 2.] Congress forbade Washington to order from the Northern army more than twenty-five hundred men, and even these upon consulting Gates. It was even attempted in Congress that Washington should not detach any troops without consent of Gates, and Sam. Adams, John Adams, and others voted for this. Precious time was wasted by this interference of Congress, and the forts of the Delaware fell. [Quickly reinforced, Washington, holding these forts, would have driven Howe away, for want of an open waterway to provision his army.]—*Bancroft*.

"I am exceeding anxious to hold Red Bank," writes Washington, "but the withholding of my troops has embarrassed all my measures.—*Irving*.

Guardians of the Delaware, Fort Mercer
And Fort Mifflin. The fall of both is
Chargeable to Congress, who left Washington
Naked of power with which to keep them.[7]

MOULTRIE—Before I left the North—the camp of Gates—
Hamilton was there for troops, as a special
Courier from Washington. Hence, I am
A witness to what is set in this
Indictment, drawn by Lieutenant Carroll.

LAURENS—Adams, here in Congress
We must sheath the weapons carried by some
Of us for Washington's humiliation.

ADAMS—I have no such weapons to sheath.

LAURENS—The bitter criticism;
The baseless accusation; these, to a
Faithful man, are sharper than cutting steel.
Do you wear such weapons? You may answer.
Will future generations ever know
How many, in this very Congress,
Have been and are so armed?[8]

ADAMS—Our civic duties do not suffer, and
Have not, though we sometimes peer into the camp.
If the military would catch an example
From the civil authority, more cheerful
Deeds of arms would be to the credit of
The State.[9]

LAURENS—In this—the discharge of civic functions—
We stand acquitted, while malicious
Accusation dies. Here let us stand.

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[7] Washington, anxious to save the forts on the Delaware, had ordered Gates to send back his troops from the North. [Troops sent to him by Washington before Saratoga's battle.—See Scene 3, Act IV. Part I.] That officer, no doubt willing to see his rival unsuccessful, paid no heed to orders.—*Lossing.*

The British were rendered secure by the possession of the Delaware.—*Bancroft.*

After the loss of Red Bank the delayed troops arrived. "Had they arrived ten days sooner," wrote Washington, "I could have saved the forts [Mercer and Mifflin] and driven Howe from Philadelphia at he was driven from Boston."—*Irving.*

[8] "I was sitting alone with my father" [John Jay], said his son, "when he suddenly remarked, 'Oh! William, the history of the revolution will never be known. No one now alive knows it but John Adams and myself.' Surprised, I asked him to what he referred? He replied, 'The proceedings of the Old Congress; those against Washington; from first to last there was a bitter party against him.'"—*Irving.*

[9] In the British House of Lords Congress was scoffed at as "a vagrant horde." Congress at Yorktown resumed its work of Confederation of the States.—*Bancroft.*

We offset the loss of the Delaware—
The dates almost colliding, or would do
So, if time were substance—by a plan of
Union, that gathers this people into
One consolidated state. A great,
A noble work.

ADAMS—The "Articles of Confederation
And Perpetual Union," just submitted
To the States—when by them adoptd—
Will be worth a general battle won.[10]

LAURENS—It will give a purpose.
It will give us a nation to defend.
It may not be perfect in all things;
But it is the first step.

ADAMS—Experience give us wisdom,
Safely to take the second!
And now to work. Excuses, however
Plausible, will not acquit us for inaction.

[ADAMS *and* LAURENS *retire.*]

MOULTRIE—[*with enthusiasm.*] Carroll! Carroll!
You have lost none of your old-time audacity.
Flouting touchy Adams here, I thought we
Were again in Princeton, and you up on charges.
Old chum! I could hug you for what you said.

CARROLL—It was the truth.
And there are times when the truth is needed;
Else we are outdone. Did the old man wince?

MOULTRIE—His bald but venerable pate crimsoned;
And then turned white again. You struck him hard.

CARROLL—And I'll do the same thing again,—
If chance brings it round. Moultrie! we have been
Boys together; and eaten the bread of
College life from the same platter. You will
Believe me when I tell you, that at this
Moment our Washington is the sport of
Cunning traitors, who would unhorse him!

MOULTRIE—You are his aid, and should know.
Where are such villains found?

CARROLL—In his own camp!

---

[10] On the 15th of November, 1777, "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" were adopted by Congress and submitted for approbation to the several States.—*Bancroft.*

Here in Congress, too! The very air is charged
With disloyalty to him.[11]

MOULTRIE—Tom! A saint would tremble
From fits of rising rage, knowing this.
Washington, to the army, is guide,
Defender, friend. Since this war began,
Privation has fixed for him in every step,
A thorn. Yet he marches onward,—while hope
Comes trooping after, in long lines of limping
But willing soldiers. He is the sun that
Diffuses around us the only light
We see and the warmth we feel. Shall his burdens
Be augmented by jealous feuds, which sting
Sweet confidence to death?

CARROLL—Your heart shows in your indignation,
And both are honorable. Listen!
You know of Conway?

MOULTRIE—I know the name.
One of the French contingent?

CARROLL—The same; but so unlike the rest.
This man is all that they are not—for they
Are true. A conspiracy—I use the
Word advisedly—has been hatched in camp,
To drive Washington into retirement!
They would put Gates in his place.

MOULTRIE—So would the rushlight, in
A gloomy night, stand for the brilliant sun.
Who are abettors to this knave?

CARROLL—Mifflin, is conspirator
Of the second rank. Others follow with
Less offense. Conway aspired to be a
Major-General, as had DeKalb and
Lafayette. Washington opposed.
In July last, Congress—this Congress, that
Now presumes to order Washington how
And when to attack the enemy—created
A Board of War. Against the protest of
Washington, Conway was in October
Last placed here, with opportunity for
Evil. This man wrote to Gates denouncing

[11] See Note 8.

Washington; and more; foreseeing that this
Rising favorite would be selected
As President of the Board—and so shield
Him—he was bold enough to defy our
Chief with mouthing insolence. All because
Washington, informed of his slanderous
Criticism, so wrote him. Mifflin was
Already on the Board; thus promoted, though
In neglect of duties as Quartermaster-
General—in these words Washington accused
Him—he had made the army suffer.
Do you mark me? The army starved, that these
Men of petty inches on the scale of
Merit, might work their plans.[12]

MOULTRIE—[*in excitement.*] Excuse me, Tom,
That nervously I finger the hilt of
This trusty sword while listening.

CARROLL—Sullivan, the ever faithful,
Urged that Conway—pushing his foul front still
Higher—be appointed Inspector-General.

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[12] Gates with Conway, one of the French contingent, and Mifflin, now leagued against Washington to put Gates in his place. Congress in October had created a Board of War of five persons. Conway asked for promotion. Washington opposed this. Conway wrote to Gates [still at the North]. "Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general [Washington] would have ruined it." Others followed in this correspondence, and all did not scruple to speak of Washington with contempt. Joseph Reed of Pennsylvania wrote: "This army has yet gathered no laurels; I perfectly agree in the sentiment which leads to request your assistance." [That is, to take the place of Washington.] On the 7th of November, Mifflin, leaving his office of Quartermaster-General—of which he had neglected the duties—yet retaining the rank of Major-General, was elected to the Board of War. Washington [being informed] sent to Conway his knowledge of his attack. Conway saw Washington, justified his attack, made no apology, and reported his defiance to Mifflin and Gates. Sullivan favored Conway to Congress as Inspector-General. "If the office of Inspector-General," wrote Sullivan, "were given him, our army would soon cut a different figure from what they now do." Wayne, November 11, 1777, expressed himself in favor of the cabal, and gave his purpose "to follow the line pointed out by Lee [Charles Lee], Gates, and Mifflin." Conway, seeing that Gates would be President of the Board of War, resigned from the army November 15, 1777. Lovell of Massachusetts now joined in the denunciation of Washington. Writing to Gates November 17, 1777, he said: "Washington will fall with a mighty torrent of public vengeance. How different your [Gates'] conduct! This army will be totally lost unless you come here and collect those who wish to fight under your banner." November 27, 1777, Congress made Gates President of the Board of War. [The conduct and position of Washington was subordinate to these men.] Lovell again wrote Gates: "Good God, what a situation we are in!" and said, "Washington has fabiused us into this position." Gates wrote to Conway, November 28, and called him "a virtuous soldier," for defying Washington. December 13, 1777, Conway was appointed by Congress Inspector-General, and made independent of Washington, and under the Board of War. The effort was to compel Washington to resign.—*Bancroft.*

"My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me," wrote Washington, in regard to the Conway cabal. "They know I cannot combat them without exposing secrets it is of the utmost importance to the country to conceal."—*Marshall.*

The Board of War already in the grasp
Of the malcontents, now it is all
Important to control other commanding
Functions of the army. This is their aim.
Wayne—let us trust that ignorance excuses
For him much that I recount—threw in his
Favor for the crafty conspirator.
Lovell and Reed,—who sing the siren song
Of Congressional hostility,—did the
Same. To such length did untamed effrontery
Go, that Mifflin at last resorted to
The quill,—and Gates was informed that Conway
Had defied Washington. Gates called his act—
This act which ought to arouse revolt wherever
Told—the dignity of a virtuous gentleman.[13]

MOULTRIE—And all this time,
Has Washingon been passive?

CARROLL—Aye! As I suspect,—
For he gives no sign by word or act of
Injury,—passive as the lion that
Knows his power and how to use it.

MOULTRIE—We shall see.
I am from Saratoga, bearing dispatches.
I know this man Gates, this would-be rival.
As his aid I am his intimate. When
The tide turns, he will not face the danger,
But crawl away from it in a zigzag
Course, that befits his nature.[14]

CARROLL—I am your echo. We shall see.

[*All retire.*]

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[13] See Note 12.
Gen. Charles Lee, then a prisoner in New York, through letters, invited Gates, Mifflin, and Conway to oppose Washington and compel his resignation.—"*Battles of American Revolution*," *H. B. Carrington.*

[14] When Gates came to know that his plans were exposed to Washington, he straightway fell to making excuses, apologies, and protestations as the conspiracy fell. [See *post.*]—"*The American Revolution*," *John Fiske.*

SCENE IV. *Tent of* WASHINGTON, *in the American Camp at White Marsh, near Philadelphia.*[1] *Time: December 8, 1777.*

Enter WASHINGTON, COL. MORGAN, *and* LIEUT. CARROLL.

WASHINGTON—Thus closes the encampment here, and
Upon White Marsh we ring the curtain down.
Now for Valley Forge and our winter home!
Lieutenant Carroll, you are welcomed back
From Yorktown. We have appeased, I hope, the
Clamor of an impatient people by
This offer of battle. Colonel Morgan,
The enemy here tested the fire of
Your rifles, and to-day retire to
Philadelphia. Happy would Burgoyne
Have been, could he have so fallen back from
Your unerring aim at Saratoga.

CARROLL—At Yorktown, Congress leads,—
And the populace follow,—in this demand
For a clash of arms. Both plan the fight as
It should be, around their festive tables.
They think that we should assault the city
Near us, though defended by twenty thousand
Soldiers and high redoubts. With only seven
Thousand men behind you,—they surely
Estimate your quality as Commander
To be worth all the deficiency in
Numbers; and so make equal combat.[2]

WASHINGTON—It would be a mad enterprise,
And hence to be rejected. When, four days
Ago, with all the pomp of an easy conquest,
The British appeared before us here, in
Lines many thousand strong, though two to one
Against us, I was hopeful for an engagement.
The enemy refused this favor. At

[1] In November, 1777 [after the affair at Germantown], Washington had selected White Marsh for temporary encampment.—*Bancroft.*

[2] November 28, 1777, Congress by a unanimous resolution, declared in favor of carrying on a winter's campaign with vigor. [At that time Washington's army was naked and starving.—See Note 4, Scene 3.]—*Bancroft.*

Edge Hill yesterday, Colonel Morgan, they
Encountered you;—and frightened, fled.[3]
CARROLL—Had this fear-compelling rod,
Been in our hands for earlier use, the
Foe might not be,—as to-day he is,—housed
In the Capitol of the Nation; or
Else be there for sure capitulation.[4]
WASHINGTON—Not into the past,
But into the future be fixed our gaze.
The setting sun has ended opportunities;
But the rising sun renews them. Before
Us lies the field for the correction of
Errors gone. Winter quarters now become
The absorbing question. Since this excludes
Other thoughts you will excuse me for
Yielding to this duty.
[WASHINGTON *bows and retires.*]
MORGAN—But newly arrived upon this scene,
I am poorly equipped with knowledge of it.
Some meaning lurks within those words of
Washington, that—"before us lies the field
For the correction of errors gone."
CARROLL—A volume of meaning!
Enough to tip the pen which correctly
Writes it with immortality. Tragedy
And pathos are the depths which his words sounded.
Those "errors gone" make up a campaign of
Infamy to him, which lesser men would
Have resisted, even to the peril
Of the State. Not so with this man! who seems
To move above all hurt from the meanness
Of little men.
He shows no wound, where others would be slain.
MORGAN—Wherein lies this hinted wrong to Washington?
And needless, I may swear! Any deed of
Injury to him,—while still hot with malice,—
Should be overtaken by speedy punishment.

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[3] December 4, the British, fourteen thousand strong, marched against Washington at White Marsh. Washington, to appease clamor, was anxious for an engagement. Morgan's riflemen and the Marylanders under Gist had a sharp attack with the enemy at Edge Hill, when they retired to Philadelphia.—*Bancroft.*

[4] See Note 1, Scene 1, and Note 6, Scene 8.

CARROLL—When General Howe,—through yonder
Avenues,—entered Philadelphia,
That place was to him a prison!
A prison, bolted and barred on every side,
Unless the open ocean floated
Argosies to his relief.[5]
MORGAN—I can understand this;
And have wondered that strategy,
Did not make the tides his enemy.
CARROLL—Such was the purpose of Washington.
Who thwarted him? A meddlesome Congress,
Aiding and abetting jealous military
Subordinates. Colonel Morgan! had you
And others entered the conflict here when
First demanded from the North, we had not
Found to-day in Philadelphia a
Victorious foe, so well provided.
MORGAN—In all things,
I obeyed orders as they came.
CARROLL—Surely! No man imputes blame to you.
But upon those who had the power to
Hold you in the North—and did so—
Should rest a load of censure.[6]
MORGAN—Is this the infamy, which lies hidden
In the words of Washington, referring
To "errors gone?"
CARROLL—You have hit my meaning;
The "tragedy," is in the lives sacrificed
Without advantage, to hold the Delaware.
And the "pathos," in the suffering patience
Of our abused chieftain.
MORGAN—A blunt soldier,
Unskilled in the tricks of cunning men,
Will you help my dullness to a better
Understanding?
CARROLL—The Delaware was the liquid link between
Philadelphia and the outer world.
To hold this river in our grip, was to
Drive the Briton to his ruin; since upon
Its silvery tide came the subsistence for
His army. Fort Mifflin and Fort Mercer

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[5] See Note 1, Scene 1.

[6] See Notes 6 and 7, Scene 3.

On either side—and between the city
And the sea—were the Cherubim, whose
Flaming swords secured to us its waters.
It was the struggle of giants,—one to
Hold, the other to possess. Washington
Was left without the force to cope with Howe.
Gates, wickedly disobedient to
His Chief, and upheld by the civil powers,
Kept you in the North;—and other troops as
Well;—which, if here when needed
Were a nation's ransom.[7]

MORGAN—My wonder is,
That our General is so patient.
The "errors gone," have now a sorry meaning.

CARROLL—We will join the troops.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE V. *Valley Forge.*[1] *American Camp near Philadelphia. Long rows of huts and tents. Snow covers the ground. Time: January 28, 1778.*

Enter, a company of soldiers. Ragged and emaciated, with arms in their hands; they slowly march across the stage.

[*Exit all.*]

Enter, GEN. THOMAS CONWAY *and* GEN. THOMAS MIFFLIN.

MIFFLIN—[*with indignation.*] I will go no further
In this business. The sight of starving
Troops appalls me.

CONWAY—Only a sudden spasm.

MIFFLIN—It is rather an awakened
Conscience; which has slept, much, oh, much too long!

CONWAY—Conscience is the slave,
Of him who is worthy of revenge.

MIFFLIN—I have no revenge to gratify.

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[7] See Note 1, Scene 1, and Notes 6 and 7, Scene 3.

[1] December 19 Washington reached Valley Forge from White Marsh. Huts were constructed by the soldiers from the woods. Hundreds of soldiers made the march with bare feet, and the pathway of the army could be traced over the snow stained with blood.—*Lossing.*

CONWAY—I have! and you agreed,
And are promised-locked with me to feed it.
I hate this man Washington.
He stood in my way to higher honors.[2]
MIFFLIN—Yet Congress made you a Major-General?
And afterwards, to this added—though its
Duties you have omitted—that of
Inspector-General of this army; so
Following advice of mine, as a
Member of the Board of War.
CONWAY—What I am, is in spite of Washington!
His chagrin at this thrills me with
Satisfaction. There is much more to do.
MIFFLIN—Further I decline to go!
Conway! until last November,—and still
Within a period since, much too short to
Heal the wounds my foul neglect has given—
I was Quartermaster-General of this army.
As I did link my deeds with base or
Honest purpose in performance, these soldiers
Either feast or starve! They starve: and in this,
Proclaim in proof most damnable, which
Quality controlled when I did act as
Their purveyor.[3]

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[2] See Note 12, Scene 3.

[3] December 23 Washington replied to Congress, who were still urging an aggressive campaign, "laying deserved blame upon Mifflin for neglect of duty as Quartermaster-General," and added, "for want of a two days' supply of provisions, no opportunity of advantage against the enemy can be taken, because of this obstruction. Men are confined in hospitals for want of shoes. We have this day three thousand men in camp unfit for duty because barefooted and naked. Numbers are obliged to sit all night by fires. I can assure the gentlemen [Congress] that it is much easier to remonstrate in a comfortable room than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blanket. From my soul I pity the miseries which it is not in my power to prevent."—*Bancroft.*

At Valley Forge three thousand men were unfit for duty because barefoot and naked. The whole force of Washington was eleven thousand, and of the British in Philadelphia twenty thousand.—"*Life of Washington,*" *Jared Sparks; and Lossing.*

At Valley Forge the soldiers starved and froze. Yet at this very time quantities of stockings, shoes, and clothing were lying in different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of transportation. [Mifflin's neglect while engaged in the cabal.]—*Irving.*

Washington closed the year 1777 as one of the most trying of his life. He contended against the enemy, treachery against himself, and a meddlesome Congress. All this while, during the year, he had planned against Burgoyne in the North, and Admiral Howe upon the ocean.—*Irving.*

The neglect of Mifflin lost Washington rare opportunities againt the enemy.—*Carrington.*

CONWAY.—Well! let them starve;
Pinch, and shrivel with cold and want until
Gates takes this man's place. To drive Washington
To his Virginia home is what I aim at.
MIFFLIN—And to do this,
You have led me on to play the part of
Executioner to these uncomplaining
Heroes. Fiend! my sword, here, here, and now,
Shall speak for my reformation.
[*Draws his sword as if to attack Conway.*]
CONWAY—Put up your sword, rash man!
More troops approach.
We must not be seen in controversy.
Behind this tree.

[*Both take a position in the rear. Enter, a company of soldiers; armed, ragged and stricken with poverty. A dead comrade is borne upon a litter; and two of the others following are supported as they march.*]

FIRST COMRADE—Set down the corpse,
The grave is still a good half-mile away.
Unless we rest here, he will not rest there;
For we've not the strength to bear him.
SECOND COMRADE—And what we have,
Must be reserved for sterner work;
Not wasted on the dead.
THIRD COMRADE [*One of the two supported.*] Men, I am less burdensome than he. Give me credit now. I do my duty to the last. See! see! I walk to my own funeral. I feel it; I shall not return. This march is my last. [*About to fall, he is supported.*] Quick! Quick! On! On!
FIRST COMRADE—No! No! Williams, not so bad as that. We all know what it is to famish. True! True! But you, and I, and the rest, have one campaign left in us still, for Washington. Three cheers for Williams! Hip, hip, huzza. [*All feebly cheer.*]
FOURTH COMRADE [*the other of the two supported.*] It is so cold! [*Draws his scanty clothes about*

him.] For three days I have not tasted meat. Nor you! nor you, Jones; nor any of us here. What of it, men? What of it? We shall pull through. We must! Our country demands it, and Washington—no! we must not die. We will not! till the end is won which calls us here in arms. [*Straightens up and assumes a martial air.*] I was at Trenton, and at Saratoga. And you, too, Clark—and you, Appleton; and Allen, so were you. Let us live on that. Aye! on that. Cannot great memories, which feed the aspiring spirit, nourish the famished frame? [*Places his hand over his heart, as pain seizes him.*] Oh! this cursed craving! This—this—Can no one give a crust—one single crust? [*Extends his hands in appeal. All shake their heads.*] I can stand the cold. See; I do not chill. Feel my hands. They are warm—warm! It is so hard to starve; to starve even unto death! To drop into the grave, when my country has so much need that I should live.

[*He bows his head and weeps. Others do the same.*]

[*Enter (behind) a party of ragged soldiers, from the opposite side of the stage, and cross, shouting: "Beef! Beef! Bread! To the Quartermaster."*][4]

FOURTH COMRADE [*staring in amazement.*] Is this mutiny? Is it! It is! To our places, men —quick, to our places, and throttle it. I know my duty yet. This disorder will break the heart of our great chief. We will crush it, men. We will! we will! give me my gun. [*Takes his gun and struggles to advance.*] Oh! Oh! [*Again seized with pain and clasps his hand to his heart.*] It is finished. [*Falls back dead.*]

FIRST COMRADE—Forward; or no one will be left to carry those who fall. [*The fallen comrade*

[4] Bread riots and meat riots were frequent at Valley Forge. Some brigades were four days without meat.—*Ridpath.*

is placed beside the other corpse.] Steady! March!

[*All retire.*]

[CONWAY *and* MIFFLIN *come forward from the rear.*]

MIFFLIN—Who can see,
What we just now have seen, and not be moved?
The heart of a villain belongs to him
Who can?

CONWAY—When the game is ended,
We may abjure these means;
And again help to feed these soldiers.

MIFFLIN—The game is ended now;—
And we have lost. Gates played his part and failed.
As President of the Board of War,
He was master of every card but one:—
Missing that, he failed.[5]

CONWAY—And what was that?

MIFFLIN—The unbounded popularity
Of Washington with the army. This card,—
The leading of the pack,—on the other side,
Crushes us, with Congress at our elbow.
The written lines between you and Gates,—
That told the wrong intended,—handed to
Washington, he ruined us simply by exposure.
He gave report of our acts to the incasing
Air, which carried a death rot to every plan.
So does overtopping merit, in the
Public eye, blast evil by frowning on it.
Gates hastened to make his peace with our injured chief.
I will do the same. If you wage further
Battle—since you are alone—you will not
Divide honors, if you gain them.
The cabal is ended.[6]

[*Exit.*]

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[5] The calm dignity of Washington overcame the conspirators. Nothing could shake the confidence of the people or the affection of the army.—*Ridpath; also Bancroft.*

Moaning and anguish were heard all the dreary winter at Valley Forge. A miserable conspiracy by Gates, Conway, and Mifflin was born. But it failed, for it shook not the confidence of the army or nation.—*Ridpath.*

[6] [See Note 5.] Gates was now protesting his innocence to Washington.

CONWAY—Accursed fate!
Washington has no more than pointed the
Accusing finger, and we are scattered.
I could curse, but it is useless.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter a larger company of ragged soldiers.*]

FIRST SOLDIER—I have a needle! Look at it—a thorn. Not all the world could buy it, for it helps me to hold my tattered rags around me.

[*The soldiers all clamor for it. Cries: "Give it to me."*]

SECOND SOLDIER—It is mean to withhold a thing so comforting. Needles and pins there are none. But thorns! Let us get thorns!

[*Enter (in the rear)* WASHINGTON, KNOX, *and* MORGAN, *unseen by the soldiers.*]

WASHINGTON—[*to* KNOX *and* MORGAN.] We will remain here
Unobserved, and get the opinion
Of the camp.

[*They retire behind a tree.*]

FIRST SOLDIER—To-morrow some one may have the thorn. Some one who stays. Home! Home! We are all for home![7]

SECOND SOLDIER—We were at Long Island, at Trenton, and Brandywine. Our time is up. We muster out to-morrow. Home! Home!

[*All cry "Home! Home!"*]

THIRD SOLDIER—Wife! Children! Food! The thought brings a vision; a vision of paradise.

FOURTH SOLDIER—See! All of you. I wear Mifflin shoes. And so do some of you. My feet are covered with untanned skins. No matter. My body is covered with a skin tanned in freezing blasts.

FIRST SOLDIER—You have the tanning, then; enough of it. So have we all; but it is in the wrong place.

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[7] General A. S. Diven [still living, 1895], whose father was at Valley Forge, states [December, 1894] that he had heard his father say, "The destitution of the camp was never paralleled. The cold was intense; the soldiers were in rags, and their feet were bare. To keep their rags together they exhausted their stock of needles and pins and resorted to thorns."—*Extract from a New York Journal.*

THIRD SOLDIER—Starvation has tanned us inside as well, as one should see if we could be examined. But troubles now are ended.

[*All cry "Home! Home!"*]

SECOND SOLDIER—We have done our duty. Have we not? [*Cries: "Yes! Yes!"*] We have fought and suffered. Have we earned the right to leave the army, that our compact now has ended?

[*Cries: "We have! We have!"*]

FIRST SOLDIER—Then do we here determine that to-morrow we return to family and to friends?

[*Cries: "We do! We do! Home! Home! Huzza!" They all cheer.*]

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen, it is time we show ourselves.

[WASHINGTON, KNOX *and* MORGAN *advance to the front of the stage.*]

FIRST SOLDIER—Our General! Our General! Attention! Attention!
Dress on the right.

[*The soldiers all make an effort to get into line and to present arms.*]

WASHINGTON—Soldiers! This respect touches your General.
Our afflicted Country, over your heavy
Woes drops with you tear for tear. The term of
Your enlistment has expired. You are entitled
To your release: And for the work already
Done, honor will attend you, ever.
Remaining here, will not brighten your laurels;
And going, not diminish them.
You have bravely won the hero's fame,
And are entitled to the hero's rest.
But the enemy are still in arms. The
Soil we claim as ours, feels the invader's march,
And calls upon her sons. Those who have been
Most valorous ever prove to be most trustful.
Will you—the scar-worn veterans of many
Fields—now leave us? Leave us alone to gather
The glory of future deeds? So be it—
And Heaven bless each of you—if you so
Determine.

[*Cries of: "No! No! Never! Never!"*]

WASHINGTON—All such as will to-morrow
Renew his enlistment in this army,
Advance two paces.
[*The entire line moves forward with a cheer.*][8]
WASHINGTON—[*overcome with emotion, his head falling upon the shoulder of* KNOX, *gives way to tears.*] And these are
The men whom England hopes to conquer!
MORGAN—Amazement seize us all!
In this condition, Congress and a common
Clamor urge an attack, upon a
Well-provided and entrenched foe.[9]
KNOX—The heresy of the idiot against judgment.
In such contention the biggest fool gives
The loudest voice.
WASHINGTON—Thanks, men!
Posterity must remember this.
You may go.
[*The soldiers in file march off the stage.*]
My order, gentlemen! Remember!
Put none but the faithful on guard to-night.[10]
No further business now holds us in conference.
Our ways here part. With your consent I leave you.
[*Exit.*]
KNOX—The business dispatched, by this
One order, in importance, fills the day.
MORGAN—The enemy,
Have again made a show of force?
KNOX—And our sentinels,
Hedge round a camp with scarcely two thousand
Men fit for duty. To repel attack,
If made, would be heavy work.
The General is rightly anxious.
MORGAN—Those were foragers to-day, and

[8] In this destitute condition, says Gen. Diven [See Note 7], the army was reviewed by Washington, whose emotion broke forth as he contemplated their forlorn condition. Some of the volunteers had decided the night before not to re-enlist; but they were so moved by Washington, that when requested to signify their willingness to re-enlist, they stepped promptly to the front.—*Extract from a New York Journal.*

[9] See Note 4, Scene 3, and Note 2, Scene 4.

[10] This line was written first: "Put none but Americans on guard to-night." After extensive search and correspondence, the author could find no warrant that Washington ever used this language. Hence the line was changed as in the text.

Harry Lee easily dispersed them.
In truth, sent them empty home.
KNOX—Good work! Good work!
This dashing young rider of Virginia,
This "Light-horse Harry," is the shield that hides
Our true condition. If the enemy
Ever get a glance over his shoulder,
We may surely feel alarm.
MORGAN—Our meeting to-day,
Was for this special order?
KNOX—He gave to me none other.
MORGAN—Guarding against betrayal,
Though none is threatened! But in these times,
Watchfulness equals an army corps.
KNOX—His command was emphatic.
It sounds like a trumpet call.
"Put none but the faithful on guard to-night."
How the wind blows! The brittle forest bends,
And gains relief in spangled showers scattering.
This breaks its icy fetters.
MORGAN—I will to the upper camp,
And you to the lower, to enforce the order.
[*Exit different ways.*]
[*Enter* LIEUT. CARROLL.]
CARROLL—[*in great exitement.*] I am not mistaken!
I have feeling, ears, and sight. Every sense
In harmony does its function. I saw
Our General pass into yonder wood, and then—
[*Enter* LIEUT. MOULTRIE.]
Moultrie! Moultrie! Good friend! save me from
Myself if I wildly rave; or else confirm
Me, that my tongue tells no lies.
MOULTRIE—What is the matter?
In these heavy hours any blow may fall
And fail to shake me.
CARROLL—It is not new-born disaster
That excites me now. I am hardened so
To that, it heedless falls. But bruised of heart,
And sore of soul, as we all do know, our
Chief—like a greater one before his time—
Shoulders the grief of all, and alone
Bears up the load to heaven.

MOULTRIE—I would understand you if I could;
But, so far, cannot.
CARROLL—As I came this way, I saw the General—
Just there—enter that wood. Looking still in
His direction, I saw him do, as the
Devout will ever do—fall upon the ground
In the attitude of supplication.[11]
MOULTRIE—[*also much excited.*] Carroll, can this be!
In this snow-driven waste?
CARROLL—Come! Come! Come and see!
[*He draws* MOULTRIE *after him to the rear of the stage.*]
There! There! You can doubt no more.
MOULTRIE—It is he! It is he!
Hedged round with a thousand men of mark, he
Would stand out among them all,
In lonely prominence.
CARROLL—Come! Come away! Come away!
[*Draws* MOULTRIE *back.*]
This is not a sight for common mortals.
Off with your hat! Bare and bow your head as
I do, for we stand near holy ground.
The world swings closer to the ear of God,
When Washington kneels in prayer.
Away! Away! Come away! [*All retire.*]

SCENE VI. *Philadelphia. A Banqueting Hall. The city held by* GEN. HOWE. *Several tables for games of chess, dice and cards.*[1] *Time: February 14, 1778, afternoon.*

Enter eight young officers in British uniforms.

FIRST SPEAKER—A game! A game!

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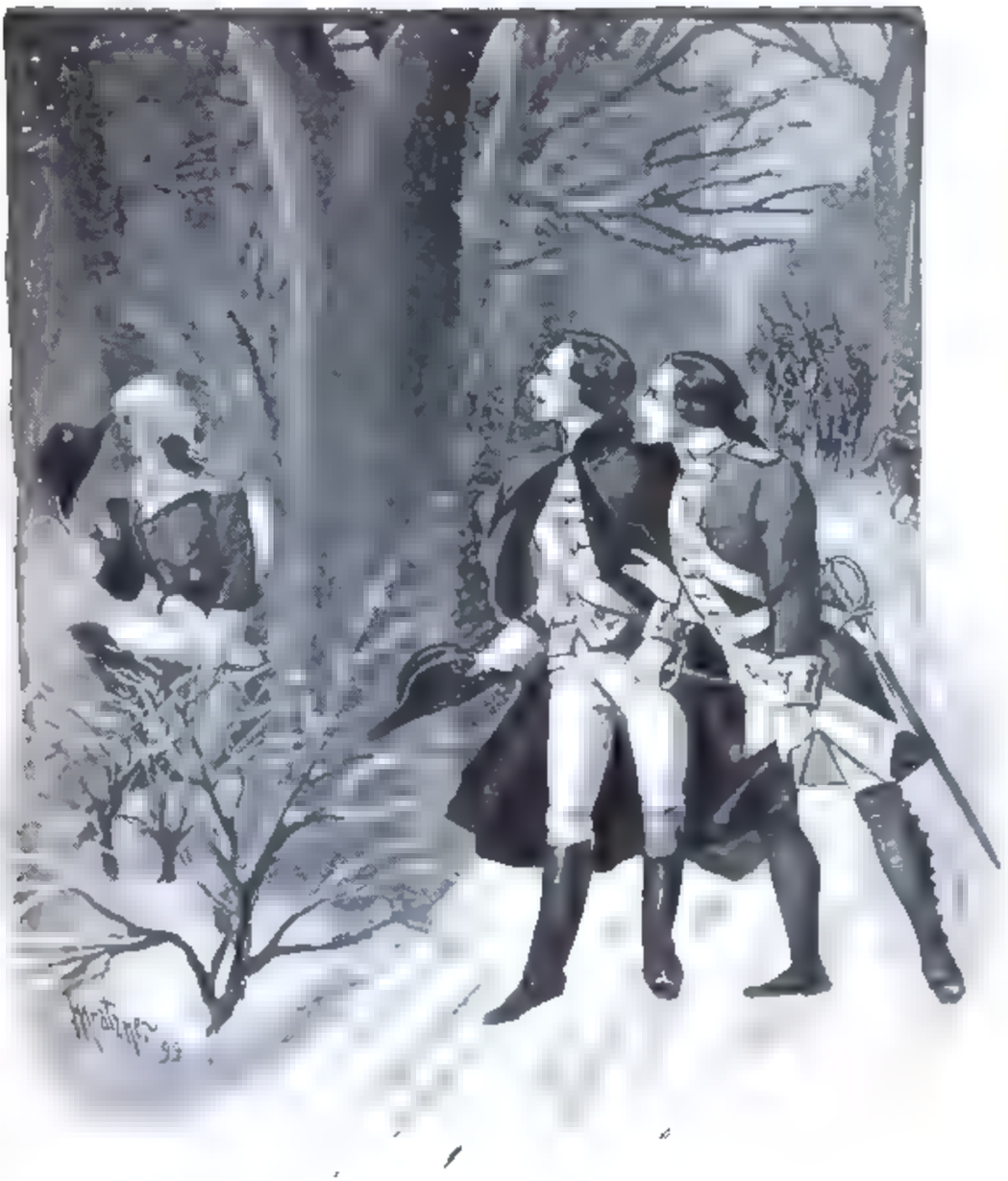
[11] At Valley Forge Washington took as his quarters the house of a Quaker named Isaac Potts. It was Isaac Potts who one day surprised Washington in the woods or thicket on his knees in prayer, his cheeks suffused with tears. Rushing home, he told the fact to his wife, saying: "If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington."—*Lossing.*

[1] While the army of Washington was drilling under Baron Steuben, or sitting by burning logs to keep from freezing to death, the other army, under Gen. Howe, was engaged in Philadelphia with the dance house, the theater, and games of faro.—*Carrington.*



Carroll. Off with your hat! Bare and bow your head as
I do, for we stand near holy ground.
The world swings closer to the ear of God,
When Washington kneels in prayer.
Away! Away! Come away!

What say you? A game with cards!
And for guineas, to season pastime.
[*All cry: "Yes! Yes!"*]

SECOND SPEAKER—Cards for me.

THIRD SPEAKER—Chess for me;—
And dice for them who like them.
[*All seat themselves at the tables and play.*]

FOURTH SPEAKER—[*throwing the dice.*] Best in three?
So be it. Here goes.
Fours for me;—fives for you. One throw for you.
Threes, twos,—One throw for me.
Double sixes;—double fives. I take the gold.
Gainer one thousand pounds!
Not so bad for St. Valentine's day.

FIFTH SPEAKER—[*aside.*] And I am ruined.
Accursed be all the Saints in the Calendar!

FIRST SPEAKER.—[*throwing down the cards.*] I take the trick;
And the money, too.

SECOND SPEAKER—A king!

FIRST SPEAKER—An ace! An ace! Here the
King is captured;—
And so, differs from good King George.

SECOND SPEAKER—No! This king wears a sword;
And with it scourges knavery; and so
Is like King George. The ace is foully yours!
Hence the stake is fairly mine!
[*Draws his sword, standing.*]

FIRST SPEAKER—[*springing to his feet and drawing his sword.*]
This to your superior officer?
This to a major in his Majesty's
Service, from a subaltern?
Defend yourself!

SECOND SPEAKER—All ranks,
Are leveled to equality,—
At the gambling table.
[*All the others gather near and all draw swords.*]

FIFTH SPEAKER—I have lost the most of all,
In this company; and by right call the

Loudest for peace, since I practice it.
Captain Andre, with a festive company,
Will shortly make a merry gathering here.
See that the place gives entrance to no
Scandal as host to welcome him.[2] Put up
Your swords till time grows for them fitter use.
[*Music is heard without.*]
Hark! There come the revellers. Quick! A hand!
Away with these tables, lest they be
Tale-bearers of iniquity!
[*They all remove the tables.*]
Now we will meet them and swell the chorus
Of their jollity.
[*All retire.*]

[*Music is heard coming nearer. Enter Musicians, playing, followed by a company of officers in uniform, and each escorting a female in street costume. Among the officers are* MAJ. MONCRIEF, CAPT. JOHN ANDRE *and* MAJ. TARLETON. *As they enter, the music playing, all the company sing, marching.*]

Now youth and pleasure rule the hour;
Nor care we what sage wits may say;
Stern war to fright has lost its power,
For this is St. Valentine's day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
For this is St. Valentine's day.

Then love to love may freely smile;
No other god will we obey.
Fierce Mars may rage; but all the while
We courtesy to St. Valentine's day.
St, Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
We courtesy to St. Valentine's day.

Rebels may starve, and freeze or hang;
Come with loud drums in fierce array;
Our hearts are brave against the clang
Of treason, on St. Valentine's day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
Of treason on St. Valentine's day.

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[2] A house was opened by the officers in Philadelphia for daily and nightly resort; with a gaming table, rooms devoted to chess, entertainment and balls. Thrice a week dramas were enacted. The officers of all ranks lived in licentiousness. Capt. Andre was a prominent figure in all amusements.—*Bancroft.*

ANDRE—After the song, the dance.
This is poetic order.
[*All: "A dance! A dance!" The music plays and the company dance.*]
If this be war, then make war perpetual.
MONCRIEF—Here in Philadelphia,—
It binds its horrors with a silken cord.
It lures its votaries with pleasure.
TARLETON—The soldiers,
Have caught the infection of laziness.
They move by rule;—And
When they move they waddle from good feeding.
They could never catch the enemy,—
Lean and agile as he is,—in a foot race.
[*All laugh.*]
FIRST FEMALE—Have a care!
The lean kine swallwed the fat.
So says the Good Book, which I commend to
Your reading. Valley Forge is near!
And may be—nearer!
ANDRE—Valley Forge, with all
The barking pack that is kenneled there,
Go hang for all that we care! Where did you
Get such sentiments, fair rebel, which sound
Strangely in this camp of General Howe?
FIRST FEMALE—From a patriot father and brother!—
Now with Washington. There are others here,
Of similar sentiment.
[*Female voices: "Yes! Yes!"*]
ANDRE—Enough! Enough!
We will not take a census, lest the
Majority confound us.
Beauty covers a multitude of sins
Political. So you all have pardon.
SECOND FEMALE—A speech worthy of a Romeo.
[*Cries of "Good! Good! A gallant Romeo!"*]
ANDRE—Spare me that!
I am a soldier; not an actor.
MONCRIEF—And yet last night,
You gained a lasting fame as Romeo!
ANDRE—And in Othello,—
Great Shakspere was refined, you translating him!
TARLETON—Pleasure would fly this

Most pleasant place, if either should leave us.
The theatre thrives, while Roscius inspires.

ANDRE—A truce to flattery.
To more solid reflection. I ask you?
Do we starve and suffer here in his
Majesty's Army?
[*All loudly laugh. A voice: "We bravely stand it." More laughing.*]
So charge the daily papers at home. Listen!
[*Reads from a London journal.*]
"All England will be grieved to learn that the greatest distress prevails in the camp of Gen. Howe in Philadelphia. The winter is cold and foraging impossible. Parental hearts will bleed for gallant sons in that far-off dismal land."
[*All laugh loudly.*]

MONCRIEF—We sleep in palaces;—
Walk on Turkish carpets; wear softest wools;
And dine on canvasback and terrapin.
London can't beat these rations!

ANDRE—And drown melancholy,
If it ever come, in flowing wine.

TARLETON—Our foragers get a little on the land;—
But the Delaware,—open to the sea,—
Enables us to tax the world for comfort.
And so we do. Dismal land indeed!
[*All laugh.*]

MONCRIEF—And the song. What say you?
Another song.
[*All: "A song! A song!"*]
"The Canvasback and Terrapin," by
Captain John Andre. And a dance go with it.
[*The music plays, and they sing and dance.*]

Fill up the bowl with foaming wine;
Our daily feast is gathered in,
From hostile fields the lowing kine,
From hostile streams the terrapin.
The canvasback wings here his flight;
And now the sportsman's wiles begin;
Since men will strive by day or night
For canvasback and terrapin.

[*Dance.*]

Old England boasts her glorious roast,
  Which any soldier loves to win,
When war's alarms have ceased to vex,
  And hunger bears her claims to him.
But beef from any land may go;
  Nor joint, nor rib, nor tempting shin,
Can fill a warrior's dainty dish,
  Like canvasback and terrapin.

[*Dance.*]

Good simple folk at home may pine;
  And groan lest we, in war's mad din,
Should want and starve; and in decline
  Yield up the ghost, both gaunt and grim.
Poor honest fools, they do not know
  Kind nature's gifts fall thick on him
Who fights like us; then rests; then dines
  On canvasback and terrapin.

[*Dance.*]

MONCRIEF—Three cheers for Captain John Andre,—
  The favorite of the Army.

[*All cheer.*]

  What new pleasure does Adonis now provide?
ANDRE—The greatest yet. Listen!

[*All draw near to hear.*]

  General Howe will soon depart. Our gracious
  King has accepted his resignation
  As chief Commander.[3] I have in mind,—
  For his honor, when the hour comes,—the
  Grandest pageant, if acted as devised.
TARLETON—It can't fail, if great
  Actors can win it from this misfortune.
ANDRE—Both land and water are to be taxed.
  The Delaware, for miles above the city,
  Shall reflect the gorgeous tints of ten thousand
  Flags, upon happy waters that kiss barges
  Of shining gold. The oar-propelling progress
  Of these,—advancing on the dazzled flood,—
  Will open music's throat, responsive to
  Booming cannon.
  Then,—entering the city,—the land shall
  Pay its portion. The streets will blaze with
  Military, a glistening line leading

[3] See Note 4, Scene 2.

To a ground for tournaments. In emulation
Of times long embalmed in song, Knight is to
Contend with Knight, to win the smile of beauty,
Then and there arrayed upon a burnished throne.
Thus the day will end.
And when night comes, in greater pleasure it
Shall be forgotten such a day had been.
Home will strive with home in illumination;
And finally, the grand festive hall shall
Radiantly absorb all light unclaimed.
The dance crowns this surfeit—and holds the
Willing victims of such royal revelry
Until the morning's sun turns tired mortals home.
I have named this the Mischianza.[4]

MONCRIEF—A noble tribute to a noble chief.
The fame of this shall long remain.

ANDRE—All here shall have their parts,
When the curtain rises. And now this day—
And with it our happy routs—is ended.
We will home to dinner and good digestion.

[*The music forms at the head of the line, and exit all, singing as when entering. "Now youth and pleasure rule the hour," etc.*]

[*Exit all.*]

SCENE VII. *London. Royal audience chamber, Buckingham Palace. Time: March 18, 1778.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, *Prime Minister, and* LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, *Secretary of State for the Colonies.*

KING—Hungry war now opens its jaws
For added victims. France—perfidious France—

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[4] On May 18, 1778, a gorgeous festival was given to Gen. Howe by his officers, in honor of his departure for England. The company embarked above the town to the music of a hundred instruments, rowed two miles down the stream, in boats glittering with colors and streamers, and were saluted by many ships of war. Landing in town, they marched between lines of cavalry and infantry to a lawn, where, in the presence of their ladies raised upon a throne, officers fantastically dressed as knights and squires engaged in a tournament. After this they engaged in dancing, gambling, and fireworks. At midnight a supper to five hundred covers was given, served under twelve hundred wax candles and an orchestra of a hundred pieces. Dancing continued till the sun was more than an hour high. This was called by Andre, who arranged it, the Mischianza. —*Bancroft.*

Gen. Howe was made the guest of a great display by Capt. Andre. In May, Gen. Howe embarked with honors for England, and Clinton took command.—"*German Allies in the Revolution,*" *Max Von Eelking.*

At last leaves duplicity and plays with
Audacity. Five days ago—if I
Must be precise—she gave this kingdom, once
Her royal master, formal notice of
Her alliance with our revolted subjects.
Thus is open war by this act proclaimed.
I would have peace; but not at the price of
Honor. As we have before, so again,
We will fight this enemy.[1]

NORTH—Our Parliament assisting,
We still have hopes to outwit France. With the
"Bills of Conciliation" now the approved
Law, our Commissioners—growing therefrom
As a peaceful palm—may reach the cooler
Judgment of our warring subjects, before
Our rival across the channel can profit
From their basest rage. Franklin, in Paris—
He whom we know as the incarnation
Of colonial hostility—has been
Apprised of our altered policy, which,—
In the bills I speak of,—grants freedom from
Taxation to the states;—and, indeed, grants
All contended for, withholding independence.
He, however, haughtily will not consent
To peace except upon granting that which
We withhold.[2]

KING—This independence shall not be,
While I wear the crown my ancestors have worn.
But the loss of my legions at Saratoga!
It is this ever throbbing wound that compels
Our altered policy;—this policy
Of gentleness, which, in America
Our agents shall in a short time proclaim.
Fatal error! that gave the fortunes of
This kingdom to Burgoyne to trifle with.

NORTH—Lord Rockingham favors independence

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[1] On the 6th of February, 1778, a treaty of alliance was made with France, This nation acknowledged the independence of the United States. This news, formally communicated to England March 13th, was received with vindictive anger.—*Ridpath.*

This declaration established war between England and France.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Lord North, to circumvent France and to destroy the effect of her alliance, at once brought forward two "Bills of Conciliation," in which everything that the Colonies claimed was conceded except independence. Under these bills commissioners were sent to America.—*Ridpath.*

To America; and has a following
That is formidable pushing to this
End. Chatham goes not to this point, though the
Road he travels leads that way. Franklin says—
And all America is his echo—
No less will be accepted. Your Majesty,
As your Prime Minister, I have not redeemed
My bond of office, the suppression of
This outbreak; and like a bankrupt, whose
Promises have outrun his capacity
To redeem, I would retire from further
Service. Lord Chatham, as my successor
May illustrate different statesmanship,
Though not a loftier patriotism.[3]

KING—No! No! I will not have it so!
I would rather abdicate my throne, than
Receive that perfidious man as minister;—
Coming to his official calling as dictator,
Not as the adviser of his King.
General Howe has asked to return home;
We cheerfully permit him so to do;
And thus save further waste poured into the
Vortex of inactivity. But how
Many men must we now recruit, to
Finish this work without more humiliation?[4]

GERMAIN—I have sounded Amherst
Upon this point, your Majesty. He is
Old in experience in the affairs
Of these very colonies. For he gathered
Military laurels there till they palled
From commonness.

KING—Yes! cracked the crowns of these Frenchmen
In many a bloody fray; and tore their
Banner from their pallid hands;
A successful General! Oh, that we were
Younger! Well, what does he say?

---

[3] Lord North became despondent, and wanted to make way for Lord Chatham. The King said: "No personal danger to myself can make me address myself to Lord Chatham or any of the opposition. I would rather lose the crown I wear than bear the ignominy of possessing it under their shackles."—*Bancroft.*

[4] Lord Shelbourne urged Lord Chatham as dictator. The King said: "I will not treat with that perfidious man." Lord Amherst, military adviser to the King, said forty thousand men were necessary to subdue the revolt in America. Rockingham was in favor of at once recognizing the independence of America. —*Bancroft.*

GERMAIN—He estimates
That forty thousand men must be recruited.
KING—A desperate venture.
Ten times that number were an easy
Matter, to hurl upon our enemies
Within our hail, on this side of the sea.
But to cross the ocean? Here comes in an
Opposition which makes the venture desperate.
GERMAIN—This opposition is the growth of
Studied effort, by such as have no love
For us. All Europe is in sympathy
With our revolted Colonies. And Franklin,
Now hailed the modern Sophocles, gives to
Popular opinion the keen edge that
Cuts us while it strikes.
KING—We defy them all!
I will risk the symbol of sovereignty
Which I wear as King—the crown that sparkles
With seven centuries of unchecked glory—
Before I bow to this opposition,
Either at home or elsewhere. Political
Powers and seductive philosophy
May intertwine, still I care not. Frederick
Pushes forward France; and with the godless
Voltaire, plans our injury;[5] he will not,
Indeed, permit recruits from our German
Allies to cross his borders! Goethe, the
Fledgling statesman of Weimar, sings of
Liberty—a poet's Utopia;
And Mirabeau, in exile, exalts Franklin—
That unworthy stem from English root—his
Fellow malefactor. We should rejoice,
And in truth I do, that rankling jealousy
Against this ancient kingdom concentrates
To a common head; so that, dragon shaped,

[5] Frederick the Great of Prussia said at this time: "The more I reflect upon the measures of the British Government, the more they appear despotic. The independence of America will be worth to France all the cost." Mirabeau, in exile in Holland (speaking of America), said: "To recover freedom, insurrection is just. There is no crime like the crime against the freedom of the people." Goethe, the poet of the Weimar, said: "The names of Franklin and Washington, shone and sparkled in his heaven of politics and war." The aged Voltaire, as the friend of America, gave to Franklin in Paris, the benediction, "God and Liberty."—*Bancroft.*

We may see it, attack it, and sever it,
With the battle axe of England and Saint George.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VIII. *Grand Hall at Palace of Versailles, France. Time: March 20, 1778.*

Enter COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Minister of Foreign Affairs, and* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *American Commissioner.*

FRANKLIN—I am much moved,
Dear Count, upon this occasion.
VERGENNES—It is well that we are early at the
Ceremony, if we have conference.
FRANKLIN—Here, in this grand hall,—
Sacred to the memory of a King,
Whom France calls "The Great," among her many
Louis'—will America, as an
Independent nation, for the first time
Have speech with another sovereignty;
And as an equal! This twentieth of
March thus becomes a day of mark in
Human progress. The King—to-night—in this
His Capitol at Versailles, receives the
Commissioners of the United States![1] A
New nation, dedicated to Freedom.
Vergennes, do you comprehend how much this
Means? Free speech! Free effort! Free men! The world,
On tiptoe of excited expectation,
May stand with bated breath at the door of
This new senate-house.
Again, Vergennes, can you comprehend it?
VERGENNES—Perhaps not as you do.
You and your fellows be responsible
For this political experiment,
Which is all your own. Duty prompted me
To help you to independence, the port
Of your greater hopes. And done, this duty

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[1] On March 20, 1778, the American Commissioners, Franklin, Deane and Lee, were admitted to a public audience at the Court of Versailles, and were presented to the King by Vergennes as the Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States.—*Butler.*

Dies, from full accomplishment. Thence,—in
Political purpose,—you push on alone
Over your untried road.

FRANKLIN—You have served us well.
France is to-day in alliance with
America! This means that America
Triumphs over England, because she had
The friendship of Count De Vergennes, who
To this treaty of alliance set the
Final seal on the sixth of February last.

VERGENNES—I will not deny, I have
Never hesitated when you needed me.
The King drew back; and to-day, necessity,
Not love, nerves his extended hand. The
Ministers, Maurepas and Turgot, saw
No merit in aiding a mere revolt.
You compelled their unwilling sanction![2]
When Washington, at Germantown, invited
Battle, he won confidence, that grew
Forthwith from this aggressive root;[3] when, at
Saratoga, his plans compelled the
Surrender of Burgoyne, he commanded
For America recognition as
A government. By the valor of your
Arms you have won what you enjoy to-day.

FRANKLIN—And this alliance will cost you much:
It means war with England.

VERGENNES—The King and his Ministers
Have pre-judged the cost. Money and effort
Are of little worth to him, who never
Weighs against their loss the good they bring.
Fleets, and armies, and gold, will push our good
Intentions to a happy end for you,
Though England protests with all her armaments.

FRANKLIN—That day will surely be accursed,
When my people forget these favors.

VERGENNES—For winning what you have, much
Is to be set down to you; swelling an
Account, already of greatest magnitude.

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[2] See Act IV, Part I.

[3] The boldness of Washington's attack upon Howe at Germantown [See Act V, Part I] won the admiration of Europe.—*Bancroft.*

FRANKLIN—I have not sought the scale to examine
Its record of self-importance.
VERGENNES—The unselfish soul
Is too much absorbed in labor that helps
His kind, to keep tally of his own merits.
It is natural. Here, if ever, do we touch
Divinity.
FRANKLIN—I have done what others, perhaps,
Might much better do. I have done my best,—
Or tried to. Is this so meritorious?
VERGENNES—You have done what no one else could do!
You have won a Continent to your side.
No mistakes mar your record; though of your
Colleagues I could not say this, and still be
Truthful. Here in Paris, you are the idol
All worship; the great democrat, whom the
King and the peasant honor;—
The philosopher, who rivals the best
In Europe; the very autocrat of
Patriots, who dims the greatness of
Conquerors with a greater fame.
I could say much more, good friend, but even
Of laurels one may become very weary.
FRANKLIN—I have had of charges a variety.
Surely! Surely!
VERGENNES—And bravely discharged them all!
To win France as an ally, was one, and
You succeeded. To gain the good-will of
European powers, was another;—
Catherine and Frederick recognize your
Political wish as theirs. You have opened
Unexpected ports to your navy; fitted
Out armed ships;—
Exchanged prisoners like a potentate;
Terrorized England by an influence
Superior to majesty,—everywhere
So powerful that it has been
Majestic in its majesty!
That noble dome which tops your sturdy frame,
Shuts in a government! which walks
When you do, and sits when you sit down.

It can make treaties, declare war, and alone
Counterpoise an unfriendly state.
Such strength, in one, were dangerous, unless
Tempered with modesty, as in you.[4]

FRANKLIN—I shall lose my reputation for
Modesty, if I listen to you more.
My people thank you.

VERGENNES—All in good time, we end
These personalities. Here comes the King.
We will retire for the present.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter heralds, pages and chamberlains, the retinue of a Royal Court, followed by* KING LOUIS XVI. *and* MARIE ANTOINETTE, *Queen of France. Then the lords and ladies of France. The King and Queen seat themselves upon a raised dais. The trumpet sounds. Enter* COUNT DE VERGENNES, *with* FRANKLIN *and other American Commissioners,* ARTHUR LEE *and* SILAS DEANE. FRANKLIN *approaches the King and Queen, and is presented by* VERGENNES. FRANKLIN *talks with the King and Queen.*]

KING—It is a matter dear to us,
That your country has so greatly triumphed
Through your diplomacy. I wish the Congress
To be assured of my friendship. I beg
Also to observe, that I am exceedingly
Satisfied with your conduct, during your
Residence in my kingdom.[5]

FRANKLIN—[*bowing.*] It is, indeed,
A triumph to be so commended.

QUEEN—The poorest maid in France
May feel a thrill of pleasure in the promise

---

[4] Vergennes was always the ardent friend of Franklin.—*Ridpath; also* "*Life of Franklin,*" *John Bigelow.*

[5] At the reception by the King and Queen of France Franklin wore the velvet coat which he was accustomed to wear at the levees of George III., with white stockings, spectacles on his nose, a round white hat under his arm, and his thin gray hair in its natural state. The crowd greeted him with loud applause. The King said to him, "I wish Congress to be assured of my friendship. I beg also to observe that I am exceedingly satisfied with your conduct during your residence in my kingdom." The youthful Queen, Marie Antoinette, filled with generous impulses toward America, made the support of America a fashion at the French Court.—"*Life of Franklin,*" *John T. Morse, Jr.*

Of victory for your people,—and say
So, too,! Then why not I? Indeed, I wish
The future of your nation may be so
High in greatness, as my heart would lift it
Now, were I the arbiter.

FRANKLIN—[*bowing.*] It were
To expose my poverty of speech,
To attempt to thank your Majesty,
As I ought and would.

[*In pantomine.—The other commissioners are introduced, while guests are gathering and marching to the sound of music.* FRANKLIN *takes his place with* VERGENNES *in the midst of the company. The presentation of officials continues. Ladies and gentlemen of the Court press around* FRANKLIN. *The ladies feel of his hair, smooth his velvet coat, and talk to him with apparent delight. The King and Queen withdraw. Music swells and dancing begins.* FRANKLIN *and his colleagues withdraw. The dance ends.*]

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *Valley Forge. Grounds before the entrance to* WASHINGTON'S *quarters. Time: May 6, 1778.*

Enter, troops, who move across the stage cheering. Cheers and revelry are heard from within WASHINGTON'S *quarters.*[1] *Enter* LIEUT. CARROLL *therefrom.*

CARROLL—I am weary with carousal.
The entire camp to-day—the strings of
Discipline loosened for this time—strays from
The road of strict deportment, to pluck the
Flowers of pleasure in the fields of jollity.
And all do it, too, without abatement,—
Excepting the few who guard.

[*Enter* LIEUT. MOULTRIE.]

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[1] May 6, 1778, was set apart for public celebration in the camp at Valley Forge, and continued all day long and closed with dinner, toasts, music and cheers.—*Sparks.*

CARROLL—Moultrie, it is a relief to see you!
Good friend! you wear a sober front; that has
No place here to-day. Why is it?
MOULTRIE—You forget,
That as officer of the day,
Duty keeps me from these festivities.
CARROLL.—Then I blame you not for the frown
With which tyrant duty decks you.
[*Cheers and laughter, and the clinking of glasses come from within* WASHINGTON'S *headquarters.*]
CARROLL—Listen to that!
The music of glad hearts,
That so long have beat to other strains.
MOULTRIE—Washington and his officers.
CARROLL—Two hundred covers;—where sit two
Hundred heroes at uproarious feast.
[*Cheers from the soldiers outside.*]
And the soldiers, too, have breathed the
Infectious air, and cheer from very joy.
MOULTRIE—The camp, in such a time,
Has need of eyes and ears, fixed against surprise.
[*More cheers from the banquet within.*]
And well it is to be so ordered!
Generous cheer is hostile to self-care;
Unless guarded from without—as with a
Bandaged eye—we may trip from unseen dangers.
The glorious event we celebrate
Excuses an hour's recklessness.
The army to-day officially
Commemorates the union of France with
Our fortunes.
Congress has just ratified the treaties,
And the soldiers shout their applause.[2]
CARROLL—A great event, and greatly honored.
MOULTRIE—He who is not drunk with wine,
Is drunk with happiness. Both are
Lethean, while the fit is on.
[*Music from a military band comes from the banquet hall.*]
All that can whet the edge of appetite,

[2] See Note 1.

For renewal of long departed joys,
Is under contribution.
CARROLL—And should be so,
After a winter of great torture.
MOULTRIE—The Conway, Mifflin and Gates
Conspiracy? That wicked scheme to
Throttle our cause by indirection;—
Of which you once spoke to me.
It has ended? At least, I hope so.
CARROLL—Yes! the notice Washington
Gave to Conway last November,—revealing
Knowledge of his wickedness,—gave the quietus.
It was a ball of fire, thrown into a
Nest of vipers. Straightway they fell to
Excuses and interaccusation;
This was misquoted; that a falsehood;
And the other thing a forgery.
The conspiracy stung itself to death;
And Washington moves from the shadow,
Icily serene.[3]
MOULTRIE—Congress cruelly helped it on.
This, we know, though others may not.
CARROLL—Gates was the rising sun,
Which, newly blazing over us, was to
Dim the brilliancy of our General.
He has set, never to shine again through
Air murky with his own malevolence.
He and Conway are once more under the
Command of Washington by orders of
Congress.
MOULTRIE—Other changes have helped us!
Our camp was a winter charnel house;
I find it now a bower of comfort.
You know I have been away since Christmas.
CARROLL—When that honest German, Baron Steuben,
Entered this camp as Inspector-General,
In February, a disciplined army

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[3] See Note 14, Scene 3.
Those engaged in the Conway conspiracy soon wished their rash words forgotten. Gates denied the charge as wicked and false: Mifflin exonerated himself, or tried to: Conway on his deathbed [shortly after] wrote to Washington to declare that, in his [Conway's] eyes, Washington was a great and good man.—*Bancroft.*

Grew like magic from his hands.[4] When Mifflin,
The incompetent,—charity may hide
A harsher term,—ceased to be
Quartermaster-General, and Greene took his
Place,—I mean Nathaniel, not Christopher,
Two such glorious stars in one constellation
Should be distinctly specified,—from that
Happy time an army of well-fed and
Contented veterans answered the daily roll.

MOULTRIE—A marvelous change!
Invincible before, we are doubly
So with France at our side.

[*Loud cheers from soldiers from without, and also from within the banquet hall.*]

CARROLL—A well rounded thought,
Which now warms every breast about us;
Hence these cheers and gatherings of noisy friends.

[*Enter* GENERALS WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, STEUBEN, DE KALB, *and many officers from the banquet. The band also marches in playing, and soldiers, cheering, gather.*]

WASHINGTON—The "Bills of Conciliation,"
England's atonement, have been rejected
By Congress. The army with swelling throats
Now confirm this act.[5]

LAFAYETTE—The British Ministry
Are upon their knees, and sue for pardon.
They demanded from us this very homage
A little while ago.

WASHINGTON—We are no longer friendless, Marquis.
France has raised her shield, and the Lily shall
Blossom into victory, which our banner
Shares. Germany, too, taxes our gratitude,
Which we pay with pleasure to such
Tax-collectors as De Kalb and Steuben.

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[4] February 23, 1778, Baron Steuben was received at Valley Forge and was made Inspector-General in place of Conway; and introducing discipline from the army of Frederick the Great, whom he had served, the American army soon grew to strength.—*Marshall.*

[5] The "Bills of Conciliation" [devised by Lord North after the French alliance as a compromise] came too late. Washington received them and sent them to Congress. While they were under consideration came the news of recognition by France as an independent nation. April 22, 1778, Congress rejected these bills.—*Marshall.*

Thus, publicly I bow to you, Baron;
[*Bowing to* STEUBEN.]
For you have taught to us the rules of war
By which great Frederick won.

STEUBEN.—We here fight in the cause of
Human freedom—the battle of humanity.
The thought of this—a constant inspiration—
Equips our lines with fiery energy,
To which rules of war are much subordinate.
It is the cause of all; the Gaul, the Teuton,
And the Saxon! And all are here.

[*Cheers from the soldiers; and cries: "Long live King Louis! Long live France! Huzza for the Declaration of Independence!" Officers and soldiers gather around* WASHINGTON, *waving over him French and American flags. Then silence.*]

WASHINGTON—Our Feasts are ended with the
Setting of the sun. Its gorgeous tinting
Over us is Heaven's benediction!
Or, perhaps the residents of upper
Air—if such beings be—flaunt these purple
Banners on the sky, in friendly
Recognition of our carnival. Let
Cannon mingle with our cheers, their louder
Praise. Convey the order to those without,
That thirteen guns speak for as many States,
Linked as one for liberty, and all thrilling
To begin the year's campaign with our
Honored ally.

[*An aid retires.*]

One of the great powers of the earth,
Extends the hand of fraternity;
And agrees to arm that hand to maintain
A brotherhood. All Europe must follow
France. Knit into our friends with this good-will,
Together we shall nourish the root our hands
Have already planted, till the tree drops
For us the ripe fruit of sovereignty.

[*The cannon without begin to boom.*]

These noisy throats, augmenting our lesser
Chorus, heard within the camp of yonder

City, voice our defiance. There caught up
And borne along, all the world may know that
Here, as freemen, we stand for Independence;
And until this is achieved, we shall
Remain as now—in issue joined with
Parliament and King.

[*Officers and soldiers cheer. Cries: "Long live* WASHINGTON! *Long live France!" Flags are waved over the head of* WASHINGTON. *The cannon without continue to boom.*[6]]

[CURTAIN.]

[END OF ACT I.]

[6] At the French celebration at Valley Forge, there was a grand parade, a discharge of thirteen guns, feasting, dinners, the whole army shouting "Long live the King of France!" "Long live Washington!" "Huzza for the United States!" and flags on all sides waved.—*Irving.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Monmouth. The battle ground within the American lines. The army sleeping. Sentinels on guard. Time: June 29, 1778. Daylight.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* LAFAYETTE.

WASHINGTON—What is yonder flaming signal,
That now struggles for recognition
Upon the dusky line which divides
The night and day?
LAFAYETTE—General, that is the rising sun.
WASHINGTON—Not so! The east,
Wherefrom is started the fiery chariot
Of midsummer, is farther to the south.
LAFAYETTE—The east, enlarging its jurisdiction—
Usual at this season,—now closely
Hugs the north; and at the point we see,
Displays its morning tints.
Yonder streaks forerun the dawn.
WASHINGTON—Then we are up to meet it.
Around us our soldiers slumber;
And so they shall a little longer;—
Until the enemy moves.
LAFAYETTE—You slept heavily—the recipe
Of nature, when exhaustion is complete.
WASHINGTON—At the foot of yonder sturdy oak
I had a royal bed. The gnarled roots were
My pillow; the skies a canopy;
And you my companion.[1]
LAFAYETTE—After such a day—the night
Made some amends with a cooling air.

[1] The battle of Monmouth, fought to a draw, at the close of the day, June 28, 1778, both armies rested on their arms. That night Washington lay on his cloak at the foot of a tree, with Lafayette beside him, talking over the strange conduct of Lee, whose disorderly retreat came so near being fatal to the army.—*Irving.*

WASHINGTON—It was a burning hour.
The sun so unrelenting!
This little brook between the armies,
Tempting both, records its many victims.
LAFAYETTE—So breaks the herd
From the keeper's care, and pellmell drives on
To ruin. The soldiers died in groups at
This little rivulet. Here the Briton
Fraternized with us;—
And foes died as friends, in the rage for water.[2]
WASHINGTON—A common suffering is a great leveler.
LAFAYETTE—And in excess of volume,
Water is dangerous at times. So it
Would have been to me last month, had I
Not found its shallows at Matson's ford.
WASHINGTON—I shall remember ever
The anxiety with which I watched you
From Valley Forge, marching in retreat, to
These same shallow waters of the Schuylkill.
LAFAYETTE—At Barren Hill,
With twenty-five hundred men, I sought not
Conquest, but information. The parting
Revelries to Howe made us all inquisitive.[3]
WASHINGTON—I have learned but lately that
The pompous show in Philadelphia
Of the eighteenth of May—which tempted you
To danger—was arranged by a young
Captain—Andre by name—in honor of
The departing General.[4]
LAFAYETTE—General Howe is no longer
To be our vis-a-vis, commanding?[5]

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[2] The fatigue of this day was such that some Americans and fifty-nine of the British were found dead upon the field with no marks of violence.—"*History of the American Revolution*," *David Ramsay*.

During the day the heat reached ninety-six in the shade, and many, on both sides, struck by the sun, fell dead without a wound. Many from excessive drinking from a brook between the armies, where both sides gathered.—*Lossing; also Irving*.

[3] Lafayette, with nearly three thousand men, occupied Barren Hill while the performance of the Mischianza was held in Philadelphia [May 18]. Howe sent Gen. Grant with a large force to capture him. Lafayette escaped back to Valley Forge. Washington, in great distress from fear and anxiety, watched this retreat from a height at Valley Forge.—*Carrington*.

[4] See Note 4, Scene 6, Act I.

[5] May 24, 1778, Gen. Howe gave up the command to Clinton, and left for England.—*Ridpath*.

WASHINGTON—On the twenty-fourth of May,
The British Army in America
Was handed over to Sir Henry Clinton;
And yesterday, it was he, whom we
Confronted on this field.
Howe has embarked for England.
LAFAYETTE—Then,
When he drove at me on Barren Hill,—
Grant advancing with five thousand men, those
Quickly followed by six thousand more, Howe
In charge,—it was to close his career in
Luster, with me the victim of his prowess?
WASHINGTON—So it would have read in history, had
You been captured. And how that history
Might have changed the final story of our
High revolt, I dread to think of! No matter!
You made a marvelous retreat back to
Valley Forge, and so stilled the quickened pulse
Of fear.[6]
LAFAYETTE—Sir Henry was yesterday,
Just ten days out from Philadelphia
When here called to account. With him departed
Thousands of native-born, whose right to safety
Is forfeited by adherence to the
Common enemy. These Tory refugees
Are the hunted game of patriots.
WASHINGTON—Natural retaliation!
Over the entire land they are merciless.
The foreign foe carries less of dread to our
People. In civil war, kindred ever
Light the fiercest fires.
LAFAYETTE—Maxwell and his brigade,—
In union with Dickinson,—have done good
Work. Had he not been sent ahead to make
A wreck of roads and bridges, Sir Henry
Had not been impeded in his march, for
Our pounding yesterday.
WASHINGTON—While Maxwell was in front,
We kept Clinton as our special company,—
Marching by his side,—even from the day

[6] See Note 8.

He left his city home He would gladly
Have dispensed with this hospitality.
The fight of yesterday was made by us;
And, Marquis, by all the laws of war,
We should have gained it!

LAFAYETTE—We shall gain to-day
What yesterday was justly ours;—
The capitulation of the enemy.

WASHINGTON—A victory postponed,
Is one yet to win. Poor has orders to
Watch Sir Henry through the night, and to
Detain him for this morning's salutations.
Or to give us notice should he attempt
To fly from them.
I hope he remains our guest.

LAFAYETTE—Lee did that, which postponed
The victory, we are yet to win.

WASHINGTON—I shall not now attempt
To solve the riddle his conduct hides.
Three days ago he was ordered to attack,
And failed to do so. Yesterday, he so
Tardily opened the assault, that the
Enemy,—instead of the pricking thistle
Of surprise,—was able, in the open
Field, to pluck the pleasant flower of
Ample preparation, and after, Lee
Retreated before the foe could know of
Opposition. Lee had power enough
To do great damage, but his forces were left—
So now it seems—to fight as each squad should
Choose, without a purpose and without a
Leader [7]

[7] June 18 Clinton abandoned Philadelphia for New York, by a march across New Jersey. The Tories were in despair at this abandonment. Washington started in pursuit from Valley Forge. Exchanged from imprisonment, Gen. Charles Lee was again in the army. Lee, in council, advised against an attack. Washington, however, decided to attack, and on June 27 ordered Lee to begin next day at daylight. Lee delayed the attack, and an opportunity was lost. Again, on the morning of the 28th, while the British were moving off, Washington sent word to Lee to begin the battle. He was so languid in this that Clinton had full time to prepare. Lee [still a traitor] made only a pretense of battle. Clinton turned upon Lee, and the latter retreated, to the danger of the reserves. Lafayette speedily informed Washington of affairs, and brought him to the scene, where he found Lee in full retreat. In a voice of anger, Washington said to Lee: "What is the meaning of this, sir?" Lee stammered: "Sir! Sir!" Washington said again: "What does this mean, sir?" and quickly Washington arranged a line of battle, and stopped the retreat.—(*Condensed*) *Ridpath; also Bancroft, Carrington, Fiske and Irving.*

LAFAYETTE—I saw as much, and so rejoice that I
Quickly called you to the place of danger.
This man Lee did not intend to fight
The enemy.
WASHINGTON—Why?
LAFAYETTE—On the very day both armies marched,—
Clinton in flight from Philadelphia,
And this one in pursuit from Valley Forge,—
Lee advised against a conflict. At
Hopewell he urged the building of a bridge
For our retreat! Every hour he has proclaimed
That we could not contend successfully
In combat. The pride of opinion—to
Use no stronger phrase—commits him to
Disaster.[8]

[*The reveille is sounded. The soldiers are aroused and in the rear came trooping back and forth across the stage.*]

WASHINGTON—While we have been debating here,
The sun has crept with busy steps into
The heavens;—so high without our noting
It, that we startle at his morning call—
The reveille.[9]
LAFAYETTE—I was much absorbed,
In talking of this man, Lee.
WASHINGTON—[*musing.*] As far as the eye can reach,
On the other side, men,—sturdy, stalwart men,—
Each one, a godlike image, at this
Morning music starts into quickened life!
LAFAYETTE—Did you speak to me?
WASHINGTON—[*still musing.*] And why? Is peaceful sleep no
Prize, to be so willingly shuffled off?
Is this awakening to toil no burden,
To be so greedily desired? How many
Wake this morn who shall never wake again!
LAFAYETTE—I did not hear you.
WASHINGTON—[*yet musing.*] Oh, the mystery

[8] Lee, in council of war, and all through, was opposed to fighting Clinton at Monmouth. The defeat of Washington, therefore, would have made him [Lee] a wise counselor.—*Carrington.*

[9] At daybreak [June 29], Washington already up, the drums beat the reveille. The troops roused themselves from their heavy sleep, and prepared for action. —*Irving.*

That may not be solved by thinking on it!
To do! To do!—to blindly do! from day
To day filling the ever-yawning gap
Of duty; of what may come, ignorant
To the end. This is the sum and circle
Of our intelligence. These many thousand
Mortals wait upon my word, which may at
Will,—by letting loose the tempest of
Red battle,—blow out the light of life,
This moment brightly burning. Dread and
Awful is it, to be so commissioned!

LAFAYETTE—General!
Did you speak to me of a commission?

WASHINGTON—[*aroused.*] Your pardon, Marquis!
I was away from here—far, very far away—
Thinking! Thinking! Thinking!

LAFAYETTE—Did I interrupt you?

WASHINGTON—You were speaking of General Lee.
Recount to me this affair of yesterday.
The hour of the meeting—he in full retreat—
Is crowded with events in some confusion.

LAFAYETTE—It was just here,
Upon this hill, that you encountered him;
But for this good chance, the advantage
Of yesterday were not our present boast; and
The missing of it might have been our rout.
The artillery of Oswald and Ramsay
On either side,—with the brigade of Wayne
Here formed across their front,—checked the pursuing
Foe.[10] Then, with Stirling on the left flank and
Greene upon the right,—all this by you arranged
In the whirl of threatened panic,—we pushed
Them back, and planted our standard upon
The conquered field when the sun went down.
This had not been, but for the lucky hap
That you met Lee at the moment of greatest
Peril. On that knoll—which sparkles with its
Dewy diamonds in ths morning's sun—is

[10] On meeting Lee's retreating troops, Washington quickly on the left established Ramsay and Stewart with artillery, and on the right Knox and Oswald, to check the English advance.—*Carrington.*

Where a gunner fell; and his wife, taking
His place, made the bereaved cannon roar,
With a voice as lusty as its fellows.
The soldiers called her Molly Pitcher.
WASHINGTON—She shall wear official honors
In our army; her worth deserves as much.[11]
LAFAYETTE—And may worthy honors
Also on others fall, whose deserts rank
Their social station. Upon this field
Nearly a thousand negroes contested with
Their white brothers for the badge of heroes;
And for this distinction, they had run an
Equal race, when the fiery day was done.[12]
Here comes General Wayne.

[*Enter* GENERAL WAYNE.]

WAYNE—[*bowing to* WASHINGTON.] Good-morning, General!

[*To* LAFAYETTE.]

And Marquis, to you also
May a pleasant day advance.
WASHINGTON—General Wayne, you are
Early in the saddle.
WAYNE—In our great enterprise,
We cannot be too early at our work
To win. The heavy foot of Lee was
Yesterday so slow of motion, that the
Enemy therefrom took great advantage.
At daybreak, Clinton was with his front turned
Seaward and his back toward us, on his march
To ocean tide. Had we assailed him quickly,—
With Dickinson and Poor then ranged on either
Flank,—his confusion, disaster and
Surrender must have followed
WASHINGTON—To attack early,
Were the orders to Lee. Yes! to do so
In the gray of dawn; before the sun could
Become the morning herald of the battle.

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[11] A gunner falling, and his wife taking his place. she was called by the soldiers Capt. Molly Pitcher, and was commissioned by Washington as a sergeant.—"*Romance of the Revolution;*" *also Lossing.*

[12] History may never omit to record, that of the Revolutionary patriots who that day periled their lives for their country, more than seven hundred colored Americans fought side by side with the white.—*Bancroft.*

LAFAYETTE. On that knoll—which sparkles with its
Dewy diamonds in this morning's sun—is
Where a gunner fell; and his wife, taking
His place, made the bereaved cannon roar,
With a voice, as lusty as its fellows.
The soldiers called her Molly Pitcher.

WAYNE—And these orders
Were so slowly executed that the
Morning's sun was sinking in the western
Sky, before a gun was fired. Meantime,
Having noisy notice of our intention
To strike, Clinton wheeled his army, facing
Us, and became himself aggressor.
It was a bold, though his only move,
To save Knyphausen and the army
Baggage, miles in his advance.[13]
WASHINGTON—General Wayne,
You correctly state the situation.
WAYNE—And General Lee,
Even to tardy war gave no support;
He fired his opening gun and then,
Without resisting fled.
It was here you met him and directed
A successful stand. The close of day shut
Us off from conquest, which I trust its
Successor grants,—the capture of the
British army.
LAFAYETTE—And General Lee,
This meeting will long remember.
WAYNE—I was elsewhere.
LAFAYETTE—I was here, and a part of it.
"What does this mean, sir?" the question of our
Chief;—and asked, as if a hurricane
Within pushed pent-up feeling forth.
"Sir! Sir!" said Lee, baffled and surprised.
"Damn you, sir! what does this mean?" was next the
Question, tempest-hurled upon his shrinking head.[14]
WASHINGTON—[*raising his hands in protestation.*]
No! No! Dear Marquis!
I plead not guilty to such language.
Or, if I used it, surely the
Recording Angel refused to listen,
And so never gave it place upon his books.

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[13] See Note 7.

[14] The appearance of Washington, upon meeting Lee, was terrific, according to Lafayette.—*Lossing.*

At Monmouth, when Washington questioned Lee very severely [on Lee's retreat], and emphasized it with a tremendous oath, Lee got angry, and answered he had been sent to beard the whole British army.—*Fiske.*

LAFAYETTE—That we may later know.
But so I understood. You were there
Upon your horse. I was here. And Lee rode
Up just in front. You spurred hurriedly
To meet him, and in sulphurous air
I caught the words now given.
If you did not say, "Damn you, sir!"
You looked it, all the same; and Lee deserved
It richly. As a good advocate would do
When all the facts were in, I here rest my
Case; and to searching history leave the
Verdict upon my accusation.
WASHINGTON—Here comes in haste,
My trusty aid, Captain Carroll.
LAFAYETTE—And that title of Captain,
He won for good work done aiding me
On my retreat from Barren Hills.
[*Enter, hurriedly,* CAPT. CARROLL.]
WASHINGTON—Captain Carroll!
You are charged with important news?
CARROLL—I came from General Poor,
To say that Clinton has stolen away.
WASHINGTON—Gone! Stolen away!
Escaped! What more?
CARROLL—At ten o'oclock last night,
While the army was soundly sleeping,
He abandoned his camp, pushing onward.
This was so quietly done, that not a
Sentinel was alarmed. The wounded are
Left behind. He marches for Sandy Hook,
And at this moment is many miles advanced.[15]
WAYNE—Most unfortunate!
High expectations have here a heavy fall.
General, what can we do?
WASHINGTON—[*reflecting.*] The weather is too hot
To force our soldiers in pursuit.
In this camp we will rest a day, and then
Seek a home upon the Hudson, with an

[15] Gen. Poor was appointed to watch the British through the night of June 28, so that any move should be reported. But the beaten troops marched away in the night, in such silence that Gen. Poor, though he lay near them, knew nothing of their departure.—*Ramsay.*

Easy pace. Now to quarters—and to so
Much comfort as such a time may give.[16]
[*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *Valley of Wyoming, Pennsylvania. Lawn. Time: July 3, 1778. Twilight.*

Enter a company of rural inhabitants; old men, and women and children, terror stricken.

FIRST OLD MAN—If we must die,
Do it bravely as becomes us!
Cease your lamentations, since no savage
Yet was moved by pity.
To-morrow is Independence Day;—
The thought of this brings comfort, if all else fail.
SECOND OLD MAN—We are so helpless!
Two years ago this valley gave up its
Youth to Washington.
Withered age was left to ward off the tomahawk.[1]
FIRST WOMAN—It is not for us to repent
Our sacrifice. What we did was well.
Is there no word from our kindred,
Who went forth this morning,
To meet these devils at Wintermooth?[2]
FIRST OLD MAN—No word yet;
But we can guess what it must be;
Three hundred of our kindred,
Good Zebulon Butler commanding,—
Himself a host, it must be admitted,—
Went out as our guard. Old men and beardless
Boys,—adding one company of regulars,—
And some officers just home from

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[16] Washington [on June 29, at Monmouth] thought it dangerous in such hot weather to pursue Gen. Clinton.—"*Life of George Washington.*" *M. L. Weems.*

[1] The settlement of Wyoming was defenseless. The fathers and brothers were away in the patriot army.—*Ridpath.*

In July, 1778, Col. John Butler led a band of Tories and Indian savages from the Seneca settlement in New York against Wyoming in Pennsylvania.—*Bancroft.*

Zebulon Butler, on the American side, commanded what forces were organized for defense.—*Weems.*

[2] Wintermooth was the furthest of a chain of forts or block houses built to protect the settlers, extending from Wyoming toward the New York line.—*Hildreth.*

Continental service.
This our full protection.

SECOND WOMAN—Not an ounce of comfort
May hang upon this force. With the wings of
Fear, I shall fly with my children.
The passes of yonder hills are still open,
And point the way to safety in Eastern
Settlements.
Away! Quickly away! Mothers, follow me!
[*Exit with children. Cries of "Fly, fly! Away! Away!" Exit other women and children.*]

FIRST OLD MAN—In August last, nearly a year ago,
These tawny beasts of the forests,—Tory
Cutthroats leading,—suffered at Oriskany;
Herkimer and his devoted band,
Hurled them to death,
Like straws thrown into a summer's fire.
It is for revenge they cross the
New York line to our once happy valley.[3]

FIRST WOMAN—They were the Senecas—
At times led by Gi-en-gua-tah;
A chief more foul in deeds of horror
Than Brant the Mohawk.
If the Senecas are coming now,
So led, then we are lost![4]

SECOND OLD MAN—It is the tribe of Senecas
Which approach, led by this same chief—the most
Dreaded devil in all the six nations
Of United Indians.
The fire of his fury blazes more,
Because of this alliance with the French,
Whom he hates with an English hatred.
Bitterest drug in this foul cup is to know,
That blood to our blood, born and nurtured here,
Animates the hands which carry the
Sharpest knives against us.

FIRST WOMAN—Others have suffered before our time!
We will wait here till the worst is known.

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[3] See Scene 6, Act IV. Part I.

[4] The Seneca chief, at the head of the Indians, was Gi-en-gua-tah, a terrible savage.—*Lossing.*

FIRST OLD MAN—From this direction,
Will a courier come, if he comes at all.
[*Peering in the distance.*]
I see nothing yet.
FIRST WOMAN—How many forts
Have we between us and old Wintermooth?
FIRST OLD MAN—There are ten. But with none
To defend them, one is as good as ten.
[*Again peering into the distance.*]
See! See! Surely a horseman rides this way!
[*All eagerly gaze into the distance.*]
FIRST WOMAN—All pray!
That good report comes with him.
[*Many fall upon their knees and raise their hands in supplication.*]
FIRST OLD MAN—[*still peering out.*] Yes! Yes!
A trooper! It is certain.
See the dust that rises round him!
I now can give the color, and more—
A large bay with a flowing tail.
Oh! blessed are years that bring this second
Sight to eyes that once were clouded.
Now he turns the corner of Campbell's farm.
See! See!
[*Some gaze eagerly at the coming horseman, and others remain in prayer.*]
He heads this way! Listen! Listen!
I hear the clatter of his horse.
There is something terrible in this pace,
That pushes the fleetest steed beyond
His mettle. He comes! He comes!
He is here! Here is here!
[*Enter* LIEUT. MOULTRIE, *exhausted. All gather around him.*]
MOULTRIE—[*gaining breath.*] Quick, good friends!
Quick, and find a place of refuge.
I have killed as good a steed as ever
Soldier rode, to tell you so. This morning
Our little band met at Wintermooth,
A thousand savages, together with
Tory Rangers. At our first encounter,—
Pretending to retreat,—they led us on.

We came upon them in ambush—were
Overwhelmed! I fled; but not till I had
Seen the scalps torn from nearly all who marched
Hence this morning. [*Cries of lamentation.*]
Away! Away! to escape the fury
Of these devils. I was pursued, and these
Bloody vultures will here alight
Before the minutes run.
[*Looking back whence he came.*]
There! see there!
What lurid fire is that which blazes yonder?*

FIRST OLD MAN—That is the house of Perry.
No better man ever turned a sod.

SECOND MAN—[*pointing in another direction.*]
See there! Over to the right!
There lived good old Carpenter;—
A life of struggle gave him that little home.
Economy brought thrift, and pleasure
Wasted nothing; every penny gained
Was witness to weary toil.
The tiresome savings, the pinching trials,
And hopes,—all end in this. [*Weeps.*]

FIRST WOMAN—And to the left—look!
All around us now kindle blazing homes.
There in front—over that little hill—is
Where I have lived among you a good and
Honored life. It crumbles now to ashes.
Let it go! My husband and all of strength
That I can offer are with Washington.
God helping us! from this funeral pile,
Shall yet arise the temple of Liberty.
The greater the price we pay,
The greater the reward.

MOULTRIE—The sky now reddens over us;
And heaven's twilight is affronted
By this horrid counterfeit.

FIRST WOMAN—By it I will seek the path

* At Wyoming many fled. The butchery was never excelled. Several of the settlers had here erected good houses. All were burned, and in one day the inhabitants slaughtered.—*Ramsay.*

At the Wyoming massacre the returned Tories were most distinguished for their cruelties. One of these butchered his mother's second husband—with his own hands, then his mother, his own sister, and their children. Another exterminated his whole family.—*Butler.*

Of safety; may revenge come hereafter.

[*Exit.*]

MOULTRIE—All follow this good example.
There is ruin on this ground if you remain.

[*Exit all, except* FIRST OLD MAN.]

MOULTRIE—Do you know one Thomas Hill?
I came here a stranger, to rest a
Little while regaining exhausted strength.

FIRST OLD MAN—A worthless Tory!
His brother,—a patriot and an
Honest man,—lives on the road you traversed,
Hither from the fort.

MOULTRIE—That honest brother lives no longer.
I saw this worthless Tory brain him as
I rode by;—and after learned his name
And kinship.[6]

FIRST OLD MAN—Vengeance
Must overtake such crime,—if God is just.

MOULTRIE—Do you know one Terry?

FIRST OLD MAN—Partial Terry! We all know
And fear him. The worst Tory of all the
Accursed crew who left this valley.
Threatening to bathe his hands in his
Father's blood, he has sent such message home.
He is a lusty and a dangerous
Man in an encounter.

MOULTRIE—And yet I hope to cross him!
We have met once to-day;—I shall know him
If we meet again. He left kindred here?

FIRST OLD MAN—A father, mother, brothers and sisters.
These are all true to the land which feeds them.

MOULTRIE—In one fell swoop,
This white fiend of hell—not an hour ago—
Sent to sudden death,
This father, mother, brothers, all.
The same woodman told me so, who gave the
Name of Hill. He outran his fellows, and

---

[6] At the massacre of Wyoming, Thomas Hill, a Tory, found his brother secreted, and said, "So it is you, is it?" The unarmed brother begged for his life. The Tory replied, "All this is mighty fine, but you are a damned rebel. Take that!" killing him on the spot.—"*Romance of the Revolution.*"

I expect him. In this humor I shall
Here remain. You must now depart.
I bid you—go!

[*Exit* FIRST OLD MAN.]

I count it a happy chance if this creature
Comes within the reach of my willing arm.

[*Listening.*]

Some one approaches. Behind this tree, till
I resolve if he brings exercise
To me or not. [MOULTRIE *hides.*]

[*Enter* TERRY (*the Tory*) *in the uniform of an English Lieutenant, sword in hand. He looks stealthily about him. Starts. Glances at the reddened sky. Nods approval.*[7]

MOULTRIE—[*advancing quickly from his hiding place.*]

My wish is answered, and we meet again.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Cowardly villain! Your last hour has come—
If mine has not,—for this earth is much
Too small for both of us!

[TERRY *rushes on with his sword, stops and retreats.*]

Keep now your step, hell-hound, and face me to
The end; or into your back will I drive
This eager blade. Terry! Partial Terry!

[TERRY *trembles with astonishment.*]

You see I know your name and am resolved
To send it down to hell, for eternal
Record there. No father, mother or kindred
Now confront you! but cold and biting steel
Is in my hand, commissioned to release
Your damned soul, which a gentler devil
Is entitled to. Defend yourself!

[MOULTRIE *rushes on him, and the two engage in combat with the sword.* MOULTRIE *disarms him, and runs him through the body.* TERRY, *staggering, reels off the stage.*]

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[7] One man named Partial Terry had sent messages to his father, that "he hoped one day to wash his hands in his heart's blood." His wishes were gained. At this massacre, after having murdered and scalped his own mother, brothers, and sisters, he cut his father's head off.—"*Romance of the Revolution.*"

MOULTRIE—[*looking after the retreating* TERRY.]
He reels! He falls! He dies!
Another spirit, loosened from its
Tenement of clay, is winged to the Court
Where just judgment is eternal.
Mortal vengeance, upon this border line,
Between what is and what may come,
Spends its force and ends.
It should end in pity, when memory
Of a single thing of good, is solvent
To the pricking memory of many
Evils done. Such pity is not here.
Foul thing that was upon the earth, lie as
You have fallen; till ravenous dogs
Refuse a further feast, and rank corruption
Consumes what they have left.
[*Sheathes his sword.*]
Now to camp,—wherever our army rests
Since leaving Valley Forge,—with dismal
Tidings of this dismal day.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *White Plains. A lawn in front of the Headquarters of* WASHINGTON. *Time: August 18, 1778. Afternoon.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* WAYNE.

WASHINGTON—Across New Jersey,
We had a heated tramp. Thankful I am
That here we rest again upon White Plains.
Two years, or nearly that, have run, since as
Now, we watched the culprit foe in yonder
City. Both armies are once more at the
Point they then started from.[1]
WAYNE—And in this golden circle of two years
Are set as gems,—Trenton, Brandywine,

[1] Washington, in October, 1776, after the battle of Long Island, encamped at White Plains. He said [August, 1778], "After two years both armies are back at the same spot they started from. A Divine Providence has been with us."—*Lossing.*

Saratoga, Monmouth, with lesser
Brilliants mingled.

WASHINGTON—Wayne! At Monmouth we failed
To capture Clinton—the stint self-imposed,
When we broke camp in June at Valley Forge.
The cause of our miscarriage, no matter now.
Still, he is the worse for our encounter?
Think you not so?

WAYNE—The cause of our miscarriage
Was the treachery of Lee. He has been
Since, for this, court-martialed and suspended
From the service he disgraced. A
Proper punishment. Our loss of about
Two hundred at Monmouth is offset by
Four hundred British left upon the field
And nearly two thousand deserters upon
The march. I will agree to make like
Exchanges monthly.[2]

WASHINGTON—And his route was changed,
Because we forced a new one. New York
Was the point he aimed for when leaving
Philadelphia,—with full seventeen
Thousand effective men,—and Sandy Hook
The one he gained.
Our rolls were swelled to about twelve thousand.
It might have been worse! It should have been
Much better!

WAYNE—The French have come?
And have sailed away?
In service, there was nothing to their
Credit, when they left?

WASHINGTON—On the eighth of July
The fleet of his Christian Majesty,—
Bringing here the French Ambassador,
Monsieur Gerard, let us hope, the first

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[2] Lee was court-martialed for his conduct at Monmouth, and on August 12, 1778, was convicted and suspended one year. [He was subsequently dismissed, and never entered the army again.—AUTHOR.]—"*Gen. Washington,*" *Bradley T. Johnson.*

Lee at Monmouth had refused to fight or inflict a blow upon the enemy, and threw away victory in his grasp.—*Johnson.*

Lee's failure to obey orders at Monmouth deprived him of his command.—*Butler.*

When Clinton reached New York, July 8, his army had lost very heavily in its march across New Jersey.—"*German Allied Troops in Revolution,*" *Von Eelking.*

Of an endless line,—twelve ships carrying
Thirty-five hundred soldiers, dropped anchor
Where the Delaware is lost in the vaster
Sea. It was intended to intercept
Admiral Howe on his retreat from
Philadelphia closely following
Clinton.

WAYNE—Why was not this done?

WASHINGTON—The Count D'Estaing
Came ten days too late. Howe had already
Escaped to the sea; and used this good chance
To ferry Clinton from Sandy Hook
To New York.[3]

WAYNE—And whose fault was this?
The world just now is given to miscarriage
Of gravest plans.

WASHINGTON—Charge this to Neptune.
He blew a tempest over the waters
That tossed helpless mortals. D'Estaing was
Ninety days from Toulon to the Delaware;
And Howe was thereby gainer.

WAYNE—Are the Frenchmen
Ready to fulfill sounding promises,
Which have led us all to talk?

WASHINGTON—I have the Admiral's letter
To Congress—happy thought that Congress is
Again at Philadelphia—and
Willing co-operation is his theme.

WAYNE—I shall be hopeful;
And I am thankful always.

WASHINGTON—As an earnest of what
Our allies may do, D'Estaing promptly
Followed Howe to Sandy Hook, and there found
His ships already sheltered within its
Sandy arms. The brave Count was eager then
To try French metal against that of England;
But shallow water kept him far away.

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[3] Count D'Estaing, July 8, reached the mouth of the Delaware, intending to intercept the English fleet from Philadelphia. But Admiral Howe had sailed away ten days before.—*Bancroft.*

The reason Clinton was ordered by the English Ministry away from Philadelphia, was the French fleet was expected at the mouth of the Delaware.—*Von Eelking.*

A second happy circumstance saved
The British fleet.[4]

Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE.]

WASHINGTON—[*shaking hands with* MOULTRIE.]
At last, Lieutenant,
You quiet apprehensions by your
Presence here.

WAYNE—I see you bring safely back
Your scalp from fierce Wyoming.

MOULTRIE—[*bowing to* WAYNE.] I am escaped
From savage horrors.

[*To* WASHINGTON.]

Illness held me to a slothful journey.

WASHINGTON—For this delay you are excused.
Fame has blown her trumpet, and already
Sounded in our ears
Wyoming's heavy sorrows.

MOULTRIE—So foul a story, if told in truth,
Would split the trumpet, though made of toughest
Substance. A thousand savage warriors,—
Combined with Tories more fiendish still,—
Bore down upon Wyoming in murderous
Hate. The peaceful valley was guilty of
Offense no greater than can come from watching
Summer flowers. The inhabitants—infirm
Old men, timid women, and little children—
Were as helpless for defense as the daisies
They trod upon. The strength of the valley
Was all away. Not a dozen men of
The army were there; and these, by chance,
In recuperation from the trials
Of Valley Forge. I was of that number.

WASHINGTON—I had ordered a rescue.
Troops were hurrying to the place,
When murder poised its arm.[5]

MOULTRIE—All this was known;
But necessity forbade delay.
The Indians were there. Your soldiers were still
Miles away. Our little band was overwhelmed

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[4] D'Estaing sailed to Sandy Hook to engage the British fleet, but there found the water too shallow to enter the bay.—*Ridpath.*

[5] Washington had ordered assistance to Wyoming, but it came too late.—*Irving.*

By numbers, and the bloody revelry
Ensuing stifles efforts at recital.
More than a thousand happy habitations
Sunk in ashes—and five thousand aimless
Wanderers are added to the total
Of earthly woe.

WAYNE—It is a terrible story of crime,
As you recite it, Lieutenant.

WASHINGTON—That title of Lieutenant
Is now much too small to fit him who wears it.
In fair reward it may be changed hereafter.
Captain Moultrie, your promotion sits
Upon worthy shoulders.

MOULTRIE—[*bowing to* WASHINGTON.]
I thank you, General. [MOULTRIE *retires.*]

WASHINGTON—These great wrongs shall be avenged,
After more urgent matters have ceased
To be controlling.
Wayne! Is it not a fact which should warm our
Hopes, that England, after years of struggle,
Holds but two important spots within
American domain:—New York and Newport?

WAYNE—My province as a soldier
Is to execute commands; not to ponder
Upon affairs political and
Strategic, which others are charged with.
That which you suggest is a thought most
Comfortable! After these weary years,
Is great England shrunken to ground only
Large enough to give her armies burial?

WASHINGTON—And one of these two places
We covet, in spite of Christian precepts.
Since D'Estaing cannot unite with us
To seize New York, then Newport shall be its
Substitute, to gratify this covetousness.

WAYNE—The desire is natural,
Though holy laws oppose. If I am
To decide this point of covetousness,
I shall not escape heresy. General!
I will break every law of the decalogue,
To gain Newport and its garrison of
Six thousand men.

WASHINGTON—Others have preceded you in covetousness
Without fear of heresy, if such it be.
General Sullivan, many days ago,
Had orders to arouse the militia
Of New England against General Pigot,
There commanding. Two thousand regulars
Have joined him. He has gathered a force of
Twelve thousand men; Greene and Lafayette
Will lead each a grand division.
WAYNE—General, I should not be here detained,
To watch the games of ball and tag upon
Yonder fields, when such stimulant is brewing.
WASHINGTON—No matter, Wayne.
There may be other work for you to do,
Though for some time deferred. I nervously
Await word from Newport. The tenth of August—
Eight days ago—was agreed upon for
Attack, so grand in consequences, if
Successful. Surely this has not been done
As planned, or I would have reports.
WAYNE—The fleet of Louis will there play its part.
Want of water, to float deep-reaching keels
Cannot be excuse, as in New York it was.
WASHINGTON—D'Estaing, with his fleet,—
Carrying thirty-five hundred veteran
Troops of France,—appeared off Newport on
The twenty-ninth. The British—panic-stricken—
Sunk ten of their ships of war, these bearing
To a muddy rest more than two hundred guns.[6]
WAYNE—So far, great news!
If the book be found worthy of this preface,
It will be an interesting volume.
WASHINGTON—I am expecting a courier.
Nothing, like good company, eases the strain
Which he endures, who waits,—then impatiently
Watches—wishes—listens and waits again,—

[6] D'Estaing sailed with his fleet to Newport, after failure to get into the bay at Sandy Hook [see Note 4] to co-operate with Gen. Sullivan to capture Gen. Pigot, who was there stationed with six thousand British. Washington had massed soldiers in Rhode Island for this blow. D'Estaing carried three thousand five hundred French troops. As soon as D'Estaing reached Newport he ran the British batteries and entered the harbor. The English, panic-stricken, destroyed ten of their ships of war.—*Bancroft.*

For news of momentous import. This is
Why I have decoyed you, to keep me in
Good companionship in the breezy shade
Of this summer-scented lawn.

WAYNE—And here comes your courier;
Or I am no judge of hard riding.

[*Enter an aid from* GEN. SULLIVAN. *Aid bows to* WASHINGTON *and then to* WAYNE.]

WASHINGTON—[*eagerly.*] Are you from General Sullivan?

AID—I left Newport two days ago;
And bring dispatches to General Washington
From General Sullivan.

[*Hands* WASHINGTON *a roll of papers.*]

WASHINGTON—At convenience we will examine these.
Now for quicker methods. You are from the
Field; tell us what you know?

WAYNE—Has the battle been fought at Newport?
Fought and won? A "Yes" to this is worth a
Thousand pages of dispatches.

AID—The battle has not yet been fought;
But may be.

WASHINGTON—Only postponed! Not abandoned!
High-wrought feelings find some relief in this,
As when a soothing lotion quickly
Scatters pain.

AID—The combined assault
Was to have been on August tenth; and the
British pressed to death between two powers
In concert acting. D'Estaing upon the
Waters—Sullivan with rapid march was
To close around them upon the other side.
The Count, on shore, held conference with
General Sullivan, and all plans were confirmed.
On the ninth the British, withdrawing from
The north of Newport Island, concentrated
At the southern end. This same day
General Sullivan crossed from the mainland
To the spot by the English left. This was
Without notice to the Count, and one day
Before the time fixed for united action;

It was so far, a violation of
The compact made.
WASHINGTON—But surely so small a matter
Did not endanger a result of such
Vast importance?
AID—There was some censure from the Admiral:
But forgotten in the great purpose which
Engaged us all. On the eighth of August
The Count ran the batteries of the town,
And flaunted his pennant in Newport Harbor.
Sullivan—as I have said—pushed closer
To the British lines. The French—unthreatened—
Now ride upon the waters, with guns ready
To rain fiery ruin upon the enemy.
All was expectation and high hopes.[7]
WAYNE—I fear another miscarriage of
Well-laid plans. There is some Deity who
Trips us. And all the more galling, because
So often in an hour of greatest promise.
AID—At this crowning moment
The fleet of Admiral Howe appeared off
Point Judith, fifteen miles away.
It was now the ninth.
WASHINGHON—I had given notice to Sullivan
Of his departure from New York.[8]
AID—Count D'Estaing resolved that it was
Prudent to meet Howe upon the element
Common to them both. And decided
Not to open battle as agreed,
While this hostile fleet menaced from the sea.
The wind sitting in a quarter favorable,
On the tenth, our Admiral, squaring canvas
To the northeast gale, bore down on
The British.[9]

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[7] See Note 6.
It was arranged between Sullivan and D'Estaing that the French should land on August 10, and on the same day Sullivan should move forward from inland. Sullivan [without notice to D'Estaing] moved forward on the 9th, which displeased D'Estaing, but no trouble came of it.—*Bancroft.*

[8] Washington wrote Sullivan that Howe had sailed with his fleet for Newport. —*Carrington.*

[9] Admiral Howe appeared, with his fleet, off Point Judith on the 9th, and D'Estaing resolved to give up the concerted battle with Sullivan and go out and meet Howe. On the morning of the 10th D'Estaing sailed out to sea to encounter British fleet. A heavy storm and northeast gale dispersed and wrecked both [illegible].—*Ramsay.*

WAYNE—And sunk them? Of course he did?
Else why give up the victory engaged,
And fly to that of uncertain compassing?
AID—It would be worth the journey I have made
To say "Yes" to this; but it is not so.
The English refused the proffered battle.
All day, from the shore, with strained eyes we
Followed these giants of the deep. This was
The very time when, by combined assault,
Pigot was to yield to us, his sword,
As prisoner.
WASHINGTON—[*agitated greatly*]. Foreseeing what you do not,
Alarm usurps the place of hope, and drives
To speedy action. Be brief; go on!
AID—There is but little more to tell.
The gale of the early day, afterward
Blew with fiercer anger, swelling to a
Tempest! Within it, these fleets of mortals
Yielded to immortal purposes.
It was a fearful time. The rock-bound shores
Of Narragansett—forced ablutions
Spurning—hurled back the audacious waves in
Resounding thunders. Ships of any nation
Were but dancing atoms upon commanding
Seas. Both fleets were scattered. Many vessels
Wrecked; all damaged.
WAYNE—So did Neptune, with impartial hand,
Punish those who had designed to vex his
Waters with their loud-roaring battle;
And yet so puny to that he waged!
WASHINGTON—Is this the end?
Has the French fleet gone—hopelessly dispersed,
With its many thousand soldiers?
AID—And also the English squadron has departed.
So stood affairs when I was hurried hither.
WAYNE—How fared the army in this bitter time?
AID—Those on the land shared in the windy ruin.
Rhode Island would have floated in the torrents
Of descending rain, had she not been firmly
Anchored with the moorings of a continent.
Tents were gathered as tribute to roaring

Winds; and soldiers were left shelterless.
Our consolation! the foe was joined with
Us in huge discomfort.[10]

WASHINGTON—As I foresee,
Sullivan is now in danger; we may
Lose an army, where we planned to win one.
Clinton will forthwith send reinforcements
From New York. Foreseeing this, safety in
Prompt action lies. Sullivan, with State
Militia, confronts a veteran army
Within intrenchments. Without the guns of
D'Estaing, to assault is hopeless. But to
Be assaulted! upon this rock dash my
Fears. He must retreat—retreat! Retreat
Before it is too late. Convey the order,
That a trusty courier, upon the
Swiftest steed the camp affords, in readiness
Awaits to convey commands to Sullivan.

[*Exit* AID.]

[*Enter hurriedly a Courier.*]

WASHINGTON—You bring information!
Good or bad, what is it?

COURIER—Dispatches for the General-in-Chief.

[*Hands papers to* WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON—[*tearing open the papers, and reading in alarm.*]
Prescience was true prophet of the act.
Maxwell, who guards at the gateway to the sea,
Here gives report that Clinton has sailed
The Narrows, and with an army is on
His way to Newport. Every minute now
Is big with fate, and not one is to spare
If we would win the issue.[11]

[*All retire.*]

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[10] The same storm [see Note 9] flooded Rhode Island with rain, overturned the tents of soldiers, and left only trees for shelter. Horses were killed, and even soldiers. The British, housed in town, suffered less, but greatly.—*Bancroft.*

[11] Washington now foresaw danger. He sent a courier to Sullivan informing him that Clinton had left New York with four thousand troops for Newport; and for him [Sullivan] to retreat forwith.—*Carrington.*

SCENE IV. *New York City. A reception room in Fraunces' Tavern. Time: November 12, 1778. Night.*

Enter GEN. LORD FRANCIS RAWDON, COL. BANISTRE TARLETON *and* CAPT. GEORGE LOFTUS; *each escorting a lady. They come in singing and laughing:*

LOFTUS—The best performance in America!
Old John Street theater forever![1]
Bless the Yankees for giving that!
[*All laugh.*]
[*Enter a waiter.*]

RAWDON—[*to the waiter.*] We are six famished wolves!
Six birds and one bottle.
The best in the cellar!
Be careful, or I will have an ear for
Dereliction. And be quick!

LOFTUS—Fly, or we famish!
We have laughed to fainting.

TARLETON—Make it two bottles. [*All laugh.*]

FIRST FEMALE—No, no! an amendment.
Two birds for each; one bottle for all.

LOFTUS—Traitoress! You mean
To choke with thirst, officers of the King?
One bird and two bottles!
[*Laughing continues.*]

FIRST FEMALE—Two birds! Two birds!
That is, if anything is *two.*

TARLETON—Good woman, you will develop wings!

LOFTUS—Indeed! She has wings already.
[*Loud laughing.*]

FIRST FEMALE—[*with stern indignation*]. Captain Loftus!
Some people know too much.

LOFTUS—[*bowing with humility.*] And some divine —truthfully,

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[1] The "Rebel Congress" [American] had closed its sessions in the "little red John Street Theater" [New York], which was given over to theatricals and cock-fighting, and reopened in January, 1777, as "Theater Royal," by a club composed of some of the brightest men in the British army, Maj. Moncrief, Capt. Loftus, Capt. John André, and others. In January, 1779, Capt. André opened the theater with a prologue, written and spoken by himself.—"*Memorial History of New York,*" *James Grant Wilson.*

When the subject is a divinity.
RAWDON—A good run, Loftus!
A safe escape! A clever run from danger.
[*Great laughter.*]
ALL FEMALES—[*in unison.*] Two birds and one bottle!
SECOND FEMALE—All in favor say "Aye!"
[*Females all exclaim "Aye!"*]
Contrary, "No!"
[*Men all cry "No!"*]
Carried! Waiter, two birds and one bottle!
MEN—[*all in unison.*] A tie! A tie!
How is it carried?
SECOND FEMALE—The intelligence of this party
Was in the affirmative.
[*All shout with merriment.*]
RAWDON—Go! Waiter, go!
Bring anything you have;
Else we die on your hands.
[*Exit waiter.*]
TARLETON—Where is Captain Andre?
He was to join us here.
[*To* LORD RAWDON.]
Frank, where is he?
RAWDON—He remained at the theater
To gather his laurels, so thickly
Scattered upon the stage.
[*To* COL. TARLETON.]
Banistre, he gave us a hit to-night.
He always does. It was his way last
Winter in Philadelphia.
[*To* CAPT. LOFTUS.]
George Loftus, we will moisten his bays,
With those two bottles.[2]
SECOND FEMALE—One bottle!
LOFTUS—Stop! Stop!
Change this battle of the bottles,
To the bottles of the battle.
[*All laugh.*]
And if thirst don't down them all,

Fraunce's Tavern [still standing 1899] was the resort of gay and festive 'es of the period.—*Ridpath.*

I'm no King's Captain.

[*Loud laughter.*]

TARLETON—[*exhibits a theater bill.*] A taking title.

RAWDON—[*seizes the bill and reads.*] "John Street Theater!
A special performance! Sullivan's run;
Or the scampering Yankee!
By Captain John Andre,
Of his Majesty's troop."[3]

[*Roars of laughter.*]

TARLETON—So true to life!
A clever dog, Andre; a clever dog!
The play was applauded till silence
Was a longed-for rest.

RAWDON—The song! The song! Who can give it?
The song to "Jacky Sullivan."

[*To third female.*]

A second bird to the winner.

THIRD FEMALE—You can't bribe me in that way.
A second is mine already. [*Laughing.*]

TARLETON—There were twenty stanzas.
I caught these on the wing.

[*Reads from Stanzas.*]

RAWDON—Now, all together!
And give music to our battle hymn.

[*They all sing.*]

When Sullivan came to Newport Bay;
D'Estaing on the water, and Clinton away,
He was quite resolved to have his own say;
So he came rushing to Newport.
He sputtered and swore, he would drink only gore;
And so he came rushing to Newport.

The water was rough, and the Frenchman was sick;
Fight not being pleasant, his departure was quick;
To aid Jacky Sullivan, D'Estaing wouldn't stick,
So he scampered away from Newport.
Lafayette couldn't stop him; and Jacky was sore,
When his fleet disappeared from Newport.

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[3] Capt. Andre was the poet of the army, dramatist, and painter.—*Wilson.*

Then Clinton came sailing out of the West,
With soldiers four thousand, of bravest the best;
His coming soon banished from Jacky all rest,
For the British were sailing to Newport.
Their purpose was plain; they plowed the salt main
To seize Jacky and braggarts at Newport.

This Sullivan knew, and so speedily flew
From the gore he would swallow, and deeds he would do;
And the Briton was left to laugh or pursue,
After casting his anchor at Newport.
Jacky never meant fight; he only meant flight;
As we learned while landing at Newport.

[*Unrestrained laughter.*]

LOFTUS—My Lord Rawdon, you and Colonel Tarleton
Were a part of this expedition,
And I not. The play—in good humor—tells
The story, but it hides the serious side.
Why did you fail? You had force enough?
Six thousand men there, and our General
Sailing on with four thousand more.
RAWDON—Opposing winds kept us too long at sea;
And Sullivan fled in time to escape
Arrest. On the twenty-ninth of August
He made his successful run, while, like a
Fowler who has shot and missed, we stood
Watching the flying bird. We landed
On the thirtieth, one day too late.[4]
TARLETON—The August storm
Had scattered upon the waters—this before
We came—the blustering fleets which had joined
For mutual injury off Point Judith.
Crippled by huge billows, Admiral Howe
Returned to New York. D'Estaing, battered as
Well, went off to sea, since he had no
Other place to go. [*All laugh.*]
LOFTUS—With French guns away,
This was Britain's opportunity
Against audacious rebels; who were
Here much too venturesome.
RAWDON—None knew this better than General Clinton.

[4] Clinton, with a force of four thousand men [see Note 11, Scene 3], sailed from New York to aid Pigot to capture Sullivan. He arrived at Newport one day too late.—*Bancroft.*

LOFTUS—Did D'Estaing go cruising for whales?
Or came he back to moorings?
RAWDON—After ten days of absence,
And on August twentieth,—all this from
Gossip who, like a good old dame, awaited
Our arrival,—he again sailed into
Newport. Here to loyal hearts comes the
Comic part of this eventful story.
D'Estaing was too much torn by Neptune—
So he told his confederates—to engage
With them in the preconcerted conflict; but
He would go to Boston for repairs.
This he did.[5]

[*All laugh.*]

LOFTUS—[*laughing*]. Is this supporting your friends?
These Frenchmen want to fight comfortably.
Say, after dinner; or when the cooling
Breezes blow; and when the decks are all nice
And dry. I don't blame them.

[*All laugh greatly.*]

Indeed, I don't! Why should they incommode
Themselves for a gang of surly outlaws?
I like these Frenchmen, and their taking ways—
That is, when they thus take themselves off.
They got their friend Sullivan into a
Scrape, and then sailed away.

[*All continue laughing.*]

RAWDON—Sullivan was in a scrape, as
Loftus says. Dangerously situated!
He had advanced close to our lines on
Newport Island, in league with D'Estaing for
Joint attack in front and rear. Behind he
Was unprotected. Raw militia made
Up his force. Lafayette pleaded with D'Estaing
Against departure. It was to cut off
The backward journey to the mainland that
We were hurried eastward.

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[5] D'Estaing, after leaving Newport to attack Howe [see Note 9, Scene 3], returned to Newport August 20. But he now refused to join Sullivan in the attack on Pigot, saying he was too much damaged. And the French fleet sailed to Boston. And in November sailed for the West Indies, doing nothing for the American cause.—*Bancroft.*

The first efforts of the French in co-operation resulted in nothing.—*Carrington.*

LOFTUS—What had Sullivan to say
Of his faithful ally? Who was to toast
Us, as if we English were so many
Frogs with which to grace a feast?
TARLETON—[*bursting with laughter*]. The air was lurid with
His oaths. All this came to us through faithful
Emissaries. He issued an address
Full of pompous rhetoric and high-phrased
Defiance. Censured in general orders
The flying Admiral of His Christian
Majesty, rating his support as of
Little value.

[*All laugh.*]

LOFTUS—In this frame of mind, he was ripe for
Our gathering. We were entitled to his
Rabble. But they always beat us in legs;
For they win the fight who win the race.[6]

[*Laughter.*]

RAWDON—Wasington saved them,
As he usually saves them all in the
Fatal hour. We learned that he and Lafayette
Induced a wordy reparation for
The spleeny criticisms upon the Gaul.[7]
Washington sent from New York orders for
Retreat; which were executed, just as
England's Constable had extended his
Arm to grasp the culprit by the collar.
Our troops soon sailed back to New York, and
Effected nothing by the venture.

[*Enter the waiter, who bows.*]

[*All cry in unison*]—The feast! The feast!
Now for the birds and bottles!

[*As they go, all sing:*]

"Jacky never meant fight; he only meant flight," etc., etc.

[*All retire.*]

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[6] "They win the fight that win the race," wrote Andre in one of his poems ridiculing the Americans.—*Lossing.*

[7] In general orders Sullivan censured D'Estaing for sailing away [see Note 5], but after this [at intercession of Washington] he made reparation for his hasty words.—*Bancroft.*

SCENE V. *New York City. Headquarters of* SIR HENRY CLINTON, *British Commander-in-Chief. (No. 1 Broadway.) Time: January, 1779.*
Enter MAJ. JOHN ANDRE *and* MAJ. MONCRIEF.

ANDRE—I am sick of such proceedings;—
These savage murders and our predatory war!
I came here as a soldier, not a cutthroat.
MONCRIEF—So! So! The favorite of the
Army grows sensitive from promotion.
Captain Andre was uncomplaining;
Major Andre is now a critic.
Nevertheless, if this savagery is
Continued, you and I will fill in
History the rôle of cut-throats.
ANDRE—Last July we crimsoned the roses
Of beautiful Wyoming with the blood
Of innocence. How I have tried to forget
This foul blot upon English manhood!
Now the wound is made to bleed again,
By this massacre of Cherry Valley.[1]
MONCRIEF—New York now joins Pennsylvania
In a common sorrow. The savage and
His scalping knives are not objects of
Eulogy in civilized war.
ANDRE—Moncrief, what can we do?
In Philadelphia last winter, even
Among friends, our union with these tawny
Murderers was a standing menace to
Respectability.
MONCRIEF—Ah! I see now. Andre, you are deep;
Yet shallow enough for reading with the
Naked eye. Does Miss Peggy disapprove?
[*Laughs heartily.*]
ANDRE—Miss Margaret Shippen—you
Need not tell me that behind "Miss Peggy"
You conceal that name—is a young lady,
Whose disapproval of anything is
An honest criticism.
MONCRIEF—Indeed! I did
Not know it had gone so far as that. [*Laughing.*]

[1] Capt. André promoted [January, 1779], was now Maj. André. The massacre of Cherry Valley, similar, though not so extensive as that of Wyoming, was in November, 1778. The notorious Joseph Brant here led the savages.—*Ridpath.*

ANDRE—I shall not translate your innuendo.
An estimable young woman! I was
Honored with Miss Shippen's friendship. In the
Revelries of last winter she was, of
Many, the chosen favorite. We ignored
Politics, and so got on well together.
MONCRIEF—She was a little rebel!
But so charming, we all loved rebellion.
ANDRE—I am not sure that the devil,
Who stirs this land to fight our gracious King
Has a home within her heart. But perhaps
He has. This much: her father is fast friend
Of England; and girls will sometimes frown on
That which is most loved; so hostility
Assumed is shield to genuine feeling.
No matter! I,—while bowing to her greater
Worth,—cared not to ask at which political
Shrine she worshipped.
MONCRIEF—She was your star in Mischianza?
Do you keep knowledge of the constellation
In which she shines, since we left
Philadelphia?
ANDRE—She honors me with letters since we parted.
Her constellation, is now a domestic
Sign, if such the zodaic gives.
She is to be married!
MONCRIEF—Peggy Shippen!
Now affianced and to be married?
Why, Andre, I have not heard of this! When?
ANDRE—Only a few days ago came the report.
The wedding is to be when April hangs
Her buds in air to woo the bloom of May.
MONCRIEF—Is it now in order
To condole with you?
[*Laughing.*]
If so, I extend my sympathy, as
If to one who had lost the sense of music.
ANDRE—Well said!
She was an epic of all the graces;
And her loss is the loss of as sweet a
Song as ever the Angels choired.
MONCRIEF—Whom does she wed?

ANDRE—General Benedict Arnold;
He, who became military ruler
In Philadelphia after us.[2]
MONCRIEF—One of the most dashing
Of the generals in the hostile lines.
Enough. Here come their Excellencies.
[*Enter* GEN. CLINTON *and* LORD CORNWALLIS.]
CLINTON—When a year has closed,
Prudent tradesmen count their loss or gain.
We of the army may profit from this
Example. Do we stand, before the
Augus-eyed critic of youthful year,
In anything advanced, within the
Twelve months gone?
CORNWALLIS—I should say, your Excellency,
We still stand at the mile post we reached
A year ago.
CLINTON—Say you so, my Lord!
CORNWALLIS—To-day, as then, we occupy
A besieged city; the enemy as
Courageous and as strong; two qualities
In which our army stands much reduced.
CLINTON—You astonish me, Cornwallis!
Do you impeach the courage of the
British soldiers? Our ranks may be depleted,—
Indeed they have been,—but the fearless heart
Remains.
CORNWALLIS—You have those who would strive with Agamemnon.
But war is judged by what it gains.
Courageous armies enter upon great
Battles, and states rise or fall upon the
Verdict. Armies—especially those aggressive—
Never can count as brave achievements—
(Unless compassing subjugation)

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[2] Miss Margaret Shippen (or "Peggy Shippen") was the daughter of Edward Shippen, of Philadelphia, a distinguished Loyalist. Miss Shippen was one of the "Queens of Beauty" [by Capt. André appointed] in the Mischianza. There certainly was a warm friendship (though likely nothing more) between Miss Shippen and Capt. André in Philadelphia, which was continued by a correspondence between them after the British came to New York. Miss Shippen subsequently became the wife of Benedict Arnold.

André availed himself of his former intimacy with Mrs. Arnold to make her an unconscious means of facilitating a correspondence with her husband. They corresponded previous to her marriage.—*Irving.*

Secretive raids, which end in murder,
Plunder, and private ruin. Great principles
Of state, for which dread war is panoplied,
Are not advanced by these; which are rated
With deeds most cowardly.[3]

ANDRE—General Cornwallis,
I thank you for that speech.
It is the utterance of a soldier.

CLINTON—What else can we do?
One year ago, General Howe had in
Philadelphia, here, and at Newport,
A force of three-and-thirty thousand.
He asked for more—which the ministry refused.
So he went home and left me heir to his
Command. His brother, left his pennant
Flying, and followed him in September last.
Admiral Byron in his place now gives
Orders. I have to-day a power of
Two-and-twenty thousand men; and the task
Still is formidable. With forces so
Reduced, we can only waste, not conquer.[4]

CORNWALLIS—No one, your Excellency,
Will hold you guilty of this fault of
Small achievement.

CLINTON—Washington coops us here
As so many pigeons in a cage.
This has ever been his policy. It
Was so at Boston and Philadelphia.
To dislodge him we must assail his
Entrenchments now at Middlebrook. This
Rashness, only overwhelming odds can
Justify. Upon this Island-rock—to
Change my feathery simile—we are as

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[3] The British army could now only ravage and destroy by sudden expeditions. —*Bancroft.*

Throughout the year the British aimed to but little more in the North than distress and depredations. They planned sundry expeditions on this principle. —*Ramsay.*

[4] Admiral Lord Howe [following his brother Gen. Howe] gave up his command of the English fleet to Admiral Byron, and went home to England.—*Bancroft.*

The situation was mortifying to Sir Henry Clinton, a man of ambition, to be confined and condemned to mere predatory warfare. Such, however, was the nature of the expeditions set on foot through the year 1779 [and in the end of the year before]. It was demoralizing to his officers and men. This imbittered the struggle and made submission possible only through absolute extermination.—*Carrington.*

Prometheus bound; while the vulture of
Rebellion is pecking at our vitals.
MONCRIEF—England can look for no
Grand results, when we are thus neglected.
CLINTON—I have written to our Ministers
Not to expect anything from one so
Circumstanced as I am.
ANDRE—Then the record of
The year just ended, shows in our favor
No progress made toward the recovery
Of the colonies;—so said just now,
My Lord Cornwallis.
Are we content with such a balance-sheet?
CORNWALLIS—We should not be.
But, they are content at home, or seem so,
Since they furnish the force for no greater
War. Then, our duty is to follow
Superior examples, and be
Ourselves contented.
CLINTON—Our mode of war is sanctioned.
After Wyoming, Lord Germain extolled
The act of ruin, and advised similar
Deeds of waste. During the year ended he
Had no other plan. The Commissioners
For the Bills of Conciliation,—who
Spoke for King and Parliament,—in their parting
Manifesto of October last, proclaimed
That the extremes of war should follow the
Failure of their mission; even a war
Of waste and desolation.[5]
ANDRE—This army, then, is guiltless.
For as ordered, so we do.
MONCRIEF—On the ledgers,
As our swords write them, how heavy
Is this charge of waste against us?
CLINTON—Since assuming the command last May?
Is this your question? Yes! Very well!
To answer requires some reflection;
Also, retrospection. In June last,—while
On the march across New Jersey,—at Monmouth

[5] Germain wrote approving the massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley and of predatory war.—*Bancroft.*

We gave blow for blow in honest war, and
Won our road by fighting for it. August
Closed, just as we reached out for Sullivan
At Newport; who, with nimble foot, eluded us.
As we from there came home, Sir Charles Grey,
With fierce and heavy hand, tore comfort from
New England shores. New Bedford, Fair Haven,
And minor points were laid in ruins.[6]

CORNWALLIS—No general purpose prompting,
This was desolating war; in which the
Innocent always suffers most.

CLINTON—Very true. But the spoils
Obtained weakened the enemy,
Who lived upon them.

ANDRE—The destruction of a people
Is not justified till all other means
Have failed to subjugate. Do we admit,—
As these methods argue,—inability
To reduce these colonies in fair and
Open fight?

CLINTON—No matter as to that,
Which Parliament may answer.
In September, you, my Lord Cornwallis,
Leading a force five thousand strong, assailed
New Jersey; while Knyphausen, with three thousand,
Carried consternation to Westchester County.
This served to confuse the enemy, and so
Far was fair strategy; though surely it
Was marauding war.

CORNWALLIS—All to little purpose;
For the strategy of Washington
Was, to face me with Putnam and Wayne;
Knyphausen with Gates; taking for himself
Central place at Fredericksburg; he might—
Thus situated—strike either of us
With greater numbers.

CLINTON—But he did not strike either?

CORNWALLIS—No. Because our expeditions were

[6] When Clinton returned from his fruitless expedition against Sullivan at Newport, Sir Charles Grey was detached to waste the shores of Long Island, between Newport and New York. He did this savagely.—"*History of the United States*," *John Frost*.

Too quickly ended. Sufficient ruin
Wrought, and plunder taken, we hurried back
To camp. And rebellion's waves rolled again
To the shores they washed, when we set forth.

CLINTON—As I recall, my Lord,
You gave much punishment to the rebels,
Levying upon their fields. And Knyphausen
Came home, contented with the rural ruin
He had done.

CORNWALLIS—We knew that Wayne was with Putnam,
And moved carefully—for he hits a
Heavy blow. General Grey captured a
Detachment of light horse—one Colonel Baylor
In command. They were surprised; were defenseless,
And were destroyed. This is the manner of
General Grey.[7]

CLINTON—I refer to that.
Surrounded while they slept, they awoke as
Captives; and awoke to die.

ANDRE—One hundred men surrendered.
Of these, seventy helpless prisoners
Were murdered with the bayonet! This is
The deed of fame set to the credit of
General Grey.

CLINTON—Major Andre, you are yet young!
When you are older, you will be less
Sentimental.

MONCRIEF—What is the next deed of valor,
Swelling a great nation's prowess?

CLINTON—The coast of New Jersey came in turn.
Little Egg Harbor was a haven of
Much shipping. Colonel Ferguson, in
October, entered and gave many vessels
To the torch; he bore this kindled fire to the
Shore. Count Pulaski,—the fighting Pole,—was
Encountered and overborne. Many prisoners

[7] The end of September, 1778, Cornwallis led a predatory foray into New Jersey. Maj. Gen. Grey [of his command] surprised and captured, and massacred a regiment of dragoons [after their surrender] under Col. Baylor. The prisoners sued for quarter. They were bayoneted while defenseless and prisoners.—*Ramsay.*

Taken—though the Count got off—were slain,
To save trouble. In January, now
Upon us, following the lesson of
Cornwallis in September, our grip of
Iron,—strangling the comfort of peaceful
Homes,—was extended along the Hudson,
Even to Tarrytown.
Thus is computed the work since I became
Commander. This work has carried suffering
To rural acres, and brought spoils to us;
But surely no other gain.[8]

MONCRIEF—And in November, the savage,
Taught by our high example, ended a
Campaign of murder at Cherry Valley.
Who shall stand higher in the temple where
Honor finds a record,—the teacher or the taught?

CLINTON—All has been done,
As King and Parliament would have it.[9]

ANDRE—Is this marauding strategy
Ended with the dying year?

CLINTON—Because of a change of policy
With the Ministry, it is ended in
The North. From this time the South shall feel the
Fiery blasts of war. These matters just
Recounted, are here given as England's
Parting wounds to a stubborn foe.

CORNWALLIS—Shall the English fleet
Attend the army on this Southern mission?
The French no longer threaten in Northern
Waters.

CLINTON—As circumstances govern.
Last November, Byron in front of Boston
Invited Count D'Estaing to test each
Other's guns. The Frenchman refused; again
A tempest drove our fleet to sea. The prudent
Count,—the harbor watch away,—escaped, and
Sailed with all his force to the West Indies.
The rebels mourn his loss; and why,
Heaven only knows, not I.

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[8] October, 1778, Capt. Ferguson destroyed much shipping in Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey, and burned and murdered for miles around.—*Lossing.*

[9] See Note 5.

MONCRIEF—At Newport he gave them a vision of
His departing sails; this was repetition.
The alliance, like untrained horses pulling
Different ways, progresses poorly.
CLINTON—Just as if pulling with a single will,
This alliance has cost me five thousand men.
In November I was ordered to follow
D'Estaing to the West Indies with this number,
Who sailed away. I protested that it
Reduced my army to a starved defensive.
These were followed by three thousand, for
Assault upon Georgia.
And so begins a Southern war.[10]
CORNWALLIS—Thus far, good reports come from this
Land of flowers—which bloom while fall our snows.
CLINTON—Couriers just arrived
Confirm the report that Georgia has fallen.
Commodore Hyde Parker last month opened
On Savannah from the water side, while
Colonel Campbell approached it in the rear.
Between the two, a force of a thousand
Rebels,—one Robert Howe directing,—yielded,
(Though a few escaped,) and Savannah
Received our flag. General Provost came on
From Florida—at my cost he had been
Strengthened with two thousand men—and so,
This union of guns gave Georgia as a
New Year's gift to our gracious King.[11]
CORNWALLIS—Major Moncrief, the ledgers of the last
Year have been inspected, responsive to
Your inquiry. Are you satisfied?
MONCRIEF—Well! We are not exactly bankrupt in
Achievement. Conquered Georgia saves us, and
Helps the balance sheet. It is a narrow
Escape, however;—as if we had felt
Our way forth by this single thread, from the
Barren cave where empty efforts lie.
CLINTON—The New Year gives us hope,
That this cave of emptiness shall be hung

[10] The British Ministry had given up hope of reducing the North, and resolved upon war in the South. Clinton was ordered to send troops there. He remonstrated, but had to comply.—*Bancroft.*

[11] Savannah was taken by the British in December, 1778.—*Ridpath*

With wreaths, gathered from the Palmetto and
Beneath the Southern Cross.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE VI. *Philadelphia. Hall of Congress, in State House (Independence Hall). Time: April 15, 1779. Forenoon; before the daily session.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* LAURENS, *each with friends attending.*

WASHINGTON—In affairs,
Money is a moving power.
LAURENS—Next to levies to fill the armies,
It is the important power.
WASHINGTON—England attacks us here where we
Are vulnerable. Laurens, we cannot
Go on, with national finances so
Disordered.
LAUREN—The condition disturbs us all;
And surely you?
WASHINGTON—My camp at Middlebrook
Nurtures a patriotic fire, that will
Consume our enemies if you but feed
It. Withdraw the fuel, and I shall look
For ashes.[1]
LAURENS—Have the troops rested
Through the winter, and shown contentment?
WASHINGTON—Since December,
When we went into camp, until this hour,
An obedient soldiery has never
Given an hour of anxiety. They
Have watched the winter through from the shores of
Connecticut to the Delaware; on
One extended line, that girdled Clinton.
Like a caged vulture, he has darted here
And there, to tear and ruin where he might

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[1] The Americans closed the campaign of 1778 for want of money. Paper bills were almost worthless. The decline was hastened by the introduction, by the English, of millions of counterfeit bills. Congress had no power to raise any by law, and this weakness Washington regarded as one of the gravest dangers. He strongly advocated a central and powerful government. During the winter of [illegible] visited Congress at Philadelphia frequently, to urge these views, and to [illegible] the next campaign. His troops and officers were murmuring in camp [illegible] pay.—*Sparks.*

Alight;—and then, to escape our dangerous
Arrows, darted home again. In spoils he
Has wounded our people, but given no
General hurt. This is war most puerile;
And the enemy is weak to be reduced
To it.[2]

LAURENS—Will this continue,
Now that the frost has gone?

WASHINGTON—I foresee a change
Adopted from necessity. Unable
To make further progress in the North, the
Enemy enters upon another field,
And calls us after him in pursuit.
The South, from this time forth must give him ground
To stand upon, unless there, as here, we
Push him to the sea.

LAURENS—My people will
Supplement Bunker Hill and Saratoga.
So let him come.

WASHINGTON—[*heartily skaking hands.*] Spoken, Laurens,
Like a brother nurtured under the sun
That warmed me as well. The attack on
Georgia, just as the last year closed—the
Expeditions now preparing—all confirm
Me. Clinton will hold New York; but Newport
And the East set free. The menace here, will
Be sufficient to engage us, with an
Observing army. A blow may be struck
Now and then, but those decisive, or meant
To be so, will henceforth in the South be hurled.[3]

LAURENS—In Georgia, we have returned these blows already?

WASHINGTON—In January, General Lincoln there
Took command of about four thousand men.
A sturdy man! He quickly got to work.
In February, he struck at Kettle Creek,
The robber band of Tories led by
Colonel Boyd, and dispersed whom he did not

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[2] See Note 3 and 4, Scene 5.

[3] Washington was very anxious when the war was transferred to the South, since he had neither troops to spare nor money for their transportation.—*Ramsay.*

Destroy. A week later—it was on
March the third—misfortune came to us.
At Briar Creek, General Ashe,—surprised and
Cut off from Lincoln,—with a force of a
Thousand men, was driven in disorder.
The loss of seven guns and three hundred
Soldiers,—in that distant land so naked
To the enemy,—tries us sorely.

[*Enter* GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, *Military Governor of Philadelphia, supported by two crutches and attended by three aids. He bows to* WASHINGTON *and* LAURENS.]

WASHINGTON—[*taking* ARNOLD *by the hand.*]
Saratoga, jealous of her renown,
Still frets the wound that made her famous.
Her greatness shall not wane in memory,
While this hurt remains.[4]

ARNOLD—Thank you, General! And
Yet, Saratoga is a generous jade;
For, though she made one leg useless,
She gives me two in place of it.
[*Lifts his crutches.*]

WASHINGTON—No longer invincible! I marvel
That the unconquerable at last is conquered.

LAURENS—[*bowing to* ARNOLD.] I may be permitted
To express to Benedict my happiness,
That, multiplied by love, he is a
Benedict now, two for one.

ARNOLD—Gentlemen, you rally me upon
My wedded life. Go on! I can stand it,
Since I have the prize and you the merriment.

WASHINGTON—With Miss Margaret Shippen as the prize,
You are well fortified. But beware!
If her heart beats not to our music, you
Are lost. States cannot resist the conquering
Power of beauty. It was Helen who
Set in flames the topmost towers of Ilium.

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[4] Gen. Benedict Arnold, still on crutches and suffering from his wounds at Saratoga, was placed in command of Philadelphia when Clinton left, June 18, 1778.—*Sparks.*

LAURENS—Her father and her friends
Consort with those loyal to the King, and
Are classed with those who love him Arnold, this
Will be strange company for you!
ARNOLD—Trust me as a missionary.
I shall reform the heretic, if I
Find one—not become a heathen.
WASHINGTON—Then we may win a fortress;—
Not lose a Major-General.
LAURENS—The beauty of two empires!
England worshipped her while here; and now the
Patriot supplants in adoration,
His foreign foe.[5]
ARNOLD—[*to* WASHINGTON.] You play the politician,
And forsake the camp. Often through the winter
We have rejoiced to see you here.
WASHINGTON—Necessity forces me to argument
With these law-makers. An empty treasury
Precedes an empty meat-house;
Both fatal to the army.
ARNOLD—You touch me closely now!
Here in Philadelphia, the winter past,
I have lived on promises received.
Been compelled to maintain the dignity
Of Commander on vapory air.
I, too, have given promises,—they were
All I had,—and may have trouble to redeem
Them. Joseph Reed and his Council of
Pennsylvania—may the devil catch
Them all!—disapprove this.
LAURENS—I am no longer President of Congress,
And, therefore, shorn of authority.
Jay, since December last, has held this honor.
He doubtless will do all for safety that
The time imposes.[6]
WASHINGTON—I was to meet him here.

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[5] The British in Philadelphia [winter of 1777 and 1778] indulged in the amusements of idle men. [See Notes 1 and 2, Scene 6, Act I.] Among the gayest was John Andre, a young, handsome, graceful soldier. He was always a welcome guest to the house of Edward Shippen [See Note 2, Scene 5], a Loyalist and father of "Peggy Shippen" a queen of Andre's Mischianza, and after, the wife of Benedict Arnold.—"*Life of Benedict Arnold,*" *Isaac N. Arnold.*

[6] December 10, 1778, John Jay was made President of Congress in place of Henry Laurens, of South Carolina.—*Hildreth.*

ARNOLD—And here he comes.
[*Enter* JOHN JAY, *President of the Continental Congress.*]
JAY—Good-morning, gentlemen!
It is a pleasure to meet you, one and all.
[*Bows to all.*]
WASHINGTON—We have prior possession this morning,
Of these chambers whence emanates the law.
JAY—I know of none whose claim
Should rank that of Washington, for entrance
To Independence Hall.
ARNOLD—Jay, we want money!
We who fight, must feed to do so.
We want money!
JAY—General Arnold,—you will excuse me,—
I think it is a chronic want with you.
[*All laugh.*]
LAURENS—[*to* JAY.] The condition of our finances
Alarms our Chief.
WASHINGTON—The Army begins to murmur.
Both officers and men are bankrupt.
Gratuitously they serve. This should not be.
It need not, for these colonies are rich
Enough to be worth the battle we are
Making to have them all our own. The
Obligations of the state are now, in
Value, three cents to the dollar; since so
Dishonored, they, like angry imps, frown upon
Us, from clouds in rayless night.
JAY—But how to change?
I am willing for any remedy
That dispels this gloom.
ARNOLD—The country is flooded
With counterfeits, issued by the Britons?
Is this so?
LAURENS—Millions of counterfeits
Have poured upon us from England. This
Ignoble stratagem has helped to impair
The value of our bills. Millions of our
Currency we have withdrawn, the real
Contaminated with the base.[7]

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[7] See Note 1.

WASHINGTON—Our bills are unsecured by substantial
Prop. Disaster will ever follow such finance.
With no solid place of rest, they sink, and sink
Responsive to gravitation. Weight,
Is their quality and only value.
JAY—And what remedy for this?
WASHINGTON—A government, with power to enforce
Its laws. I have ever favored this.
The Articles of Confederation—
Eighteen months ago proposed, and not yet
Confirmed—is one step forward. But this plan leaves
Each state—a great omission—to its own
Caprice, to feed the army; to furnish troops;
And to collect a revenue. A central
Government that can enforce its edicts
Will save from threatened ruin
ARNOLD—You men who make the laws
May listen with profit to these lessons.
I wish I could compel you!
It was Cromwell, as I remember, who
Dispersed a dawdling Parliament. [*All laugh.*]
JAY—Arnold, I am terrified with your musty
Reference. There is no need of Roundheads here.
[*Renewed laughter.*]
Cromwell may slumber still.
LAURENS—We cannot leap from the valley
To high Olympus. In due time, we shall
Have a union of these colonies,
Verile with living powers.
ARNOLD—Meantime our warriors may starve
For want of a coin to buy a penny loaf.
WASHINGTON—General, not so bad as that!
We have friends abroad who will trust us;
And also lend to us, answering our needs.
LAURENS—And Congress has neglected nothing
Which helps to effect such loans,
And will not.
WASHINGTON—There is no more to say;
And from this point argument runs to weeds,
Like summer stalks from which the fruit is plucked.
I return to camp with hope of better things.

ARNOLD—I have more to say, your Excellency!
And will say it now, and those may hear who
Care to. I bear wounds which these crutches do
Not solace. The Council of this State does
Not approve my style of living.
I am arrogant and extravagant!
Entertain as friends some not orthodox
In politics. So says Joseph Reed, the
Most valiant chairman of Pennsylvania
Statecraft. Indeed, this man—who in the dark
Hour of retreat across New Jersey, would
Have accepted the master's kick as soothing
Relief from danger—doubts my fidelity
To these colonies!

WASHINGTON—These mute supports,
[*touching the crutches.*]
Are witnesses unanswerable against
Such a calumny.

ARNOLD—Others do not think so.
Congress, upon these charges, by request
Of Reed and his conspirators,
Have ordered a court-martial.

JAY—Congress could not refuse
The request of a sovereign state,
Though groundless it deemed the charges.

ARNOLD—Your Excellency!
I have hobbled here to ask a speedy trial.
It was in February—two months ago—
When Congress, pushed on by this purveyor
Of base slanders, put this stain upon my name.
Delay is killing me! It brought me back
From an intended journey full of happy
Expectations. I burn to confound these
Patriots, who value pence and shillings
More than flowing blood.

WASHINGTON—I am not censuring;
But in these times Spartan simplicity
Has force as an example.

ARNOLD—Who shall limit this simplicity?
Joseph Reed? God forbid! I say here, this
Creature shall not judge me! I will not
Permit it from this dainty statesman.

Shall I ask him, indeed, how many leeks
The pot receives to nourish my daily soup?
Or the potatoes fit in number to
Grace my dinner; whom I shall ask to join
Me in this meal so carefully economized;
When I may ride and when must walk—or rather
Hop, since one leg is the economy
Of motion? Heaven help me! Before I
Submit to these indignities, I will
Abjure all thought of life, and pass on to
The hereafter with hope of better
Treatment, since worse it cannot be. It is
Enough to contend with men, not women,
And this my answer to a part of the
Accusation. God keep me patient! for
I know not at times to what extremes these
Jacks may drive me. I would rather be a
Dog, with liberty to bark, than a
Major-General thus hampered.[8]

WASHINGTON—General Arnold, I
Grant your wish for trial as speedily
As it may be.

ARNOLD—And I shall remain contented
With this hope of speedy hearing.

JAY—And I contented
At your swift delivery from every charge.

ARNOLD—[*to* WASHINGTON.] You have heard from
Lafayette since he went home in February?

WASHINGTON—In Paris he is the favorite.
His commanding influence draws to our side.
I am expecting much through him, in men
And money. Franklin—sole Minister since
September—finds him a prop of iron.

ARNOLD—Will he take up his sword again with us?
A Frenchman, he felt that France in her war
With England, had first claim, and so went home.

WASHINGTON—That was the spirit in which he left.
I doubt if he retains it.

---

[8] Arnold was ordered to a court-martial by Congress, being accused of extravagance in Philadelphia [Joseph Reed, President of the State of Pennsylvania, being chief accuser] and also of impropriety and of consorting with the enemies of his country. He had, in the beginning of April [the month when this scene is laid] married Miss Margaret Shippen. Arnold clamored for a speedy trial. [See Note 2, Scene 5.]—*Ramsay.*

ARNOLD—We are not yet taxed heavily
In obligations by the French alliance.
Not a gun of theirs has yet spoken for
The new Republic.
WASHINGTON—States, like individuals, will run
The road of selfishness. Of laws, this is
Most natural. Since the day of D'Estaing's
Arrival, Canada has been the object
Of his dreams, as a conquest for France.
ARNOLD—Yes; and this folly Congress favored.
We punish the authors of stupidity,
By exposing it.[9]
WASHINGTON—Even Lafayette caught this Gallic fever.
But the boy is cured. I opposed the scheme,
Charged with many dangers. While other states
Would willingly expand—for instance, this
French appetite for Canada—to us
They recommend a different policy.
Jealous of what we may become, when released
To peaceful rivalry,—and here the wildest
Prophecy has swing,—France and Spain and Europe
Strive to limit us by law, to the present
Boundary of these colonies.
ARNOLD—Great Heavens! In territory we have
Enough; more, perhaps, than can be managed.
JAY—In this, Arnold, I confirm you.
Our empire is already great enough.
Many men of wisdom think as we do.[10]
ARNOLD—This French aid is a medicine
Which weakens, unless followed with the
Tonic of powder and ball. Soldiers, Generals,
And Statesmen look to this foreign power
To fight and end the war; so, nerveless
Expectation saps the energy before
Unconquerable. I like not this; nor

[9] D'Estaing while here had a notion that Canada should be assailed in the interests of the French King. Congress favored this. Lafayette was inclined that way. Washington corrected these errors of judgment.—*Ridpath.*

[10] France and Spain both wanted to limit the territory of the United States to the thirteen colonies. Many American statesmen wanted no more. Jay [then President of Congress] said: "Our empire is now too great to be well governed." —*Bancroft.*

Am I thankful for empty friendship.
Feed our soldiers, and alone we conquer.
WASHINGTON—There you hit it. Feed our soldiers!
France has done so. She has been our almoner
In money and equipments, and again
Will be so. I look forward to her support
With fleets and armies, though D'Estaing has
Sailed away.
LAURENS—The hour has struck for the daily session.
WASHINGTON—And we usurp the chamber?
My parting with the president to-day
[*bowing to* JAY.]
Shall be pricked in his memory, with the
Advice that Congress stay the desolation
Now threatened in the South, by needed levies there.
I can spare no troops. Clinton, though depleted,
Yet retains, in New York and Newport,
A force greater than my own.
JAY—General Washington, your appeals
To-day for money and for men have
Fallen upon friendly ears.
WASHINGTON—These appeals once granted,
I shall no longer besiege this chamber,—
The illustrious Hall of American
Independence,—where, through the season closed
I have played the lobbyist; abetted in
This work by the winter's armistice of arms.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VII. *New Windsor. Lawn before Head-quarters of* WASHINGTON. *Time: July 13, 1779.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* GEN. WAYNE.

WASHINGTON—These marauding expeditions of
Clinton must be met by a counter-blow.
Leaving camp at Smith's Clove, I have asked you
To meet me here, at New Windsor—a place
Which favors secrecy.
WAYNE—And Putnam. Does he still fight time,
As valiantly as he does the Briton?
WASHINGTON—Youth bows to him a worshipper
In spite of years. A grand old man! He

Is in charge of the camp: when he so serves,
Wherever absent, confidence is always
At my elbow.

WAYNE—His trick at Horse-Neck
Is upon very tongue.

WASHINGTON—At West Greenwich—I prefer this name—
The brutal Tryon pressed him closely.
Putnam was surprised;—and had been captured,
But for quick wit, which pushed with equal chance
To death or safety. He played the hazard,
And gained the latter. This was in March.
A flight of a hundred steps before him,
And Tryon's troops behind! His horse obedient
To the spur, is upon the verge! A misstep,
And wars cease to vex the victim! The quick
Resolve, the downward leap, the footing gained
Below and safely speeding on!—all this,
Before the astonished troopers of the King
Upon the rearward crest, can really tell
Whether the vision which has passed was mortal
Made or not. So the meteor downward darts
Through space, while we stand staring.[1]

WAYNE—A feat to excite all listeners.

WASHINGTON—But to Clinton!
He is the burden of this meeting.

WAYNE—Why don't Clinton and his surly minions
Come out and fight in the open field?
He outnumbers us.

WASHINGTON—I will not say he dares not.
But it is not his policy. He doubtless
Follows the orders as they come from London.

WAYNE—Then may London,
That orders massacres and petty thieving,
Sink into sulphurous fire!

WASHINGTON—Both massacres shall be avenged in time.
Sullivan—such is present plan—will soon
Sweep the savage, guilty of Wyoming,

[1] General Putnam at Horse-Neck, or Greenwich, plunged down a precipice to escape the British. It was a fall of one hundred stone steps. The enemy stopped in amazement; and before they recovered Putnam was gone.—*Ramsay.*

With the broom of death. Congress has thus decreed.
I could not willingly consent; but as
You know, Wayne, the only way to subdue
The red man is to terrify him with
Punishment.

WAYNE—Mercy to the Indian
Is a wasted sentiment. Kill him first
And reform him afterwards. Such ethics,
Is high morality, which guards the Christian
Life. But the New Jersey troops have rebelled,
And refused to march?

WASHINGTON—Not a word to the disparagement
Of these men. That trouble has passed. Naked
And hungry, payment was demanded for
Noble services. They were so entitled.
The Legislature of the State can do
What Congress cannot. It may levy a tax
And collect it. The State paid the troops, or
Made provision.

WAYNE—Further slaughter, by Clinton's orders,
Has in the South been done? How much?

WASHINGTON—In May, the expedition to Norfolk
Added to the roll of British infamy.
General Matthews, with a force twenty-five
Hundred strong, plundered and burned, and fled.
Virginia, lighted by the British torch,
Now flames with indignation.

WAYNE—These deeds of violence to the few, unite
The many more firmly in our struggle.

WASHINGTON—True! Yet the few who suffer
Should not be forgotten, though the many gain.
The hateful Tryon is again at work.
Three days ago Norwalk put on her
Bloody shroud,—so forced by his murderous arm,—
As New Haven and Fairfield did in the
Week preceding.[2] In these cruel expeditions
He invoked all the aid of demoniac war.

WAYNE—Oh! I could swear to that!

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[2] An army [July 5, 1779] consisting of twenty-six hundred troops, commanded by Gov. Tryon, landed at New Haven, where they wantonly did considerable damage. The 7th they destroyed the town of Fairfield. The 10th they destroyed Norwalk and Greenfield.—"*Diary of Rev. Daniel Fuller*," *Daniel Fuller Appleton.*

WASHINGTON—New London is next to suffer.
New England's fairest jewel will soon be
Lost to recognition in distorting
Flame, unless we interpose.
WAYNE—[*with indignation.*] Send me against them!
Point out the road which leads to their confronting,
And then fall back and leave the rest to me.
WASHINGTON—I have another plan.
WAYNE—If is brings me face to face
With these nimble-footed villains, then let
The other plan prevail.
WASHINGTON—Early in June, Clinton and
General Vaughn, with a column five thousand strong,
Took possession of Stony Point. It was
An empty place,—about thirty guarding it,—
And in surrender was found no victory.
It has since been garrisoned, and thus becomes
An armed monster upon the Hudson.
We must drive the beast away; and in thus
Doing, carry consternation to the
Enemy, which shall bring base Tryon home.
To storm and win Stony Point is the present
Purpose. Will you bear this martial shield?[3]
WAYNE—[*with emphasis.*] General, I will storm hell,
If you only plan the battle.
WASHINGTON—Then my work is done,
Though yours remains to do. Give me now an
Ear that holds in memory every detail,—
A surety for our enterprise.
Colonel Johnson, with six hundred men, holds
The fort. Its bastions frown with heavy guns.
The approach is difficult, since one causeway—
And only one—leads to the sally port.
WAYNE—Trust me! That one pathway
Shall give my column an open road to
Its farthest end; and then the gates be opened
To admit, though the devil guard them with
All his fires.

[3] Washington determined to make a counter stroke to Tryon's by attacking Stony Point. When he unfolded his plan to Wayne and asked if he would lead, the reply was: "General, I'll storm hell, if you will only plan it."—*Irving.*
The plan of Wayne in the capture of Stony Point was that of Washington. Every detail was carefully executed by Wayne.—*Carrington.*

WASHINGTON—Your men shall be selected;—
For a weak spot, like a rot in the orange,
Might infect the whole. Three hundred is your
Limit for active operations.
WAYNE—[*astonished.*] Shall three hundred assail
The six behind Titanic masonry?
And capture them!—
With their gun-engirdled house of giant stone?
WASHINGTON—You state the hazard,
In which you here engage.
WAYNE—[*drawing his sword.*] I will do it! To God—
Who ever listens—I swear to do it!
Or, failing, I will die.
WASHINGTON—My faith is brother to your courage;—
And the two shall go hand in hand till our
Flag flies above these battlements. Gather
Your strength at Sandy Beach—about fourteen
Miles away—and by easy march come
Front to front in conflict. Secrecy is your
Heaviest ordnance. A whisper, and you are lost.
Let the bayonet be the weapon of
Sole reliance;—from every rifle be the
Charge withdrawn, that the pricking wedge of steel
May grow in its importance. Each man should
Wear a white cockade, that friends may know each
Other. And the hour of assault be at
The dead of night. What say you?
WAYNE—[*in great excitement.*] I wish the time were now!
Step by step I walk on to assured success
As you reveal the road.
WASHINGTON—One word more.
A negro, known to me as Pompey,—and
Though his skin be ebony, the greatest Roman
With that name did not cover a whiter soul,—
Is my informant of affairs within
The fort. His daily offerings of berries
To the soldiers gain admission and
Guarded secrets. He shall come to you.
Follow him. Arrived at your journey's end,
Pompey, with friendly aid easily disguised,

Capturing the sentinels, leave the surprised
Enemy to the comfort of your pushing steel.[4]

WAYNE—My will so far outruns
The intervening time, that my impatience
Records the deed as done. The material
Blow is mere formality. This is July
The thirteenth, and Tuesday. On Thursday
At noon my column moves. At midnight,
Dragging the unwilling Briton forth to view
The angry moon, we shall after give him a
Captive's breakfast.

WASHINGTON—At once away. Secrecy
And good luck attend you through that day.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE VIII. *Stony Point, on the Hudson. The fort. Rampart with a flagstaff. A gateway opening toward the stage, with a bridge in front. Two British sentinels on guard. Time: July 15, 1779. Midnight.*

Enter Pompey (a negro), with a basket of berries, and two American soldiers disguised as farmers. All approach one sentinel. He is suddenly overpowered and hurried off the stage. They re-enter and approach the other sentinel. He also is suddenly overpowered and hurried off the stage.

[*Enter* GEN. WAYNE, *with drawn sword, and* AID.]

WAYNE—The way is open and success assured.
No sound has betrayed us.

AID—Not a dog barked. It was wise
To send forerunners to destroy the curs.[1]

WAYNE—Bring forward the troops. Already
I have made observation of the ground.

[*Aid retires.*]

[*Quickly enter a body of American soldiers (the* AID *with them) who form in line.*]

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[4] The plan of capture was devised by Washington.—*Ridpath, Irving, Lossing.*

[1] The day preceding the attack, men were sent to destroy the dogs, that their barking might not betray the assailants.—*Lossing.*

WAYNE—[*to the troops.*] Soldiers! There is the fort.
We must gain it, if we would live in honor.
Every man will depend upon the bayonet.
He who fires a shot—given token that
He had not withdrawn his charge as commanded—
Will that moment die. The reserves will await
Their orders. Ready! Now to it, with the
Battle cry, "The fort is ours!"

[*The soldiers, shouting "The fort is ours!" with* WAYNE *leading, rush over the bridge. They pound at the gate, which gives way. The roll of drums begins within the fort; also the firing of British musketry. The clashing of steel is heard and the fierce clamor of conflicting soldiery. The Americans are beaten back over the bridge and upon the stage. There, four or five English officers, with the sword, engage with as many Americans, in a hand-to-hand combat.*]

WAYNE—[*to Aid.*] Order forward the reserves.
[*Aid retires.*]

[*Suddenly a fresh force of Americans (the* AID *with them) rush upon the stage, and with the bayonets drive the enemy back into the fort. The clang and din of battle within the fort continues. Then a force of Americans rush back upon the stage, shouting, "Victory! Victory!"*]
[*Enter* GEN. WAYNE.]

WAYNE—The enemy surrender.
The fort is ours. Bring out the prisoners.

[*While a line of prisoners march out from the fort, the stars and stripes are run up the staff and float in triumph. Shouting and cheering soldiers gather around* WAYNE.]

AID—Cheers! for our leader!
Cheers for "Mad Anthony!" All! All! All together!

Let your lungs swell and burst with cheers for our "Mad Anthony Wayne!"

[*All huzza. The prisoners continue to come from the fort. The flag flies and the drums roll.*]

[CURTAIN.]

[END OF ACT II.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. Royal Library in Buckingham Palace. Time: July, 1779.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, *Prime Minister;* LORD WEYMOUTH, *Secretary of State;* LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, *Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the other Ministers of the Realm.*

KING—Again your sovereign summons
You to heavy responsibility.
The official pillar of this mighty Empire,—
Will you be prop and help to me, against
Dismemberment? Spain has thrown open the
Gate of furious war, and through it marches
To scar our shield invincible, with
Hostile blows. The traditional enemy
Of England—her hate kept active with the
Smart of frequent punishment by us
Administered—has paid the price; hence Spain
Is bowed in homage to perfidious France.[1]
WEYMOUTH—Gibraltar lures her to this misadventure?
KING—We hold this rocky seat
Beside her royal palace; and having
Ample power, we will hold it for our
Posterity.
NORTH—And so we may.
The last soldier of England as a forfeit,
Before Gibraltar. But does the defiance,

[1] On the 16th of June, 1779, the Spanish Embassador delivered to Lord Weymouth a declaration of war. On July 21 the King summoned his ministers in his library, and, seating them at a table, declared his unchanging resolution to carry on the war against America, France, and Spain. The hope to recover Gibraltar was the moving motive of Spain.—*Bancroft.*

With equal argument, elsewhere extend?
For five years and more we have striven to
Reduce the Colonies across the sea.
Advancing nothing—after loss huge and
Wasteful—Nemesis, harrowing to activity
Continental allies of these rebels,
Now knocks at our homes. Is it not time to
Shut the book of this long and bloody record?[2]

KING—Not while I wear the crown.
Others may weaken and fall, but not the King.
Severe self-reflection prompts this speech.
It is pitched in harmony with our heaviest
Ordnance, for continued war against
America, France and Spain.
The Minister, who will take his cue and
Action from this resolve, I will support
Against wind and tide. Who differently
Concludes, can be no Minister of mine.
Our rebellious subjects, without a shilling
For a shoe, are now barefooted in beggarly
March to unconditional submission.
Clinton and his Indians will prick them to
Quicker motion; but for this act of Spain
The opposition could not have lived till now.
From Georgia come reports which cheer: Savannah
Again flies the flag of the Lion-hearted
Richard; and it is still onward borne by
Our good commanders, back into the
Woody center of repentant States.[3]

WEYMOUTH—Your Majesty carries my judgment
With you. To stop now, while the white teeth of
Our war-dogs are fastened upon the
Shrinking wolf we have hunted these many
Years, is ingratitude to good fortune.

GERMAIN—Portending disaster
Is noted by the shrewdest, who lighten

---

[2] Lord North was now frequently dropping hints that no advantage was to be gained by continuing the conflict.—*Bancroft.*

[3] The King told his ministers [see Note 1] that his speech "was the dictates of severe self-examination." And that "if his ministers would act with firmness, he would support them against wind and tide." He was confident that in the ruin of the finances of the rebels they would ere now have sued for peace, but for this intervention of Spain. And even now the success of Clinton [in Georgia and the capture of Savannah] must force submission.—*Bancroft.*

Consequences by preparation. To
Clinton has been made known the price of treason.
The account precise and itemized, is
From one of the best of the rebel generals:
Advised by me, Sir Henry will buy what
Is marketable. All is fair in war.
Corrupt your foe with gold, if you cannot
Vanquish him in arms.

KING—A sentiment loyal and patriotic,
Because it helps us on to peace.

GERMAIN—We hope to strike a blow—
Intrigue to the end closely hugging the
Promise of the beginning—which shall end
Revolt, as if its many criminals
Were all as one;—and that one, with halter
Drawn was swinging.[4]

KING—The land provided for,
The sea—which murmurs the imperial
Sway of England in every zone—will aid
Us vastly. These Continental nations,
Whose unfriendly hands would tear our ensign,
Shall not be fed to our harm, under the
Guise of neutral powers.. The Dutch Republic
For a century or more has championed
The code of immunity to a neutral
Flag upon the world of waters, which—we
Must in truth admit—England has partially
Confirmed. But, self-preservation annuls
All treaties; and henceforth by a rule of
Our making, we will search, as suspicion leads.
Russia and some other States, free from billowy
Entanglements, teach us to be as free.
The Netherlands complain, that by this rule
We have of late oppressed her commerce.
Perhaps so! And this oppression shall continue,
If she floats to France, materials of war;—
A general warning, which others may hear

[4] Referring to the prospective corruption of some American general of which Germain already had notice. In September, 1779, he wrote to Clinton, "Next to the destruction of Washington's army the gaining over of officers would be the best means of subduing the rebellion. All expenses would be cheerfully submitted to."—*Lossing*.

And fear. England will enforce it, as
Mistress of the seas.[5]

[*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *Philadelphia. Congressional Committee Room, in Hall of Independence. Time: October, 1779.*

Enter HENRY LAURENS, JOHN JAY, *and* JOHN ADAMS.[1]

ADAMS—By chance we gather here, a trio of
Ambassadors, on this October day.
We will call this a meeting of the
"Committee on Foreign Affairs," since we
Are all the chosen Ministers to
Foreign States.

LAURENS—Rather a "Committee of Finance;"
For money is our quest.

JAY—To Spain I shall carry no
Hope to win gold, though there I plead for this.

---

[5] The usages of the Middle Ages spared the property of a friend, though under the flag of an enemy. The Dutch Republic became the champion of this maritime code, which protected a neutral flag. The rights of neutrals found their place in English treaties since Cromwell's time. After the return of the Stuarts they were recognized specially between England and the Netherlands. In 1778 England asked an alliance with Russia. Russia refused to grant any advantage to England in her contest with the colonies. The Netherlands sought to maintain her neutral flag. England did not disguise her aggressive intentions. The King of France declared the safety of neutral ships. England reserved the right to oppose this law of neutrality. In the summer of 1778 British cruisers scoured the seas for booty. Other nations suffered, but the Netherlands the most. Their complaints to England that treaties were disregarded availed nothing. England responded that treaty or no treaty, she would not suffer ship-materials to be carried by the Dutch to France. In the same year the flags of Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia were disregarded by England. Vergennes tried to induce Catherine of Russia to use her controlling power in favor of neutrality, but she refused to interfere; she only remonstrated to England. The oppressed powers, however, continued to complain to Catherine, so that the question of neutral rights filled her mind. England all the while became more arrogant and aggressive against neutral flags on the high seas. Spain, following England's example, ordered neutral ships for the Mediterranean to be brought to Cadiz, fearing supplies might be carried to Gibraltar. A vessel bearing the Russian flag was so seized. Catherine took fire at once. She armed fifteen ships and five frigates for service against a repetition of the offense. The Empress was now ready for a plan of permanent protection to neutral flags. She was advised she would win a glorious name as the lawgiver of the seas, and so become the benefactress of the human race. So on the 26th of February, 1780, she set her hand to the decree: "Free ships; free all goods except contraband, which are arms and ammunition, and nothing else." She gave notice that this rule she would maintain with all her power. The other states of Europe, especially Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, soon joined, and England was forced to respect the new law.—(*Condensed*) *Bancroft.*

[1] In the fall of 1779, Henry Laurens was appointed by Congress Commissioner to Holland, Jay to Spain, and Adams to treat for peace and commerce with England, if the time came to do so.

If King Charles and Florida Blanca, his most
Prudent Minister, give blows material
In support of her decree of war, so
That England shall feel them, this Republic
Will for that be thankful.

ADAMS—To England, at this time, to win a
Treaty of peace and commerce, is a journey
That gives no good promise. But it is well
To be near, if wanted; so hence to Paris.
I wonder if King George, North and Germain
Will favor a loan upon my petition.

[*All laugh.*]

LAURENS—I excel you all in high expectations.
Holland is rich and friendly. In June, France
Added three millions to former kindness.[2]
The Hague should do as much.

ADAMS—Franklin in France,
With Lafayette as orator for his suit,
Has a field of easy plowing.

JAY—Vergennes is a master in diplomacy,
To win Spain as an ally.
That nation has no love for our cause.

ADAMS—The Bourbon, born with a scepter in his
Hands, is from his cradle the people's foe.
Florida Blanca has firmly said that his
King would never admit our independence,
Till England led the way. Vergennes won him to
The side of France by the pledge of Gibraltar
Restored and other territory gained.

JAY—And we assisted; guaranteeing
Florida and the coast of the Gulf, in
Return for free sailing upon the
Mississippi. This was a tempting bait,
And the King took it.[3]

LAURENS—He lost, however, the rich heart of the
Fruit he coveted. Colonel George Rogers Clark,—
By right of conquest, if not discovery,—
Gives to us the great Northwest, even to
The Mississippi. It was a master-stroke

---

[2] June 15, 1779, Congress solicited supplies from France for nearly three millions of dollars, which were granted, as before.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Spain passionately desired to have the Floridas and the whole of the Gulf of Mexico. In this Congress acquiesced.—*Bancroft.*

Of Patrick Henry, as Governor of Virginia,
To send forth this expedition.

ADAMS—Behind us, from the waters of Erie
To the Gulf of Mexico, where the Indians,
With a fringe of savage fire—now quenched with
This success. Spain had longing eyes for the
Illinois. It was to fall to her as
Spoils from Great Britain. She has lost; and
Henceforth her Southern limit shall be to those
Lands whose waters, to a stingy distance,
The Gulf imbibes.

JAY—Our hero, Clark,—may his name
Never be forgotten!—thousands of miles
From home, and with less than two hundred men,
Wrenched these primeval forests from English rule,
And made them ours.[4]

ADAMS—Let us boast of these, our good fortunes.
For those of evil are surely many.

LAURENS—Our resources are so few!
Stony Point in July last emblazoned
Our dashing courage. For want of men,
Within a month—and without the asking—
We gave back what we had won.

ADAMS—It was a feat,
Twin brother in renown to that of Wayne,
Which Harry Lee performed in the August
Following. Paulus Hook, in New Jersey,
Is the doorway to Clinton's Castle in
New York. Lee here made a successful breach,
And, without stopping to say "Good-morning!"
To the host, rode off with two hundred of
His retainers.
This was tweaking the master by the nose.[5]

JAY—Wyoming, during the summer past,
Has been avenged. The Senecas and the
Six Nations have felt the iron heel of

---

[4] Col. George Rogers Clark, under the auspices of Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, in July, 1778, descended the Ohio and captured Kaskaskia, and, in August, Vincennes. This saved to the United States the great Northwest Territory, coveted by Spain.—*Ridpath; also Hildreth.*

[5] Paulus Hook [Jersey City] was strong, but Light-horse Harry Lee desired to attack it. August 19, 1779, before day, this fortress of Clinton was assailed, and one hundred and fifty prisoners carried off. It was a daring act, like that of Wayne at Stony Point.—*Bancroft.*

Sullivan. They will hereafter have less
Faith in their "great father,"—so they call the King,—
To shield them; and hence cease to massacre.
This lesson was severe; but is the
Only way to quell the savage.
Punishment they understand.[6]

ADAMS—To my State these summer suns
Brought different fruit. That expedition
To Penobscot was ill-advised.

LAURENS—So will it ever be,
When military plans are laid without
The approving hand of Washington.
His common sense ranks genius; and his high
Genius is enriched with common sense.
Hence, on equal grounds, he is invincible.

ADAMS—All men can cavil
After an injury is done. It was
A formidable flotilla which
Massachusetts alone sent forth to drive
The enemy from their footing on the
Eastern shore. Hostile cannon—
Of greater caliber,—followed, and
Assailed the assailants. Our vessels were
Sunk or burned; the landed men were fugitives,
And the British remained masters of
Penobscot, and so, on to the East.[7]

JAY—But not so to the West.
Clinton has just left Newport; and west of
The Penobscot not an enemy stands
Upon New England's soil. After three years
Of possession, Rhode Island watches the
Vanishing invaders.

LAURENS—Forces withdrawn from the East
To attack us in the South.[8]

ADAMS—And from that quarter,
May we hear more cheering news!

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[6] Sullivan, in the summer of 1779, with an adequate force, invaded the Seneca's district, and fully avenged Wyoming and Cherry Valley.—*Ridpath.*

[7] Massachusetts, in June, 1779, sent a State flotilla and three hundred guns, with a thousand men, to drive the British from Penobscot, Maine. They failed, and the English remained masters east of the Penobscot.—*Bancroft.*

[8] Clinton [because of the need of soldiers in the South] had just been compelled to abandon Newport. All New England west of the Penobscot was now free.—*Bancroft.*

LAURENS—Since their capture of Savannah,
In December last, the British pillage
Through Georgia—and South Carolina, too—
Has been unbearable. By suffering,
Patriots—as true in heart as are the
Fixed stars true to their places—were driven
To accept protection from victorious
Foes. Life was wasted, property stolen,
And that left wantonly destroyed. Terms of
Surrender at Savannah were disregarded,
In the belief of permanent powers
Gained. So do little minds, in the moment
Of success, deem themselves invincible,
And give rein to the nature that rules within.[9]
ADAMS—The South was unprepared for war.
Their blows—when ready—will be the heavier,
Fitting the requital for these grievous wrongs.
LAURENS—All eyes in the South
Turned to D'Estaing;—since in troops Washington
Could do but little in co-operation.
Congress urging him, the French Admiral
Sailed from the West Indies, and suddenly
Appeared off the coast of Georgia. This was
Early in September—the month just ended—
When annual gales may disturb the best
Of naval calculations. He was willing
To aid General Lincoln to regain
Savannah, but quick work was conditioned.
This October came before all was ready,—
So will time steal upon the best intentions,
And the delay was a ransom to the
Besieged. On the ninth a combined assault
Was made; but,—in sorrow I say it,—our
Guns were silenced by defeat. The brave D'Estaing
Was wounded, and that noble victim of
Kingly tyranny, Pulaski, killed.
With a loss of five hundred men, Lincoln
Came to Charleston; and D'Estaing is now
Homeward bound to France. Pardon this tedious

[9] After the fall of Savannah, Georgia and South Carolina were quickly over-n with banditti, who robbed and murdered. Negroes were greedily seized as ɔlls and sold, houses were burned, and women and children driven into the ests.—*Bancroft.*

Recital of an eventful story,
But heavy sorrow sometimes makes one garrulous.[10]

JAY—Well, well! The bitter must come with the sweet,
To make the contrast. We have the men; we
Still have the high resolve for freedom and
Independence. We need the money. In our
Respective stations, if we but succeed,
In part, all will yet rightly end.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE III. [*Same as Act II, Scene V.*] *New York City. Headquarters of* GEN. CLINTON. *Time: December 25, 1779.*

Enter GEN. CLINTON, LORD CORNWALLIS, LORD RAWDON, *and* COL. TARLETON.

CLINTON—Our Christmas revels ended,
We now must step from pleasure into toil.
So run our lives away!
To-morrow I sail for Charleston.[1]

CORNWALLIS—But still will hold this post?

CLINTON—Of course.
Necessity compelled us to draw in
Our line from Newport. But to yield New York,
Is to end the war. Lord Rawdon, what are
Our present forces in America?

RAWDON—In and around this city, thirty thousand;
In the South, six thousand;—and three thousand
Hold the Eastern coast.

CLINTON—The Ministry order
That Charleston shall be reduced. Once I was
Charged with this task, and failed; it is now my
Wish,—and my pride as well,—in person to
Make the second trial. The fleet to-morrow
Will carry eight thousand five hundred,—a
Power irresistible,—from this favored post.

---

[10] October 9, 1779, D'Estaing [having returned from the West Indies] joined Lincoln in the effort to regain Savannah. After an obstinate fight, in which D'Estaing was wounded, and the brave Pulaski killed, the Americans abandoned the attack, Lincoln coming to Charleston, and D'Estaing sailing for Europe.—*Carrington.*

[1] On Christmas Day, 1779, Clinton, leaving Knyphausen in command at New York, sailed for Charleston with eighty-five hundred men.—*Frost.*
He actually sailed from New York, December 26, 1779.—*Irving.*

TARLETON—Enough to stop pulsation in
Every rebel heart south of the Potomac.
CLINTON—And still enough be left to repel
Danger here. General Cornwallis, in
Deference to our German allies,—whose
Arms have been locked with ours in every
Encounter since this strife began,—I leave
Knyphausen my successor in command.
I shall call for you to join me, since it
Would be remiss, in a work so great, to
Forego your helpful hand.
CORNWALLIS—My will and pleasure
Unite in my obedience.
RAWDON—The King and his advisers
Were right in turning us southward. As we
Learn, the people, released from former terrors,
In trooping crowds welcome us.
CORNWALLIS—It is fear, not love, that thus impels.
The South is unorganized. Washington—
Whose judgment and direction are worth a
Standing army—is far removed. Because
Of this we gained Savannah; and later
Repulsed the effort to retake it.[2]
TARLETON—No matter what the cause impelling,
So we subdue these rascals.
CORNWALLIS—My sentiment with yours keeps time.
I have questioned—before you all—the policy
Of our predatory war, as the past
Year bore record. At best it has been a
Wasteful effort, begrimed with useless
Suffering. In a general attack,—the
Purpose being subjugation,—I would
Be fierce, terrible and bloody, to gain
This end.[3]
CLINTON—As savage as was that struggle on the sea,
In September last, within hail of England.
A desperate encounter, and fatal
To us; for our ship struck her colors
To the Yankee.

---

[2] See Note 10, Scene 2.
The appearance of English troops in the South gave life to the Tories there, who went trooping to welcome them.—*Ridpath.*

[3] See Notes 3 and 4, Scene 5, Act II. Cornwallis on predatory war.

RAWDON—That shall remain as a romance of the sea.
We should never forget that the hero
Was an English subject, gone wrong.
After all, out from Scotia's blood rises
The unconquerable will of the now
And forever famous Captain—John Paul Jones.[4]
CLINTON—Tarleton, you will sail with me to-morrow.
TARLETON—And am rejoiced to be so favored.
Will the ice willingly release us from
The harbor?
CLINTON—It is a reasonable question.
A more savage winter never marked this
Latitude. Cold and pitiless, it girdles
Us. The entire bay from here to Staten
Island,—and the rivers on either side,—
Upon their icy shield would bear up an army.
CORNWALLIS—This they really do;
For over those flowing waters,
Our soldiers daily march in safety.[5]
CLINTON—And herefrom we might look for danger,
Were it not that Boreas is impartial
In his wrath. Washington and his camp, tied
With these snowy bonds, are helplessly
Held within the lines at Morristown.
RAWDON—These icy winds—as if infolding an
Army of unseen devils—cut our faces
With Arctic tempered blades. But for this,
We could forage and refill our larders.
Even wood for fire is gained only from city homes
Destroyed. A terrible season!
CLINTON—One consideration pushing us out
To sea is, that we may lighten here the
Demands upon the Commissary.
Replying to Colonel Tarleton, our engineers
Promise that our ships shall find their freedom,

---

[4] September 23, 1779, Paul Jones, off the coast of England, with the Bonhomme Richard, fought the British man-of-war Serapis, a new and superior vessel, and captured her. This fight was the most brilliant in naval warfare.—*Frost.*

[5] So intense was the cold in the winter of 1780, that New York Bay was frozen over, and large bodies of troops and cannon were transported on the ice from New York to Staten Island. Soldiers were frozen to death.—*Irving; also Lossing.*

During this winter soldiers were frozen to death. The Loyalists [Tories] from time to time brought to the city [New York] supplies of fresh meat, but at great risk, for the Americans punished them severely for treason.—*Von Elking.*

And to-morrow escape to a more friendly clime.
Gentlemen, since preparation for the
Coming day here lays a heavy tax, I
Release you. General Rawdon, passing out,
Will you request Major Andre to attend
Me?

[CORNWALLIS, RAWDON, *and* TARLETON *retire.*]

[*Musing.*] It is time I sounded
This mysterious well, and know if truth
Has firm foundation there. [*Enter* MAJ. ANDRE.]

ANDRE—Your Excellency has
Some commands for me?

CLINTON—We are about to sail away.
I would know more of that correspondence
Upon which you build so lavishly, for
The glory of our King. Does your gentle
Friend continue her most important lines?

ANDRE—No; it is not necessary.
Her husband now assumes her place.

CLINTON—[*amazed.*] Gracious Heavens, Andre!
I should not longer be kept in ignorance
Of your scheme. I have dropped hints of what might
Come of this;—and Lord Germain, with the King's
Approval, bids me not to fail. I shall
Be much compromised as a commander,
If our enterprise should prove to be a
Bubble of empty air.[6]

ANDRE—Fear not!
Our bubble is a bomb.
Its explosion will shake two continents.

CLINTON—Say you so!
Then the time has come for me to be
A partner in this great secret.

ANDRE—And so you shall.
All! All! I am ready to reveal.
What would you know?

CLINTON—Who has been your friend in Philadelphia?

---

[6] Not having the name, Gen. Clinton already knew that Andre was working upon some one in the American army. [See Note 4, Scene 1.] He now learned that it was Benedict Arnold. Ten months after date of this scene, or October 11, 1780, Clinton wrote Lord George Germain that months before he had some reason to believe that Gen. Arnold was desirous to join the cause of Great Britain.—*Arnold.*

ANDRE—Miss Margaret Shippen.
That was her name.
CLINTON—Who is she now?
ANDRE—The wife—the honored wife—of
Benedict Arnold, Major-General
In the Continental army.
CLINTON—[*in great astonishment.*] Andre! Andre!
The best
Beloved of this military family;
My friend, and officer most faithful to
Our King! Excited thoughts, in wild confusion,
Disturb orderly reflection, hearing
What I do. Pardon me, that I am thus
Aroused—foreseeing the fateful future,
So charged for our making. And is this the
Man who would sell his country and her
Armies for a price?
ANDRE—The same, your Excellency.
The contract drawn,
Is not yet sealed; but will be.
CLINTON—How climbed you to this vast eminence,
Upon whose giddy heights you may command
The ending of this fratricidal folly?
ANDRE—By means most natural.
Last winter, in Philadelphia, I knew—
And her acquaintance honors any man—
Miss Shippen.
She was a partner in the Mischianza.
I never knew—or cared to know—the side
She favored in these quarrels of state, though
Her father was friendly to the King.
When our army left, her kind remembrance
Followed me—as I think, regardful of
The man, though not the soldier. Later, the
Pen became the link that gently held us
To each other.
CLINTON—How little is youth constrained,
When once the current runs!
ANDRE—Our letters were mere commonplace,
Till she became a wife. In pride, that she
Had won the most dashing of his fellows,
She wanted me to know her gallant soldier,

Whom she had conquered, though all England failed.
Between good friends—neither of whom thought of
Evil, more than does the holy cross upon
Some lofty spire, which amid the whirling
Storm still points the way to Heaven—this
Was most natural. In the midst of gales
Political, honest friendship was to
Both of us, as this peaceful symbol. With
General Arnold, through her proud and willing
Pen, I was made acquainted.[7]

CLINTON—And then with Arnold also
You held this correspondence?

ANDRE—Rather to General Arnold transferred it;
With his wife I have not since communicated.
He was pleased as I was; for, when once set
Flowing, the blood of amity is richer
Than that of war. He signed "Gustavus," and
I "John Anderson."
It was then I gave the hint to you.[8]

CLINTON—How did you approach
The danger point of treason?

ANDRE—In chosen words,
I honored him for his great name; pitied
Him, that it was used so ingloriously.
He chided me; but did not forbid.
He came eagerly to await from me
This dish of dainty garniture. I then
Knew I might go on; that he would come to
Me at last—for one is ever tempted
By what he longingly keeps in eye.

CLINTON—A shrewd diplomatist!
Does his wife know this?

ANDRE—She knows no more than
She did introduce us. I urged the great
Advantage which he would win from service
To the crown. Rank, money, honor!
Hinted at the blood that would cease to flow—
The war ended,—and this end gained, to be

---

[7] See Note 2, Scene 5, Act II.

[8] After the correspondence shifted from Mrs. Arnold to her husband and Maj. Andre, then Arnold wrote under the name of "Gustavus," and Andre as "John Anderson."—*Lossing; also Irving.*

His blessing. Suggested Monk, the iron
Prop of Cromwell; but after, the glorious
Friend of England, who brought back Charles and seated
Him upon his throne, ending strife; and was
Then Duke of Albemarle. He rushed forward
To meet my words; then hesitated;
Was indignant; now advanced; fell back;
And at last rushed on again. He is now
Fast-locked with me. I know his price. In good
Time he will come home, beneath the standard
Of Saint George.

CLINTON—You will sail with me to-morrow.
But here we must return in the coming
Spring, to further drive this momentous
Enterprise. Meantime secrecy sit as
Guard upon our tongues.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV. *Headquarters of* WASHINGTON *at Morristown. Time: February, 1780.*

Enter GEN. KNOX *and* GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE.

KNOX—Then Heaven help us, if you cannot!
My men for days have not had an ounce of meat.

GREENE—Your appeal to Heaven is opportune;
For thence help must come, if at all. I can
Do nothing.

KNOX—You are the
Quartermaster-General of this army.

GREENE—This being so, can I,
From official title, cause food to fall
Like manna, upon our heads?
Or conjure clothing with a magician's wand?
Oh, that I could do so!
Then this noble camp should soon be surfeited.

KNOX—It is a great truth you speak,
When you say "noble camp." For nobler men
Never more nobly suffered in a nobler cause.

GREENE—We are as closely locked with snow and ice,
As if companioned with Polar bears.

Winter has set free its chilling forces,
That all the world may know how helpless man
Is, against them. It is a consoling
Thought that, but for his ships Clinton is
Imprisoned also, and the key is lost.
The little that we get, in fuel and
In food, comes from adjoining counties.[1]

KNOX—New Jersey is scarred from head to toe with
Both devouring armies. The common prey!
However, she lives through all, and grandly
Struggles that we shall, in spite of
Sepulchral snows.[2]

GREENE—Her heavy trial is,
The Tory at her gates. The British are
Near, and always ready, to corrupt
Timorous souls; who, yielding, work greater
Injury to prove the sincerity of
Apostacy. The convert outruns in
Zeal the original in faith. This rule,
Just now applied on Southern soil,—following
English conquest there,—carries havoc to
A patient people.

KNOX—Here comes his Excellency.

[*Enter* WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON—[*showing much depression.*] Pardon me,
Gentlemen, if I seem unsteady in
Direction during this trying hour.
At last, I am at that point when it is
So hard—so very hard—to push forward;
Facing a future, dismal, dark, hopeless!

GREENE—Through these wintry rifts, General,
We have lately had one happy gleam—

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[1] From Morristown Washington wrote, in February, 1780: "We have never suffered so much at any period of the war."—*Irving.*

This winter at Morristown was called the "great freeze." The paths of the camp were marked with the blood of barefooted soldiers. Deep snow cut off the surrounding country. [See Note 5, Scene 3.]—*Carrington.*

[2] During the cold winter at Morristown, 1780, the army suffered more than ever before. To the honor of the people of New Jersey, they gave from their exhausted country temporary relief. Sometimes the army was five and six days without bread, and as many days without meat. At one time the soldiers ate every kind of horse food but hay.—*Marshall.*

Until the final stroke at Yorktown, New Jersey became the headquarters of American resistance—the strategic center, and the chief battlefield of the Revolution.—"*Our French Allies in the Revolution,*" *J. C. Pumpelly.*

The fight of John Paul Jones. He exchanged his
Ship for a better one of England's. With
His sword he compelled this barter upon
The seas, where the Briton boasts no rival.

WASHINGTON— [*becoming animated.*] A cheering chapter
In this book of suffering! He was
Inferior in all but daring.
Lashed to the Serapis, he would not yield,
Though every gun upon his Richard was
Dismounted. English cannon lighting the
Way, he climbed to the decks of his fast-flashing
Rival, and, taking her as his, to greedy
Neptune—greedy of its fame—gave up his own.[3]

KNOX—Oh, that he could meet Clinton and his fleet!

WASHINGTON—For them I have prepared another greeting.
In November last, North Carolina's
Troops were ordered South; Virginia's followed
In December. They will strengthen the hands
Of Lincoln, though this dangerously weakens
Us. It had to be! Even facing the fact
That the expiring enlistments will soon
Reduce us to four thousand men.[4]

GREENE—They will re-enlist?

WASHINGTON—I hope so. Yet why?
They serve without pay, food, clothes or fuel.
The world never gave a parallel. They starve,
And freeze, and serve, and all so unmurmuringly.
This cannot go on. Congress must become
A power to govern, to tax, and to provide,
Or all is lost.[5]

GREENE—We men are not alone in suffering.
The women have their share.

WASHINGTON—And may this be ever remembered!
Not a hamlet in the land but sends forth

---

[3] See Note 4, Scene 8.

[4] Washington stripped himself of some of his best troops to aid the commanders in the South. It was a desperate thing to do, with a powerful army of veteran soldiers near by to attack him at any day.

[5] Washington never lost an opportunity to give expression to his belief that safety was in a strong central government, by the union of the States.

Its mite. The women with busy fingers
Are providing. What a page for the yet
Unsharpened pen of history! A great
Nation of States waging war for freedom,
And sustained by charity. And so broad
The mantle of generous gifts, that private
Fortunes are offered—freely offered—under it.[6]

KNOX—Robert Morris is an
Illustrious example of your comment.[7]

WASHINGTON—And many more.
But how much would it lighten hardship,—
Heavy enough when unavoidable,—
If all would willingly comform to
Enforced conditions!

GREENE—I do not understand.

WASHINGTON—The case of Arnold gives much disquiet.
Court-martialed, because Congress ordered it,—
And this ruling power we must obey,—
He was convicted. As directed by
The Court, he has been reprimanded; a
Stingless sentence, and made intentionally
So, regardful of his great qualities.

KNOX—Well?

WASHINGTON—With all the gentle consideration
Shown, Arnold is very angry. Did I not
Esteem him greatly, I could not feel so
Regretfully his displeasure toward
His accusers.[8]

GREENE—This is only an addition to the load;
And where the items are so many that

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[6] A society of women was formed to aid the soldiers. Prominent was Mrs. Esther Reed [wife of Joseph Reed] and Mrs. Sarah Bache [daughter of Benjamin Franklin], of Philadelphia. All classes were interested. They collected money, they gave fairs, they knit and sewed. The soldiers of the camp had occasion frequently to bless the patriotism of the women of America. They furnished the army with thousands and thousands of garments.—*Lossing.*

[7] Robert Morris was the financial hero of the Revolution. One of the wealthiest of the nation, his colossal fortune was wrecked in the service of his country. He was worth about eight millions. He gave, as a single donation, an entire cargo, a shipload of military stores and clothing, to the country.—*Lossing.*

Never did any one more faithfully than Robert Morris discharge various trusts, and with greater dispatch.—"*Liberty Primer,*" *Wm. O. McDowell.*

[8] Arnold was convicted upon the court-martial ordered by Congress, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the General-in-Chief. [See Note 8, Scene 6, Act II.] The reprimand was in reality a eulogy by Washington. Yet Arnold was very indignant.—*Irving.*

Totalize the burden, let this one be
Lost, swallowed up in numbers.
WASHINGTON—It would be wisdom thus to treat it.
Gentlemen, a grave mood has fast hold upon
Me to-day; I am unwilling longer
To be a weight upon better spirits,
And will retire. [WASHINGTON *retires.*]
GREENE—The General is much depressed.
A thing not common.
KNOX—Under the load he carries,
I wonder he does not fall. He alone
Is the stay and prop of our highest hopes.
GREENE—Without him,
The army would not hold together.
KNOX—I did not tell him, for,
Indeed, I could not, that three sentinels
Were this morning found frozen and dead!
Each man standing on his path.
GREENE—Why, who was he,
Who wrote of the Roman soldier, pacing
His beat while Vesuvius was in anger,
Two thousand years ago? The ashes fell
Around him, but his measured tread ceased not,
Till covering lava became his grave.
The revolving centuries have continuously
Answered to his name, upon the roll of the
Immortals, "Died at the post of duty."
KNOX—And every sentinel
Who perished yester-night, is challenger
For this honor of that ancient Roman.
The cycling years, through the coming ages,
With like renown shall say for them,
"Died at the post of duty."[9]

[*All retire.*]

[9] It was a frequent occurrence to find citizens, soldiers, and sentinels frozen to death.—*Lossing.*

SCENE V. *Room of* COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Minister of* KING LOUIS XVI., *in Royal Palace at Versailles, France. Time: March, 1780.*

Enter VERGENNES *and* LAFAYETTE.[1]

LAFAYETTE—I assure you, Count, you
Never served a grander purpose than in this.
I have summered and wintered with these
Noble men. The fate of all mankind
Is linked with their success or failure.
VERGENNES—That my pulse runs with yours,
Is proven by my works. To gain helpful
Gifts, I have pushed the King and France,—and
Europe, too,—as far as I have dared; all this
In kindness to your adopted heroes.
LAFAYETTE—And posterity,—
Dividing its inheritance of freedom,
Which in division grows, on and on till
All States are blessed,—shall thunder its gratitude
To the great Minister of France, the
Count de Vergennes.[2]
VERGENNES—Perhaps so.
No matter with what motives I began,
I am now heart-bound to America,
In her furious and unequal combat.
LAFAYETTE—I thank you in the name of Washington
And his compatriots. I carry back
To them—for I shall soon return—the
Inspiring news that France comes to their side
With millions of money, a fleet of ships,
And twelve thousand soldiers. Is that the
Benefaction to be reported?
VERGENNES—You have correctly stated.
LAFAYETTE—And Rochambeau commander. Neglecting
Nothing—love-sharpened wit the guide—to prevent
A conflict of authority, (for

[1] Lafayette, having returned to Paris [see Scene 6, Act II], was successful in obtaining (with the help of Laurens and others) from France a grant of money and soldiers.—*Lossing.*

[2] Mankind never fails to do homage to the statesman who determines on measures which involve the welfare of empires. This glory is particularly due to Count de Vergennes, who conduced to the treaties of friendship with America and aided in many other ways.—*Ramsay.*

LAFAYETTE. And posterity,—
Dividing its inheritance of freedom,
Which in division grows, on and on till
All States are blessed,—shall thunder its gratitude
To the great Minister of France, the
Count de Vergennes.

Confusion will ruin the shrewdest plans),
Washington, as if a Marshal of France,
Ranks all, when this contingent reaches the
Contending colonies.[3]

VERGENNES—Again you rightly speak.

LAFAYETTE—In good time,
And opportunely, comes our Franklin.

[*Enter* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.]

VERGENNES—You see, Doctor, that
Still I am engaged plowing in your fields.

FRANKLIN—May you have much company!

VERGENNES—With Spain assisting,
We are not lonesome.[4]

FRANKLIN—England still shakes a haughty head,
More arrogant from forceful opposition.

LAFAYETTE—Be careful, lest
The fall from high reaching may break her neck!

[*All laugh.*]

VERGENNES—She has felt that fall,
Though not these consequences.

FRANKLIN—I rejoice at the one; and lament
The other. Good Count, what means your riddle?

VERGENNES—Upon the ocean, from compulsion,
She flies a lower flag. For a century,
It has been the tradition, if not the law
In treaties written, that a neutral flag
Guarded a neutral ship. Within the year
England has disregarded this, and
Insolently trampled it—because she
Dared to, from her maritime supremacy.
Argosies from the Netherlands—all Europe
Holds not a more thrifty State—have been by
British arrogance stopped and plundered.
The very waves which witnessed such wrong, would
Rise in high revolt if they were self-controlling.
Other nations were asked by us to join in
Common protest.

---

[3] The French Cabinet, responsive to the proposition of Lafayette [see Note 1], Vergennes favoring it, consented to give the United States twelve thousand men, a fleet of ships, and money. Rochambeau was to command the troops, and Admiral de Ternay the fleet; Washington was to rule all in America. This fleet, with six thousand troops, reached Newport July 10, 1780.

[4] Spain was now at war with England. See Note 1, Scene 1.

FRANKLIN—For this equity on the world's highway,
It was a request most reasonable.
VERGENNES—Great Frederick, without a commerce
Of importance, was not interested;
Austria, thought only of self-interest, and
This was not afloat. Great Catherine, between
The powers was arbiter, if she would.
Though kindly spoken in her words to us,
Words, not framed as a command, worked nothing.
Panin,—shrewd Minister of the Empress,—
To England's request for Russia to league
With her in public trespass, returned a
Blunt refusal. So neither side did woo
Catherine to their liking.
FRANKLIN—In September last
Paul Jones carried his prizes—a British
Man-of-war and other sail—into the
Texal. England demanded a surrender,
And that Jones be treated as a pirate.
The Netherlands were dumb to this assurance.
VERGENNES—That did not mend matters;
But widened the breach—already growing—
Between England and our dike-protected
Neighbors. An incident, unforeseen, at
Last overtopped diplomacy. Spain seized
A Russian ship. It was enough!
Catherine raged, till all bent before her wrath;
And within a month has given her decree—
In which others must unite;—that henceforth
A neutral flag makes the ship beneath it free.
LAFAYETTE—It is an event which,—like a mile-post
On a road,—marks the progress of mankind.
VERGENNES—All the world will be richer for this.
England is humbled; while Catherine has built
For herself a monument.[5] And now to
The King for confirmation of the aid
You have thanked me for.

[*All retire.*]

[5] See Note 5, Scene 1.

SCENE VI. *Wood near Camden, South Carolina. Time: August 16, 1780; early morning.*

Enter CAPT. MOULTRIE, CAPT. CARROLL, GEN. DE KALB, *and soldiers.*

MOULTRIE—[*much excited.*] We are ordered
To await the General here? Were it not
That I bear a name made famous in this State,
By one whose blood is vein-encased with mine,
I should retire from this artless management.[1]
CARROLL—General Moultrie, your much honored relative,
Is a name to prick you to loftier feeling
Than discontent.
And, like mine, it grew upon Southern soil.
DE KALB—And both of you from that soil,
Will yet exact hearty commendation.[2]
MOULTRIE—Oh, for some panacea against impatience!
Which, like an ailment usurping health, strangles
Subordination. I cannot help it.
It worries me to be so hedged with stupidity.[3]
CARROLL—Of what do you complain?
MOULTRIE—Have I the time
To recount the long indictment, before
We feel again the fast preparing foe?
Shall I review more than a year of blunders?
Not two hours ago—upon this spot—the
Head of our line, in blind ignorance of
The situation, struck the British. We
Were hurled back and Porterfield is slain. We
Stand now at bay, waiting the second blow.
This is Camden, and August the sixteenth—
Bennington's third anniversary;—we have
Here no Stark, to insure a like celebrity.[4]

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[1] Gen. William Moultrie was one of the distinguished generals of South Carolina.

[2] The name of Carroll was famous in Maryland, where lived Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

[3] The complaint here is of Gen. Gates. Congress, June 13, 1780, sent Gates South to command; Washington wanted Greene.—*Irving.*

[4] August 16, 1780, Gates at Camden [sometimes called Saunder's Creek] was surprised at two o'clock in the morning, to run foul of a British force. Both sides were equally surprised. An attack was made, but in this opening assault neither had an advantage, and both withdrew temporarily.—*Irving.*

CARROLL—The past, as the present, you arraign.
The first, the second, fathers.
MOULTRIE—In the South, all has gone wrong
Since first the King launched here his thunderbolts.
Savannah was lost because the enemy
Came where least expected. That was twenty
Months ago. Savannah was not regained,
Because the link of victory was lost
While golden moments ran—wasted upon
Preparation.[5] For a year—like a lion
Whose claws have been clipped—the South lay helpless.
Then came Charleston.
DE KALB—There, it was a
Question of superior artillery.
Clinton sailing from New York,—thanks for ocean
Storms,—January of the present year
Had nearly run, before Southern shores gave
Him unwelcome greeting. Lord Rawdon followed
Clinton with three thousand; and Cornwallis
Later still, leading an equal number.
Cooped up in Charleston, confronting such an
Army, Lincoln was defenseless.[6]
MOULTRIE—You track me to my conclusions,
Like a hunter upon the scent. Why did
Lincoln wait for the barren honors of
Capitulation? Had Washington been
There, that army of seven thousand had
Not remained within a city circled
Prison, to be surrendered in May,—
Without the priming of a gun in protest,—
But with us here, this August, would be ready
To repel invasion.
The loss of Lincoln's army! It was this

[5] In the efforts to recapture Savannah [made by D'Estaing and Lincoln] a delay in preparation enabled the British to bring up reinforcements which saved the day.—*Carrington.*

[6] In the attack on Charleston, Clinton had drawn heavy reinforcements from New York. Lord Rawdon, in March, 1780, came to him with three thousand, and Cornwallis later with as many more. He took with him, on Christmas Day, 1779, eighty-five hundred. [See Note 1, Scene 3.] To this force Lincoln surrendered Charleston and an army of seven thousand, May 12, 1780.—*Frost: also Bancroft.*

To avoid a wanton waste of life, Lincoln surrendered his whole army as prisoners of war.—*Fiske.*

Disaster which brought me from the North,
Though much needed there.
CARROLL—And hosts of others, too.
Who wear swords which seek the gravest dangers.
MOULTRIE—And since that heavy time,
Surcharged with these misfortunes, Georgia and
Also our Carolina have been as
Convicts paying penalties. For weeks, our
Opposition ceased; and,—as beasts of prey
Set free,—Clinton and his instruments,
Throughout these States, have worked their evil will.
Tarleton at Waxhaw gave no quarter to
The retreating, but overtaken, Buford;
And the cruel murders there, upon
Surrendered men, call tears of pity into
Anger-glistening eyes. In all directions
Went marauding parties forth, charged to pillage,
Burn and slay. The wicked Tamerlane was
A saint of mercy beside these men. This
Colonel Tarleton has Lord Rawdon as his
Dual in these fearful crimes.[7]
DE KALB—As we have learned,
Clinton overawed the people with
Proclamations as bitter as his sword.
MOULTRIE—Cursed be the hand which wrote them!
Prisoners on parole were ordered to fall
Into British ranks, or be tried for treason.
What say you to this, for keeping the pledge
Of treaty, signed and sealed!
CARROLL—Clinton is no longer here; in June
He turned northward, leaving Cornwallis in
Full command, with seven thousand veterans.
MOULTRIE—And to those veterans,
This same Cornwallis proposes to add
Regiments of disaffected Carolinians.
Can he do it?[8]

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[7] After the fall of Charleston, the condition of the South was more desperate than before. [See Note 9, Scene 2.] Rawdon and Tarleton carried fire and sword in all directions. "Tarleton quarters," a name then given in dishonor of this officer, has remained [to this date, 1899, as a saying] in the Carolinas.—*Frost.*

Tarleton attacked Buford at Waxhaw, May 29, 1780, and defeating him, no quarters were given. One hundred and thirteen out of two hundred were murdered on the spot.—*Hildreth.*

[8] Clinton considered the South reduced. He issued proclamations, and ordered

DE KALB—Men in straits,
With their fears and their families advising,
Will do much excusable.
MOULTRIE—In all the books of torture,
I tell you, sir, there is no excuse for this.
I will give no quarter to a Tory.
I have met them! Yes, at Wyoming, I
Met them, and know their quality.[9]
CARROLL—Cornwallis issues to the people
Commissions for native regiments.
Lord Rawdon, and those of equal rank,
Do recruiting service. A census
Is taken to compel enlistments.
To refuse is death.
DE KALB—And thousands do enlist—
Though often from this compulsion.
MOULTRIE—Would that all such wretches
Had a single head, and this hand and sword
Could reach it! So many of our people
Are at the North, that the South is a naked
Waste in defensive population.
DE KALB—Washington has done
What he could in remedy. I am here by
His command, with the troops of Maryland
And Delaware. And other Southern sons
Stand with us now, awaiting expectant
Battle. It was a long and tedious march;
But in spite of all the buffeting,
I am here in time.
MOULTRIE—A kingdom for more such men
As Marion and Sumter! Like avenging
Angels, charged with wrath divine, they have dropped
To earth from the arches of our ever-blooming
Bowers. We know no other origin;—
Nor of their coming—till they come. They sting
The invader with a deadly venom.

---

prisoners on parole to join the British ranks or suffer the penalty of treason. Thousands of Tories fled to him. When Clinton returned to New York in June, Cornwallis, left in command in the South, followed Clinton's example; and he reported to London that all resistance was ended in Georgia and South Carolina; and that he would proceed to subdue North Carolina.—*Bancroft.*

[9] See Scene 2, Act II.

The stiff-necked Cornwallis, Tarleton and
Rawdon hug closer to their camps, when
The warning drums of Marion
Beat on the banks of the great Pedee.
Sumter is fit companion.

CARROLL—Their deeds push quickest blood
To still more rapid flow. They are here, and
There, and everywhere,—and each spot is famous
After they have gone. That I were with them!

MOULTRIE—At Rocky Mount! Aye! at Hanging Rock,
Only ten days ago, Sumter pricked the
Swelling bubble of English arrogance.[10]
Superior British force shrinks before
Superior daring, when Marion
And Sumter are in the saddle. Neither
Is with us now. Their absence may be a
Battle lost.

CARROLL—The dashing rangers are not idle.
Sumter goes to seize supplies; and Marion
Is gone, I know not where; but this I do
Know, that upon whatever mossy bank he
Sleeps this night, there is the bed of Mars.

MOULTRIE—My confidence turns from this man Gates.
And if it did not, I should feel more at ease.

CARROLL—He is sent here by Congress.
Washington wanted Greene; but Congress
Would not have it.

MOULTRIE—Did he not tell me,
Only yesterday, with head stretched high in air,
That he was independent; was his own
Commander; Washington no more to him
Than a Tartar upon the Caspian?

DE KALB—He informed me, an hour ago,
That upon this field this morning, he would
Marshal seven thousand men.

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[10] The patriots now rallied around Sumter, and after him around Marion, who both came suddenly into activity as partisan warriors. They were unprovided, but they found supplies in the camps of the enemy. These equipped themselves from the dead whom they slew in battle. They were volunteer forces suddenly aroused. July 30, Sumter assailed Rocky Mount, and, though not successful, the boldness of the attack rallied the patriots to his side. At Hanging Rock, on August 6, the British lost two for one. Sumter and Marion were omnipresent.—*Bancroft.*

MOULTRIE—And I say in answer to this that—like
A chattering ape, whose jargon is only noise—
There is no sense in what he tells you.
He has not three thousand. The surprise
This morning,—from which we now are bleeding,—
Together with such silly stuff as that you.
Report, is what sickens me. Hope feeds poorly,
When ignorant egotism taints every dish.[11]

CARROLL—Here comes General Gates.

[*Enter* GEN. GATES, *with aids and soldiers.*]

GATES—I thank you, gentlemen,
That you have kept this spot; and that here so
Readily I find you. The flurry of
This morning was the bite of the insect,
Which turned us in our sleep, but wasted not
Our power to kill, when seen with wakeful eyes.
Thus we have arranged: De Kalb, the right of
The line will be your care; Caswell in the
Center with North Carolina stalwarts; and
Stevens to lead his Virginians on the left.
The rear will be my place. At once away.
To form this line before the break of day!

[*All retire.*]

[*Enter* CORNWALLIS, LORD RAWDON, COL. TARLETON, MAJ. MONCRIEF, CAPT. LOFTUS, *Aids and Soldiers.*

CORNWALLIS—From Charleston coming,
I am but two days with you. I have seen
Enough, Lord Rawdon, to approve your work.
It was well that you called in your scattered
Forces and centered here.[12]

RAWDON—Colonel Tarleton gave up
His conquering march upon the Black, and
Turned this way. He left a people, by him
Severely scourged for their disloyalty.

CORNWALLIS—These States have been reduced
To subjugation simply by the terror
Of our coming.

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[11] See Notes 3 and 4.
Gen. Gates did not know the force under him. He claimed to have seven thousand, when he had no more than three.—*Carrington; also Bancroft.*

[12] Lord Rawdon gathered all his forces when he saw a battle was impending. Cornwallis by a rapid march had just come from Charleston to take command. Gates was routed utterly.—*Frost; also Lossing.*

TARLETON—I find it warfare most agreeable.
No organized force resisting—leisurely
To advance, to order, to terrorize,
And to punish as we please.
CORNWALLIS—Captain Loftus, what report? You have
Played the scout, I hope to some good purpose?
LOFTUS—This morning's collision,
Was a surprise to them as to ourselves.
They are demoralized by our pounding.
Their fleeing cavalry spread panic as they ran.
I find them in force about three thousand;
Not more. One Gates is the General commanding.
On either wing they are assailable.
MONCRIEF—Gates! why he is the man
Who took from Burgoyne his sword!
CORNWALLIS—The same! This is good news,
For now he will clip his fame; and frost-nip
His laurels, too, giving them no longer
Time for growing. His wings are exposed,
You say; not so ours. A swamp upon either
Side protects us, as though high battlements.[13]
[*A gun is heard in distance.*]
Hear you that? It is the opening call!
Rawdon, Tarleton, and the rest, see to it,
That the honors won you are worthy yet to wear.
Each to his place!
With muscles strong for England and her King!
[*All retire.*]

[*Enter a company of English soldiers, fighting with the bayonet, and falling back sullenly before the bayonets of a company of Americans.* LORD RAWDON *and* COL. TARLETON *are with the British, and each engages in a sword combat, one with* CAPT. MOULTRIE *and one with* CAPT. CARROLL, *who are with the Americans.*[14]]
[*All retire fighting.*]

[*Re-enter* CAPT. MOULTRIE, *in great excitement.*]

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[13] The position taken by Gates was unfortunate. High ground on either side invited an easy attack upon his wings. Cornwallis on either side was protected by swampy ground.—*Carrington.*

[14] Hand to hand sword combats were common in the Revolution. At Guilford Court House, Col. Stuart of the enemy and Capt. John Smith of the Continentals

MOULTRIE—Three Rawdons have I slain to-day already,
When the fourth appears and proclaims himself
The true one; and him I lost! This monster
Multiplies,—hydra-headed,—by decapitation.
I'll seek him again, before the day is done!
[*Retires.*]

[*Enter, (from side of the stage where all the last troops retired) a company of American soldiers, retreating rapidly, before a company of pursuing English, still fighting with the bayonet.*
[*All retire fighting.*]

[*Enter* MOULTRIE *and* CARROLL, *from opposite sides, with drawn swords.*]

CARROLL—Moultrie, you are yet alive,
And thanks for that! How goes the battle?
I fear the worst has come.
MOULTRIE—Badly! Badly!
Oh, that I could die to change it! All is lost!
The Virginians fled when sounded the opening
Gun. Caswell followed with all his line.
In quickly getting off Gates led them all;—
And so far as I know is still upon the wing.[15]
De Kalb,—giant in this gathering of pygmies,—
With the men of Maryland and Delaware
By his side, as firmly rooted as the
Magnolias which proudly bent above them,—
Bore the entire brunt until he fell,
Injured mortally.
CARROLL—De Kalb killed?
MOULTRIE—His horse was shot under him.
Severely wounded, he defied the yawning
Grave, for his work was not yet done. On foot,
Inch by inch, he pushed the infamous Rawdon
Back, all the while coloring the greensward red,

---

so engaged. They singled each other out in the battle, and their swords were crossed with desperate fury. Stuart's thrust was parried by the American, who drove the edge of his heavy saber through the head of his enemy, cleaving him to the very spine.—"*Romance of the Revolution.*"

[15] Gates, leaving the army still engaged, rode away in all haste. He rode on to Charlotte and then to Hillsborough, riding altogether more than two hundred miles; and running so far and so fast that he knew nothing of the condition of army.—*Bancroft.*

As he advanced. Cornwallis then came upon
Him; and within a forest of uplifted
And hacking blades, this untamed lion fell.[16]
[*The roar of battle is heard in the distance.*]
Now to save ourselves, for some better day.
[*All retire.*]

[*Enter* CORNWALLIS, RAWDON, TARLETON, MONCRIEF *and* LOFTUS, *with cheering soldiers, flaunting banners, and beating drums.*]

CORNWALLIS—The conqueror of John Burgoyne—
Debtor to his heels, though not his head—has
Eluded our grasp. With easy step we may now
March on even to the Delaware.
The South is here subdued. When will this people
Learn that England is invincible?
Upon their pallid hearts, to-day we have
This lesson written.
Now to camp and our morning meal.
[*Soldiers cheer, drums beat, and flags wave.*]
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VII. *A lawn before headquarters of* WASHINGTON *at Morristown. Time: September 1, 1780.*

Enter WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, CAPT. CARROLL, *aids and soldiers.*

WASHINGTON—This is distressing news you bring.
The battle lost,—our army dispersed,—
And Gates a fugitive.
CARROLL—I came from the fatal field,
Where these eyes—tear-dried from grief—saw that which
I report. Gates led the retreat: it is

[16] The only fighting that may be called a battle, was by the Marylanders and the Delaware men under Col. Gist and De Kalb.—*Carrington.*

The division of DeKalb continued long in action, and never did troops show greater courage than these men of Maryland and Delaware. His horse killed, DeKalb continued to fight on foot. In the last charge he drove Rawdon before him, when Cornwallis came up, and DeKalb fell disabled by many sword wounds.—*Bancroft.*

Long after the battle was lost the gigantic form of DeKalb, unhorsed and on foot, was seen fighting till he fell with eleven wounds.—*Fiske.*

More true to say the flight. And when last heard
From, he was at Charlotte,—
Two hundred miles away.

LAFAYETTE—[*with indignation.*] And this is the man,
Your Excellency, with whom the
Conspirators at Valley Forge
Would have supplanted you!

WASHINGTON—No more of that, dear Marquis;
We will not pinch again the limb that's healed,
And renew irritation.

CARROLL—The worst remains untold.
A battle lost may be offset with a
Battle gained;—and so, conditions again
Have equal poise. But Cornwallis,—following
The road horror-marked by Rawdon and by
Tarleton,—rages through my stricken land with
More than heathen cruelty. Since the fall
Of Savannah, terror of what might happen
Has been each day mollified with hopeful
Salutations to the morning sun.
But now, a threatening cloud all day long,
Shadows the South with fear.

LAFAYETTE—What deeds
Of heathenism load your harsh report?

CARROLL—All who will not bear arms for the King,
Are seized as malefactors. Prisons are
Filled with our people, and thousands before
Their allotted time have knocked at Heaven's gate,
Because of close confinement and malignant
Fevers. Everywhere property is confiscated
And life made the jest of cruel agents.
Assassination—an all-devouring fiend—
Both by day and night, holds before seared and
Shrinking eyes its ever-dripping knife.[1]

WASHINGTON—[*much agitated.*] Why is it,
That I am made the recipient of
So much misery; poured steadily upon
An aching brain until it becomes an
Overstrained reservoir of woe: the ear

[1] See Note 9 Scene 2, and Note 7, Scene 6.

Drinking an excess of sorrow, which
The hand is helpless to relieve!
LAFAYETTE—Your excellency forgets
That the power to punish these wrongs is
Here from France,—already gathered on
Eastern shores. The ear—now so overburdened—
Will prompt the hand to heavier punishment
When the hour for requital strikes.
WASHINGTON—You reprove,
Justly reprove me, Marquis!
And I come round again to the stern work
Before us. Yet the heart, with pity bursting,
Will throb its sway, at times. The burden is
So great, which is carried in tribute
To our cause.
LAFAYETTE—True! True! In this
Home of mortal men, no boon was ever
Yet vouchsafed without the price of suffering.
Sweetest happiness from worst reverses springs.
WASHINGTON—[*with animation.*] Indeed, a weary life
Confirms you. Barring the road to Paradise
Stands the heavy cross. And cheerfully will
We bear ours still, that good may come: by
Greatest example we are so taught to do.
CARROLL—Marion and Sumter are two new stars
Which shine in the Southern constellation.
They blaze malignant over British power.
'Tis true, that Sumter, in ignorance of
The fate of Gates, three days after, at
Fishing Creek, suffered from Tarleton's blade. But,
Escaping, Sumter will redeem this loss.
Since I went South much has happened here?
WASHINGTON—Nothing so stirring
As upon the soil you came from. To me
The sorest trial came last May, when troops
Of the Connecticut line rose in mutiny
For want of food. They were blameless, for
Starving men are not responsible. This
Trouble passed. In June Knyphausen, catching
The infection from the South that dissolution
Was upon us, essayed his hand in

New Jersey, before our camp.
He took nothing for his trouble.
LAFAYETTE—He was glad to get home again,
Though empty-handed.
WASHINGTON—Moving from New York
With six thousand,—I then had less than
Four thousand effective men,—he threatened
A general engagement. Maxwell, Dayton,
And others were stubborn combatants,
Resisting him until, at Springfield, both
Sides prepared for final issue. The first
Attack repelled with loss,—fifty Hessians
Killed,—Knyphausen turned for his New York home,
While we pursued, galling him severely.
Clinton,—just then returned from his Southern
Mission,—joined his retreating troops. Another
Effort—on June twenty-third—ended as the first.
Greene was prepared to humiliate the
Assailant if he ventured a general
Action;—which he would not. In spite—for failure—
Clinton burned Springfield as he left, giving
Up—which proved to be from heavy loss to
Him—an ill-starred expedition.[2]
CARROLL—He will not repeat this venture?
Surely, not till a new installment
Of purchased Hessians comes?
WASHINGTON—I forecast the future,
And confidence comes home again.
This Southern darkness the glorious sun
Of France dispels. High risen upon our
Troubles, the morning ice will melt in
The glowing noon.
LAFAYETTE—Again, the question to your Excellency:
When will you visit Rochambeau and his
Six thousand soldiers,—just one-half the force

[2] In June, 1780, Knyphausen, with a force six thousand strong, threatened Washington's camp at Morristown, and was repulsed. Clinton had just returned from Charleston, and came to the aid of his subordinate. He, too, was repulsed. Upon his retreat Clinton set fire to Springfield. This was done before the eyes of American soldiers, which so excited their fury that they pursued the retreating column and inflicted heavy losses.—*Von Eelking.*

England continued to purchase German levies all through the war. [See Part I, Act II, Scene 2.] Hesse Cassel furnished the largest number in each year.

Which France now provides,—who, since July, with
Admiral Ternay and his fleet, have awaited
You at Newport?[3]

WASHINGTON—Matters here disposed of,—
I know of no more dutiable service.
Arnold has been made master of West Point,
After efforts persistently put forth
By him to gain this end. Greene watches from
This post; and more than all, that makes for
Present safety here, Clinton has been taught not
To venture from his water-encompassed cage.
September is at hand. In its early days
I will join Rochambeau at Hartford:
And your good company, with that of
Colonel Hamilton, will enrich the
Pleasure of the mission.

LAFAYETTE—This is as I would have it.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE VIII. *City of New York. Grand ballroom in the Kip mansion.*[1] *Time: September 19, 1780; evening. The sound of music and revelry is heard from the room adjoining.*

Enter from the dinner MAJ. MONCRIEF CAPT. LOFTUS, *and* MAJ. ANDRE.

MONCRIEF—I bow to the coming man.

[*Bows to* ANDRE.]

Fortune never tires of the pleasure
Of crowning her favorite.

LOFTUS—And here he is!

[*In friendly familiarity with* ANDRE.]

Andre, your star went out when you were born,
That others should not share your luck.

ANDRE—[*with great depression of feeling.*]

You know not what you say!
And sing because your tongues
Are loosened with good wine.

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[3] The fleet and army of France had arrived in Newport in July. [See Note 3, Scene 5.] Washington visited Rochambeau while Arnold planned his treason.

[1] The "Kip Mansion" stood, in 1780, at what is now [1899] the corner of Second Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street. It was built in 1655, and encompassed with pleasant trees.—"*History of New York City,*" *Wm. L. Stone.*

MONCRIEF—And our wits sharpened,
In honor of John Andre; the favored
Guest, for whom all here are joined in this
Glorious carousal.
LOFTUS—We are bidden here, distinctly,
To worship the rising sun. So ran the
Order for attendance: "Major Williams,
At the Kip mansion, will entertain
General Clinton and his staff, in special
Compliment to Major John Andre, who
Departs to-morrow on a secret
Expedition. You are expected."
Say, Moncrief, have I fairly given the
Command, which brings good company in high
Festivity to-night?
MONCRIEF—Substantially correct.
The importance of this expedition—
Military prudence the plans concealing—
Is embodied in the toast of our noble
General:
"Fill your glasses to the brim and drink with me;
He who leaves us in the morning as plain
John Andre, will come back to us Sir John."
We filled and drank; and following both,
Roared our approving pleasure, in which fair
Women joined. Man! your deserts fall far short
Of this brimming cup of joy, since you carry
Shining honors so moodily.
ANDRE—Good friends,—for such you are,
Proven and tried and housed within my heart,—
Pardon grant, if, instead of calling upon
Gratitude to aid me, I seem to push
Indifference forth to gather with her
Chilling hands, these offered favors.
You are both just returned from fields of safe
Adventure. In the South, success threw
Open wide her gates for your advance.
My ordeal I am yet to pass; and all
Is so uncertain!
LOFTUS—Dear son of happy stars,
Summon confidence to disarm mistrust;
Sir Henry would not send his favorite forth

To his undoing. Here he comes to say so.

[*Enter from the dinner* SIR HENRY CLINTON, *a staff of officers in brilliant uniform, and ladies in costume, followed by musicians playing, who go to their place.*]

MONCRIEF—At yonder board,
The song swelling responsive to the toast,
Each of us was drafted into service;—
Excepting him, who of us all, has here
Most cause to sing.
'Tis now the hour for the nightingale.
Before the dance, a song from our guest.

[*All exclaim: "A song! A Song! A song from* MAJOR ANDRE!"]

ANDRE—[*still under great depression.*]
I pray you pardon me;
I cannot sing to-night.
At some other time hold me your debtor.

[*All repeat: "A song! A song! A song from* MAJOR ANDRE!"]

CLINTON—[*looking toward* ANDRE.]
Had I my youth again,
And youth's endowment of heavenly melody,
I would not refuse to sing
At such a time as this.

ANDRE—[*with forced animation.*]
The wish of this good company
Shall be the law. I will sing.

[ANDRE *sings and the music assists.*][2]

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business—'tis to die?

---

[2] In 1780, Col. Williams, of the Eightieth Royal Regiment, occupied the "Kip Mansion." Here, on the evening of the 19th of September, he gave a dinner to Sir Henry Clinton and his staff as a parting compliment to Andre. At the table Sir Henry Clinton announced the departure of Andre the next morning [it was to meet Arnold] on a secret and most important expedition, and added: "Plain John Andre will come back Sir John Andre." Mrs. Gen. Riedesel was one of the guests (with a gay party of ladies), who bade Andre farewell. Andre was much depressed, and took but little part in the merriment about him. When in turn it came for him to sing, he gave the favorite military song attributed to Wolfe, who sang it on the eve of the battle of Quebec, in which he died. [The words of the song are as in the text.]—"*History of New York City*," *William L. Stone.*

For should the next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain.
(*Refrain*)—Then, why, soldiers, why, etc., etc.

But should we remain?
A bottle and landlady
Makes all well again.
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpet sounds—
The colors they are flying, boys.
(*Refrain*)—Then, why, soldiers, why, etc., etc.

[*All applaud, and the company take places for the dance.*]

MONCRIEF—[*to* GEN. CLINTON.]
Were I superstitious,
That song would worry me.
CLINTON—And why so?
It was a good song, and bravely sung.
MONCRIEF—It was the favorite song of Wolfe;
And sung by him in such a company
As this, the night before Quebec.
CLINTON—[*in alarm.*] Say you so?
You should not have told me this.
It is no time to jar the strings of
Grandest expectations. To your place!
To your place, sir, in the dance!
[MONCRIEF, *astonished at* CLINTON'S *vehemence, goes to his place for the dance.*]
[*Aside.*] This suggestion, like a sudden and
Uncanny ghost, shakes my entire frame.
LOFTUS—[*to* GEN. CLINTON.] A weird thought—
From the churchyard born, and wandering forth
At this late hour to frighten timid men—
Comes into my brain, and all this night
Has held its lodgment there.
CLINTON—And with what new ingredient
Would you season our feast?
LOFTUS—It is just four years ago this day, when
Our people seized the young Continental,
Nathan Hale.

CLINTON—[*staggering and showing much emotion.*]
And his lamp of life
Extinguished three days thereafter.
LOFTUS—On the third day following, at daybreak,
He was executed as a spy.
CLINTON—The music waits!
To your place, sir, upon the floor!
[LOFTUS, *astonished at* CLINTON'S *vehemence, goes to his place for the dance.*]
[*Aside.*] Do the spirits from the unseen world,
In kindly office, force upon me these
Harrowing reminders, pregnant with meaning?
[CLINTON *approaches* ANDRE.]
Major Andre, no ear but yours must hear
What I now say!
[*They draw apart to themselves.*]
You are much depressed to-night?
I am moved, noticing this.
ANDRE—It is nothing which should discomfort you,
And grieved I am it does so.
The heavy weight that presses here
[*touching his heart.*]
Comes, I know not whence nor why.
I could as well life this island from its
Rocky bed, as bid this burden off.
CLINTON—You know—I need not tell you so,
For you long have known—I am here your friend,
As well as your commander; and would not
Even urge you upon improper paths.
The chosen road, which leads you to-morrow
To General Arnold, conducts also to
Glory, for your King and you,—enwrapping
Me with both. Cornwallis, in his southern tramp
Against unarmed peasants, winning golden
Opinions for his successes, hangs over
Me in fame, like a cloud that covers some
Aspiring hill. This deed of ours blows that
Cloud away![3] Yet, all these high hopes shall
Shrivel to nothingness, and Arnold rot

[3] The rivalry between Clinton and Cornwallis was a steady growth since Cornwallis went South. The Ministry and King were with Cornwallis.—*Bancroft.*

In his rebellion, if you shrink from
Our enterprise.
ANDRE—It were cowardly,
To be turned by shadows of the brain,
From actions so momentous.
CLINTON—Brave boy!
Then you willingly advance,
As we have planned?
ANDRE—[*humbly bowing.*] I serve.[4]
CLINTON—A princely motto.
And uttered like a prince!
[*Placing his hands on* ANDRE'S *head.*]
And with it go a father's benediction.
[*Aloud.*] On with the dance!
And bubbling joy drown every care!
[CLINTON *and* ANDRE *take their places in the dance. The music plays. They dance.*]
[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *Room in the house of* JOSHUA HETH SMITH, *near Haverstraw on the Hudson. Time: September 22, 1780: before daylight. Room dark, with short candle dimly burning. Pen, ink, and paper on the table. Chairs in the room.*

Enter BENEDICT ARNOLD *and* MAJ. ANDRE.]

ARNOLD—[*startled.*] What noise was that?
ANDRE—I heard nothing.
ARNOLD—I heard it, and saw it, too;—
Sweep round us as we entered.
It was a bat;
The vampire, whose gorge is human blood!
Foul dragon of the night! it fitly joins
Our meeting here, as third conspirator.
ANDRE—So far, good angels favor our plans.
ARNOLD—Say devils, sir!
Angels would fan with gentle wings
The hissing fires of hell,
Rather than guard us here!
[*Shows much emotion.*]

---

[4] "Ich dien" ("I serve"). The motto of the Prince of Wales.

ANDRE—I fear that you repent the sowing
From which present intent has grown.
ARNOLD—[*reanimated.*] No! No!
I will not look back! I have gone so far,
That on either hand the clammy-cold of
Treason touches like a corpse. To business,
Then; quickly to business; and, soul-absorbing,
Calculating gain stifle sentiment!
When left you the city?
ANDRE—Following your letter to Sir Henry,
I came up the Hudson two days ago,
On the Vulture. This night, under your
Protection leaving the vessel, I found
You on dry land.
ARNOLD—Found me in the bushes!
Hiding there like a convict self-condemned,
Awaiting a co-malefactor.[1]
ANDRE—[*excitedly.*] General, this is not just!
ARNOLD—We are alone; but to the ear of each
Our hearts cry out "Malefactors!"
In such an hour as this, to confess our
Guilt keeps honesty alive, though but
A feeble counter to culprit poison.
From the covert bush, with extra saddle
Provided, we galloped here to complete
Our villainy. Begin!

[ANDRE *hesitates.*]

Sir! I say begin! What would ycu with me?
ANDRE—Your tones, most impetuous,
Carry confusion to a simple agent,
Who is here at your request, not his.

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[1] Andre came up the river on the Vulture on Wednesday, September 20. On the night of Thursday, the 21st, he joined Arnold on shore at midnight, near Haverstraw. Arnold was waiting for him with saddled horses, and after some parley they rode to the house [within the American lines] of Joshua Heth Smith. —*Ridpath.*

While it was yet dark, Arnold and Andre rode from the thicket to Smith's house. [There negotiations were completed.]—*Lossing.*

After meeting Arnold they rode to Smith's house at daybreak. [Here they must have completed negotiations, for Arnold left Andre at ten o'clock that morning.]—*Irving.*

Andre came on shore at midnight, met Arnold in secret, and, needing more time, went to the house of Smith and there concluded the corrupt agreement, receiving from Arnold the papers to enable Clinton to take West Point.—*Arnold.*

It was at Arnold's request that Andre met him to settle details.—*Arnold.*

Your will, General Arnold, when declared,
Shall be obeyed, if possible.

ARNOLD—I am here to sell myself and country?
And you are here to buy!

ANDRE—And for authority to do
What you state so ruggedly, I stand upon
Credentials as unshakable as the
British State.

[*Produces papers, which* ARNOLD *inspects.*]

ARNOLD—The voice of Sir Henry Clinton
Falls from your tongue as his: and
Back of both speaks Lord Germain in sanction.
Again, I say, quickly to business!
Lest I come back to honest life again,
And in destructive wrath forswear
The tempter and the temptation.[2]

ANDRE—You are in command of this post?

ARNOLD—Yes; I am the
Continental Commander of West Point.

ANDRE—You will here consent, and agree with me,
To surrender the same, with all its
Army, stores, and guns, to Sir Henry Clinton
When he comes?

ARNOLD—I can do this, if I so agree.
But what consideration is to move
Me thus?

ANDRE—You shall be paid ten thousand pounds sterling:—
And made a Brigadier-General in the
English army.[3]

ARNOLD—A pretty bargain:
And so simple in compliance!
You pay the price, and Lucifer to his
Crowded realms adds another lost.

[*With great animation.*]

I will not do it. Sir, begone! Begone!
Before the outraged soul, which at Saratoga
Flew so closely to the gates of eternal
Honor, prompts a memorable example.

[*Partly draws his sword.*]

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[2] [See Note 4, Scene 1.] Andre was authorized to negotiate.—*Fiske.*

The consideration for treachery was ten thousand pounds sterling, and a ımission of Brigadier-General in the British Army.—*Ridpath.*

ANDRE—[*starting in alarm.*] General! Your invitation
Brings me here—and your protection follows.
ARNOLD—[*falls into a chair and gives way to grief.*]
This is all so terrible!
Pardon my vehemence, Major!
This is so terrible!
Impulse has driven me to talk of crime;
But to look on it, I dare not. [*Weeps.*]
ANDRE—It is no crime to heal a bleeding state;
With the bays of peace to choke the throats of
Remorseless cannon.
ARNOLD—I have been so honored by my people.
This deed—this most horrid deed—will stand the
Test of time, more grim than midnight murder.
ANDRE—Your people have not honored you!
You have carried for them the keenest blade,
As we on our side can testify.
Your people have left you to penury.
[ARNOLD *springs up.*]
A debtor—walking forth only when the
Creditor is asleep—your peace is a
Nightly growth, and with the owl keeps company.
[ARNOLD *brightens with approval.*]
Your well-earned rank has been worn by others,
Though your sword fashioned it.
Jealousy has stood your active enemy;
And meanest men have climbed,—through her abetting,—
To your deserved place.
[ARNOLD *warms with passion.*]
Simple in living as was prudent for
The dignity of your station, you have
Been court-martialed for extravagance;
And by the Court condemned.
Call you this "honored by my people?"
If so, I do not; and, as a soldier
Of the King, say, that such treatment of a
Brave man does not comport with English
Gratitude.

ARNOLD—[*overcome with passion.*]
You have played the game with keener logic,
And brought me to a proper sense of my
Past abasement. I am resolved and ready.
ANDRE—Here is the contract. Sign!
[*Spreads out papers.*]
ARNOLD—[*taking up a pen and hesitating.*]
A sudden palsy seems to stop my hand:
As if the head and heart at war, they held
The will between, in cowardly hesitation.
[*Throws down the pen.*]
I cannot do it!
ANDRE—Then all is as if we had not met?
ARNOLD—The horror of this act, rushes upon
Me with a torrent of unending woe.
If it were done, when 'tis done, my name might
Quickly find a record here. But, oh!
The eternity of condemnation,
If we lose. Through endless centuries,
Each new-born babe who enters into life
As a book newly bound,
Will perpetuate this crime.
[*With emphasis.*]
I will not do it!
ANDRE—You fail to note the prize you throw away.
Giving up wealth and honors to return
To the wretched table where husks are
Provender.
ARNOLD—Tempt me not! I am but
Mortal, and all are weak since Adam's day.
ANDRE—Against the wrongs you long have borne,
I offer you English sterling, military
Rank, and much more that follows on.
Do you consent? If not, I go.
[*Turns as if to depart.*]
ARNOLD—Yes! Yes!
Upon the heads of those who have thus driven
Me, be the sin of this commission.
[ARNOLD *seizes the pen and signs the contract.*]
[*With great vehemence.*] Now leave me!
Here are the plans of the post, with directions
For its capture. Here is my pass, which carries

You safely through our lines—in case of need—
To those you came from.
[*Hands him papers.*]
Through yonder door find your chamber,
Till the hour for departure comes.
In pity leave me now!
While an outraged conscience moans,
Leave me alone to battle it.[4]
[ARNOLD *sinks into a chair, with his head upon the table; and* MAJ. ANDRE *retires through a side door.*]

ARNOLD—[*Lifting his head and glancing around.*]
The inky pall
Of night still enwraps this hour's work. 'Tis well!
For all the beams that ever burst from radiant
Day, would blackened be, by looking on it.
[*Rising from his chair.*]
The candle burns slowly to its end; and
Will not die, till it has surfeited its
Drooping eye with my fathomless remorse.
[*With firmer decision. Rousing himself.*]
Well, let it be so! And thus run on till
Tormenting imps, in the advancing gloom,
Come forth to hector me; and then I will
Defy them! I am a man again, and
Stand on what I've done. The witch of the Devil's
Glen, who reads to-morrow as to-day,
Divination gave that after the full
Round of nature, from an easy couch
Arnold should mount from burdensome mortality.
So of matters physical, against all hurt,
I am armed with this coat of prophecy—
A guard of impenetrable steel.
The morality of my deed concerns
Me now. Who shall take account of the cuffs
From worthless rivals, the ingratitude
For noble service, the coward's sneer, the
Scorn of pygmies by me endured, and not
Acquit me?
With foot firm set upon solid ground, this

[4] With all the past suddenly rushing upon his mind, sudden remorse was most natural.—*Fiske.*

Is the shore safely reached, out from drowning
Camps where gaunt famine has long been caterer.
I am now, a soldier of the King! And
Here draw my sword as pledge of changed conditions!
[*He draws his sword and raises it as if to swear by it. Suddenly his eyes become fixed in space, and his sword falls from his hands.*]
What is this, which comes 'twixt me and my
Intention? Like the seers of old, have I
New springs to vision, to pierce the mystic world?
Shadows, incarnated to my sense, here
Walk with fleshly semblance!
Who is this, that with a frowning front, sweeps
Past in mien majestic? Warren! Warren! 'Tis he!
In a universe of wandering ghosts,
Would he be prominent for his nobility.
Speak! Oh, speak to me! And with a voice from
Which all evil flies, lift the fallen up:—
With haughty stride he moves away, as if
Contact were pollution. Following him,
Stalks on in lusty youth, the very God
Of those who once were men. Nathan Hale! your
Presence is reproof enough without that sign
Of warning. Next comes one, whose locks of silver
In union with the last, adds wisdom to
Youthful daring. Mercer! Have pity, Mercer!
Those honored wounds, exposed, sear my very eyes
And tear me as if my own. Still the line
Extends! Wooster! turn that accusing glance
Away, or much before my time, I too
Shall join this high procession.
Here is De Kalb! new risen to his crown:
And thousands more in lengthening line march on,
False Arnold still to curse! An army moves!—
And in their front the misty banner flies,
That here stands for freedom. Hoary veterans
Proudly bear it up,—whom hunger with its
Skinny hand snatched from our Valley Forge.
I'll see no more! [*Falls upon his knees.*]

These angry shades are too much for frail mortality.
The panting fury which now sweeps this
Exhausted frame, is kin to craven fear.
These eyes are blistered with burning fancies,
Which vest the unreal with reality.
[*Picks up his sword and rises.*]
This is yet my friend; with it in hand,
Arnold is a man; and undismayed,
Though phantoms march in legions on the air.
[*Again becoming agitated.*]
These midnight messengers, upon the
Somber disk of night, have mirrored the picture
Of myself;—
Most damnable, as martyred hands uphold it.
The candle sputters in the gasp of death;
And with its dying light, hope flies forever
From this unhappy heart.
[*Trembles with emotion.*]
The terrors which the tomb inhabit gather
Here; and this room, as in the musty vault
Of death, echoes them from the quick beatings
Of the affrighted heart. We all are braggarts!
Who can be brave, when guilty sense appalls him?
Farewell to the pride of freedom-waged war!
Farewell to the wild assaults for Liberty!
The gorgeous temple, fame-trumpeted for me,
Here in ruin falls. To ashes turned by
My procuring hand,—like this poor candle ended,—
It is no more forever; but unlike this
Candle, which dies an honest death, out from
The wreck by me created, crawls the
Viper, Treason.
[*Falls into the chair with his head upon the table, and weeps bitterly.*]
[*Rising from the chair.*] All the gold of India
As offering, to undo what I have done.
Too late! Too late! Dismal words! the
Sounding key which locks the gates eternal.
How like the bell of doom they strike the
Culprit's ear!
[*The candle is about to expire. Arnold moves slowly to the door through which he will withdraw.*]

So ends all here. What shall be the coming day?
Who can tell?

[*The candle goes out.*]

Into the darkness; into the black of night.

[*Arnold retires.*]

SCENE X. *Tappan-on-the-Hudson. A lawn before* WASHINGTON'S *quarters.*[1] *Time: September 30, 1780.*

Enter WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, GREENE, STEUBEN, KNOX, CAPT. CARROLL, *aids and soldiers.*

WASHINGTON—[*holding papers in his hands*]
Monstrous! Most monstrous![2]
Twelve days ago I left for Hartford, called
Into consultation there with Rochambeau
And Ternay—two morning stars just risen
On our sky. Their auspicious promise might
Now be witless jest, but for this discovery.
The persistency, with which Arnold sought
His office here is now understood.
While faithful hands were working on the arch,
Black treason was mining at the base,—
With intent that all should crumble.
STEUBEN—I never liked the man.
His brow fell back, and his chin came forward—
Both too much for my Lavater.[3]
WASHINGTON—But he was brave in action.
STEUBEN—So is the lynx.
Yet, it will steal, though it battles bravely.
WASHINGTON—Greene, the post is safe?
GREENE—Safe, your Excellency, against the hosts of
England in united column marching.
By your orders, after Arnold fled, quickly

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[1] Washingon, at Tappan, occupied the "DeWindt House," the residence of John DeWindt.—*Lossing.*

The author has been told by a descendant, "I have heard my great-great aunt often say, that as a little child in her father's [DeWindt's] house she heard Washington walking the portico in agony, all the night long, preceding Andre's execution."—*Mrs. Dr. Von Beverhout Thompson, née Julia DeWindt Hook.*

[2] Arnold's treachery was the severest blow Washington received during the whole war. He trusted Arnold. He admired and loved him, and was by him betrayed.—*Johnson.*

[3] Swiss scientist was Lavater, who claimed to read character from the face.

Was all inspected. Every point is guarded
With hands faithful, alert and strong.
LAFAYETTE—The game of intrigue—which
The Ministry of England made and played—
Is by the makers lost.
The prisoner, Andre, reveals this much.
WASHINGTON—My heart bleeds
For this unfortunate young man.[4]
KNOX—If Clinton
Will surrender Arnold, the boy may go?
WASHINGTON—By indirection, this
Suggestion hinted meets with a refusal.[5]
GREENE—Then the boy must die?
CARROLL—Yes! die, as died our martyr, Nathan Hale.[6]
WASHINGTON—It seems to be the stern demand
Of justice, as fixed by cruel war.
STEUBEN—You are aware, your Excellency,
That the scheme included you as prisoner?
That was proven on court-martial.
WASHINGTON—A crafty and bold plot;
First checked by honest yeomanry, who seized
The spy at Tarrytown.
Williams, Paulding and Van Wart held the flaming
Sword guarding our Eden. It fits well in
Eternal things, that as this strife is waged
To uplift man to freedom—from his humblest
Ranks, he should prove his deserving.
KNOX—The next step in this accursed tragedy,
Is for your Excellency.
WASHINGTON—To approve
The court-martial of yesterday?
KNOX—You hold the facts and findings in your hands.
It was unanimously decreed, that
John Andre should die;
As a spy—upon the gallows, die.[7]

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[4] See Note 1.

[5] An indirect effort was made to get Arnold in exchange for Andre, but Clinton would not listen to it.—*Marshall.*

[6] Nathan Hale was executed at daybreak, September 22, 1776. [See Act III, Part I.]

[7] The court-martial, consisting of the most prominent officers in the American army, were unanimous in their verdict that Andre was a spy, and as such should suffer death.—*Lossing.*

WASHINGTON—Who can concisely
Tell to me this accursed story? From
Conception to consummation, tell it?
CARROLL—I will try, your Excellency, as
Revealed before the Court, which I attended
On the twentieth; this was Wednesday; Andre
Came up the Hudson in the Vulture.
Landing on the twenty-first,—at midnight,—
Arnold and he met on the shore; and, before
The day,—at the Smith house,—concluded terms.
The morning of Friday broke upon the
Conspirators, with the Vulture lower
In the stream and out of reach, so driven
By our guns. The same Friday night, Andre,
Homeward bound,—and since no one would then row him
To the Vulture,—began the route by land,
Crossing to the eastern shore; at that very
Hour, you were homeward bound from Hartford.
WASHINGTON—Riding with bounding hopes,
Kindled from the torch of our allies.
CARROLL—On Saturday, the twenty-third,
You were engaged to dinner with Arnold.
LAFAYETTE—The day after, Clinton
Was to come, and make a meal of all.[8]
WASHINGTON—He who fails to see
The helping hand of God in this, is
Blinded by ingratitude.
CARROLL—On this Saturday—one week ago to-day—
At Tarrytown, Andre was stopped by our
Patrol, searched, exposed and seized.
In his hands he carried Arnold's pass;
And in his boots the plans of treason.
STEUBEN—And let me, from foreign soil, bear
Witness here to American fidelity.
All the gold of England could not buy the
Patriotic captors.
Andre tried it, as we know.
LAFAYETTE—Here is the grit and metal of true ring:
With which to win and make a State.

't was arranged that Clinton should come on Sunday, while Washington t West Point, on a visit to Arnold, and take him prisoner with the rest.—*ts.*

CARROLL—Taken to Colonel Jameson,—
The nearest command,—on Sunday, this
Guardian of the prisoner wrote to Arnold,
Revealing all.
It was a blunder, at which justice weeps.
GREENE—And was excusable!
Who, at this time, would regard the spy other
Than an imposter; wrongfully with Arnold's
Pass. Jameson lost his head, as many might.[9]
CARROLL—The tell-tale letter,
On Monday came to Arnold; and straightway
He fled to the Vulture, still in the Hudson.
Your Excellency reached West Point,
A few hours later.
WASHINGTON—I was delayed.
Saturday had gone and Monday come,
When I reached the journey's end.
The chief malefactor is housed within
The tempter's camp;—
And the poor dupe is here for punishment.
KNOX—Mercy—though she calls with a
Trumpet of archangels, with whom she dwells—
Should find us dumb to her petition.
While we are gathered here, Cornwallis in
The South—a demon shot to earth from the
Red home of Pluto—without trial,
Plunders, wastes and hangs.
GREENE—The law,—fierce though it be,—
Is still majestic in its warning.
It should run its course.
WASHINGTON—By that law, the accused must die?
GREENE—By that law Nathan Hale was hanged.
WASHINGTON—He begs to die
A soldier's death; by the bullet.
LAFAYETTE—There is in this case
No note of mitigation.
The full rigor of the law is merited.
WASHINGTON—Clinton pleads?

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[9] When Andre was seized by Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart, near Tarrytown, he was brought to Col. Jameson [the nearest post] as prisoner. Col. Jameson lost his head and at once notified Arnold and enabled him to escape.—*Lossing.*

This request [to give notice to Arnold] was made by Andre, and inconsiderately granted by Col. Jameson.—*Ramsay.*

STEUBEN—Then he should plead in vain!
It is from a tainted house, whose portals
Are crimsoned with the blood of innocence,
That he extends his hands as suppliant.
WASHINGTON—[*with vehemence.*] Gentlemen! The
United sentiment here expressed,—as
In court-martial it was before recorded,—
Comports with mine, and strengthens it. This is
A matter of much moment; and he who
Would do right will welcome the wisdom of
Others to enrich his own. Happy do
I count myself, to be so favored with
Advisers. I approve the sentence of
This Court, and give the prisoner to his fate.
So ends another chapter in this bloody book!
But for the pages which Time is yet to write,
I break into a prophetic mood:
From this day on—difficulties impeding,
But not defeating—
We advance steadily to victory.
Our allies, all impatient, await the
Opportunity, in friendly rivalry,
To join our march which ends with independence.
Shall America or France cut closer
To the invader's heart, is now the challenge.
[*Drawing his sword: all the others do the same.*]
And these swords—tempered with the fierce white heat
Of four years past—we re-consecrate to
The cause of freedom: and swear, to bring them
Safely back from the shock of final battle,
Carried in our hands triumphant,—
Or, borne upon our biers.
[*All kiss the sword as token of the oath: and all, including the soldiers, cheer.*]
[*All retire.*]

SCENE XI. *Tappan-on-the-Hudson. Open country. Time: October 2, 1780; noon. A gallows, with a hanging noose, in the rear.*

Enter a file of soldiers, who, with officers commanding, take their places on eithrr side of the gallows. Muffled drums aee heard from the outside.

Enter more officers and soldiers, and music, "The Dead March."[1]

Enter MAJ. JOHN ANDRE, *unbound, between two officers, whose arms he rests upon; as he sees the gallows he shudders and halts.*

ANDRE—I am reconciled to my fate,
But not the mode.
However, it is but a momentary pang.
[*Led on,* ANDRE *places himself under the fatal noose. Here he takes off his hat and throws it down. He seizes the noose from the hangman and adjusts it on his neck, and then ties a white handkerchief over his eyes. His arms are then bound.*[2]]
ANDRE—I request you to witness
To the world that I die like a brave man.[3]

[*The drums roll.*]

[CURTAIN.]

[END OF ACT III.]

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[1] Benjamin Abbot, who died at Nashua, N. H., June, 1859, played the dead march at Andre's execution.—*Lossing.*

[2] The executioner or hangman of Andre was a Tory, Nathan Strickland. He was promised his liberty for this act.—*Lossing.*

[3] "I was one of four officers that accompanied him [Andre] to the fatal spot. Andre came out from the house [his prison] hooking his arms with two American officers. I was close to him. Maj. Andre said [when he came in view of the gallows]: 'I am disappointed. I expected my request [to be shot] would be granted.' In a few minutes the hangman led the wagon under the gallows. The hangman ascended the wagon and stood by Andre. When in the act of opening the noose, Maj. Andre snatched it from the hangman. He then took off his hat and put it down; took off his white neckcloth, and, opening the halter, he put it over his head. and drew the knot close, and then tied a white handkerchief over his eyes. The cart was removed and Andre swung off."—*Extract from original manuscript of letter. Museum, Washington's Headquarters, Morristown, N. J., Capt. John Van Dyke, U. S. A.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *American Camp, near King's Mountain, North Carolina. Officers and troops, women and children in poverty, gathered into camp from British fury. Prisoners captured in the battle of King's Mountain, guarded. Time: October 10, 1780. Morning.*

COL. WILLIAM CAMPBELL *seated, and examining papers.*

Enter an AID.

CAMPBELL—Will Marion come?
AID—Yes; and Sumter, too.
Both are eager to shake the hand
Of the victor of King's Mountain.
CAMPBELL—What are the footings?
AID—The British lost five hundred killed.
Besides, we have here in camp
Six hundred prisoners.
None of their command escaped.
CAMPBELL—And Ferguson, their leader, fell?
AID—He did; upon the field.
CAMPBELL—And on our side?
AID—The loss is not one hundred,
Out of our force of nine.
CAMPBELL—Col. James Williams of Ninety-six
Is here included. The death of such a man
Clouds any triumph. While Ferguson was
Driving MacDowell toward this mountain shelter,
Williams,—like a mastiff upon the scent,—
Was after Ferguson; awaiting fair

Opportunity to grapple him. Thus
Pursuing, he learned—thrilling his heart with
Its latest joy—that we were preparing
To extend the hand of succor from over
These rugged hills.[1]

AID—He died as the brave wish to die.

[*Enter a scout, hurriedly.*]

CAMPBELL—[*to the scout.*] What news of Tarleton?

SCOUT—Two days ago,—
Informed of the fatal end of Ferguson,
With the loss of his whole command,
He fled in retreat back to Cornwallis,
Who had sent him forth.

CAMPBELL—This is news,
Sailing to us on the wings of comfort;
For, burdened with our prisoners, we have
Endured anxiety.

[*To the* AID.]

Convey the order—till otherwise commanded—
To relax to restfulness the vigilance
Of the camp.

[AID *retires.*]

What more learned you of Tarleton?

SCOUT—I gained entrance within his lines,—
And this was told to me: Since our fatal
Day at Camden, Cornwallis has warmed his
Vengeance against Marion and Sumter.

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[1] After the fatal day at Camden, Col. Ferguson was sent by Cornwallis after parties of fugitives. He got upon the track of MacDowell and pursued him to the foot of the Alleghanies. There Ferguson stopped, but MacDowell went on over the mountain. Ferguson, becoming alarmed, sent to Cornwallis for more troops, and meantime he took a strong position on the top of King's Mountain, on the border of North Carolina. MacDowell quickly aroused the mountaineers, who rallied to his aid the Scotch-Irish of the country. They heard MacDowell, and felt for those who came to them for assistance. This was in October, 1780. Regiments were quickly formed of these mountaineers under Isaac Shelby, John Sevier, Col. William Campell, and Col. Benjamin Cleveland, and all met in Burke County on the Catawba. Later they joined the forces under MacDowell at Watauga. They then began the march over the mountains back to Ferguson's command. They all left their families exposed to Tories and Indians. Col. William Campbell was chosen the commander of all. On Broad River, Col. James Williams with a force joined them. From Williams it was learned where Ferguson was encamped. They resolved to march at once to the attack, and were at the foot of King's Mountain on October 7. The British were at the top, with twelve hundred men, and believed themselves to be invincible. The Americans forthwith climbed the heights, killed Ferguson, and captured or destroyed his whole command. The total loss of the Americans was less than one hundred killed and wounded, but Col. Williams was of the number killed. Tarleton was then marching to the aid of Ferguson, but hearing of his defeat he hastened back to Cornwallis.—(*Condensed*) *Bancroft.*

In closing August he wrote to Clinton
That "Sumter was to him the greatest plague."[2]
CAMPBELL—A neat compliment to the accused;
To be thus ranked above Southern fevers!
SCOUT—He further wrote, that "Marion
Had aroused the whole populace in arms."
CAMPBELL—A greater compliment; then Marion
Does the work of patriotic inspiration!
Go on!
SCOUT—With orders to have a hangman's noose
For both these worthies, if he should chance
To meet them, Cornwallis sent Tarleton,
With infantry and artillery, from
His camp at Charlotte, to the support of
Ferguson. When MacDowell, coming to
The base still onward moved across this
Mountain range, Ferguson, of Williams—his
Bold pursuer—had fearful grown, and asked
This proffered aid.
It came too late to do him service.[3]
CAMPBELL—"Too late" is seldom fruitful in affairs;
But this "too late" is much to be commended!
So Ferguson is dead; his army
Prisoners to us; and Tarleton in retreat
Back from this place of danger? A good
Rounding to an exciting chapter.
[*Enter* COL. FRANCIS MARION *and* COL. SUMTER.]
CAMPBELL—[*advancing and shaking hands with both.*]
It gives me joy to welcome to this camp,
The twin terrors of British soldiers.
MARION—And it is pleasing to meet him, who most
Deserves that title from blows just given.
CAMPBELL—Over yon mountain range,
We all know Marion and Sumter.
SUMTER—And, in the lowlands, we shall
Hereafter know Campbell and his Mountain men.

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[2] "Sumter is our greatest plague," wrote Cornwallis to Clinton; and "I hope you will get at Marion," said he to Tarleton; "he arouses the whole in arms."—*Bancroft.*

ote 1.

CAMPBELL—We did our best.
MARION—That best, is the doom of Lord Cornwallis!
SUMTER—The Carolinians begin to warm
From King's Mountain fire; and patriots
Already enlarge our flitting squadrons
Of avengers.
MARION—In the North—since this strife began—
Washington has compelled the Briton
To hug the ocean shore—there to attune
His music to its breaking billows.
Cornwallis must now go to the sea or starve.
CAMPBELL—The Tories have been his strength
Within this Southern land,
So cruelly torn by his invasion.
SUMTER—These malefactors
Will be his strength no more,
Transformed into fear-shriveled culprits by your
Mountaineers. Tell us the story of your
Coming, so in the nick of time.[4]
CAMPBELL—We heard the cry of grief in the low-
lands,—
For so we call the broad, expanding space
Between the mountains and the shore,—and came
Forth in duty. I speak as a Highlander,
And as if one. Beyond these peaky heights
Dwell an independent people, loving
Justice and hating oppression. We till
Our farms; gather the rewards of toil; and
Help the suffering. There is but little law
Among us;—but much obedience for
The common good. The Great Giver who blesses
All,—in the only courts we know,—is
Chief interpreter.
We see His strength in the mountains;
Feel His love in the waving grain; and
Hear His tenderness in the rivulets.
We need no other law, nor court, nor judge.
MARION—To your catalogue, I will add

[4] This victory of King's Mountain, like the victory at Bennington, changed the aspect of the war. The Tories no longer dared to rise in the South. It quickened the patriots in North Carolina, and inspired Virginia. Cornwallis hoped, after Camden, to step with ease to the conquest of Virginia. Now he was forced to retreat toward the ocean.—*Bancroft.*

The unconquerable Scotch-Irish energy;—
For this dwells with you?
CAMPBELL—You are right.
Our lineage is Scotch-Irish.
When the mighty giant of the Isles,
Laid the causeway which bridged the channel, and,
With Erin's, mingled Scotia's blood, he began
A race who inherit his example—
To do what is impossible.
SUMTER—And this example, was
At King's Mountain followed; three days ago,
Independent peasantry hunted
Ferguson even to its guarded peak;
And captured him.
CAMPBELL—The flight of Gates from Camden,
In August last, was whispered to us while
Binding the golden sheaves of summer;
We listened and resolved. Then, flying before
Ferguson, came the summons of MacDowell,
A clansman known, that we were needed here.
A blast upon his bugle gave to every
Aspiring hill a tongue; and before September
Had left the calendar, a thousand strong
We had gathered at Watauga. Good
Isaac Shelby was there, with Benjamin
Cleveland, John Sevier, and more; and of them
All, there was not a man who was not as
Ready to follow as to lead.
MARION—You were made commander?
CAMPBELL—The choice fell to me.
The rest is quickly told. We marched over
The mountains, and junction made with
Colonel Williams on the Broad. This was
October sixth, at night—four days ago.
We now learned of the location of the
Enemy. Upon the summit of King's
Mountain he defied us. He little knew
The men he was to hustle with, that from
Infancy they had walked upon hilly
Slopes, and where the gazelle could find its way,
They had sure footing. All was ready;
The game was in the tree;

Why not at once shake him to his fall?
The hunters were for speedy action; and,
On the day following were around the
Base, and at the way which opened the
Mountain tiger at the top.
We climbed the steeps and slew him.[5]

SUMTER—The tide of invasion,
Sweeping across the State, has dashed itself
To harmless spray; yes! here at the foot of
The Alleghanies. Thus checked, Morgan will
Help to turn stagnating waters back in
Ebbing tide.

MARION—I do not catch your meaning?

SUMTER—Know you not, that
Colonel Dan. Morgan, commissioned to command,
Has reached Hillsborough?

MARION—No! His presence is a victory.
I am glad to know it now.

CAMPBELL—This famous rifleman, among
The mountaineers will stalk like a giant.
His Virginians at Saratoga set
The bounds of invasion there,
And may do so here.
They, too, have tracked the beasts of wooded hills.[6]
But I cry for pardon! Men of merit,
Are silent of themselves while braggarts keep
The floor. I have done all the talking,
Let me listen now.

SUMTER—What would you know?

CAMPBELL—Know! Know all there is to tell, of two
Such famed commanders; and when all is told,
Then sigh because the thrilling tale is ended.
We hear of you in our cloud-capped homes,
And wonder at lowland audacity.

MARION—I have come to you from the Santee.
On the eastern side is my command.

SUMTER—And I from the west of this same stream.
Other leaders—like ourselves, called "partisan,"
Because each is his own authority—

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[5] See Note 1.

[6] In September, 1780, Col. Dan. Morgan, by direction of Washington, reached the South to act with Gates, whom he hated. In October he was made a Brigadier-General.—*Carrington.*

Are stationed here and there in both the
Carolinas.

CAMPBELL—Forces, spontaneously
Uprising for defense, while the organized
Armies of these colonies are at the North?

MARION—And doing, we think, some service.
The enemy we worry, if we do not destroy.

CAMPBELL—In this he feels great damage done.
Fatigue may kill, as the bullet does.
But, the foeman dead,—
No matter whether he surfeited or starved.

SUMTER—Fleet of foot, through
Flowing streams we dash as if aquatic.
These English are involved in our waste of
Waters. The rivers, which like lace-work thread
These lowlands, are, to the accoutered
Assailants, obstacles formidable.

MARION—The enemy is in constant terror held.
We profit by harassing him. Where he
Does not expect us, there we surely are.
Where he thinks we are, there surely we are not.
In front and rear, and upon his flanks we
Thrust our javelin, and then away—the
Scar his chief reminder. We spring like a
Lion upon his communications,
Destroy his trains, slay his foragers, and
Capture his outposts. We carry nothing
But our guns; sleep so as not to miss a
Shooting star; and feed from willing and
Patriotic hands.[7]

CAMPBELL—The lowlands and the highlands
Meet on common ground. Both do what seems to
Be requisite from different situations—
The end sought the same.

[*Enter an Orderly.*]

ORDERLY [*to* COL. CAMPBELL.] The hour has come
For William Douglass to die.

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[7] These partisan leaders, Marion and Sumter, worried the enemy beyond the strength of armies. They were here, there, and everywhere, and always aiming telling blows. Because of them every British post was in peril. There was no telling where their sword would fall. From the swamps at midnight they darted upon the foe. When expected in front, they dashed upon his rear and disappeared. When supposed to be near, they were a hundred miles away.—*th.*

CAMPBELL—Bring forth the culprit.
ORDERLY—He is here,
Already on the way to execution.
[*Enter* WILLIAM DOUGLASS, *a private American soldier, condemned to death, loosely bound, and attended by a guard.*]
CAMPBELL—[*sternly.*] William, you are justly sentenced!
In the late fight you earned a better fate.
Harsh discipline marks you as its victim.
Ten English prisioners were last night murdered.
And you are accused as one of the
Malefactors. Do you deny it?
DOUGLASS—I do not.
CAMPBELL—Then your doom is just.
What have you to say?
DOUGLASS—I have this,—with your permission.
I am a plain, blunt man, with none of the
Tricks of pretty speech to foreign-gloss my deeds.
Each act of mine, from boyhood up, must stand
Out alone, its own defender. In my
Very youth, I was tutored to horrid war.
I was with Braddock on the Monongahela.
Our Washington was then a colonel.
This scar upon my arm [*bares his arm.*]
Is where a savage arrow plowed the flesh,
Even to the bone. No more of that!
I after came to Carolina; and
On the Congaree, out of the forests,—
With this wounded arm,—cut for myself a home.
The English came! Loving Liberty,—
I joined freedom's legions to repel them.
With Lincoln I was made a prisoner
At Charleston.
CAMPBELL—A grand record! and pity weeps that it
Be thus tarnished with a felon's death!
DOUGLASS—As I was saying—the English came
Across our State, they trailed the fires of
Consuming hell,—as blighted hopes here

[8] Among the captives at King's Mountain were house-burners and assassins. Private American soldiers who had suffered, whose wives and children had been driven from shelter to huddle about camp fires, executed ten in retaliation. Campbell stopped this by threatening the delinquents with death.—*Bancroft.*

Testify. Look upon yonder squalid
Group of women and affrighted children!
[*Points to the stricken group.*]
But yesterday, they heard the little lisping
Music of happy homes; where the dewdrop
Which washed the roses of their flower-embowered
Doorways, would have been for them too harsh a
Visitation. To-day, they gladly huddle
Amid the horrors of a war-resounding camp.
I suffered with the rest. The spoiler came!
My home was made ashes; and all who called
Me there with prattling tenderness, which plucked
The sting of weariness from tiresome day,
With one fell swoop, were gathered in the grave.
All! All!
[*Bows his head in grief.* CAMPBELL, MARION, *and* SUMTER *do the same.*]
I am near the end.
Bear with me a little longer.
I learned the name of him who gave this sorrow.
He was a Tory,—who grew to manhood
By my side, but joined the King. In every
Battle I have scanned with eager gaze
The face of prisoners to find this man.
Yesterday—I saw him! There he sat before
The captives' fire, warming the hands which had
Wrought for me such ever-present grief!
Oh! then the pain that clutched at this poor heart!
My brain blazed with fury;
This arm seemed to be a sledge of iron.
I raised it—I struck him—and he was dead.
[*With humility.*]
It was natural; quite natural, you know.
[MARION *and* SUMTER *bow their heads, and* CAMPBELL *turns aside to conceal his emotions.*]

CAMPBELL—Proclaim it through the camp,
So that no ear shall fail to hear, that
William Campbell, empowered so to do,
Gives back his life to Douglass.
Release the prisoner!
[DOUGLASS *is unbound; drums roll and all cheer.*]

Valiant hero! your grief was more than
Mortal could bear, and remain restrainful.
But to this I add—lest humanity
Refuses longer to dwell with us—
Prisoners are our wards, and violence must cease.

MARION—The provocation is great;—yet
Neither Sumter nor I permit injury
To a captive.*

[*Enter an Aid, who hurriedly speaks to* CAMPBELL.]

CAMPBELL—The enemy is much too near for comfort.
Always alert, and so prepared, we will
Move the camp.

[*To* SUMTER *and* MARION.]

You will remain my guests to-day.

[*Both bow assent.*]

Ready!

[*All prepare.*]

Forward! March!

[*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *New Windsor.* WASHINGTON'S *head-quarters. Time: November 20, 1780.*

Enter GEN. GREENE *and* COL. (*before Capt.*) MOULTRIE.

GREENE—Your promotion
Is a laurel plucked from King's Mountain?
It has a rounder roll upon the tongue
To say "Colonel" Moultrie.
"Captain" has a choppy sound.

MOULTRIE—The honor of it is,
My thanks are due to Washington.

GREENE—No man is more just
In the bestowal of rewards.

MOULTRIE—No man is more just in all things!
His far-reaching aims once more put his wisdom
To the test. The sun is the great hay-maker!
We shall reap more than briers, now that
Washington—not Congress—takes control.

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* Neither Marion nor Sumter allowed a prisoner to be harmed.—*Irving.*

I will chance my life upon the
Successful issue of his plans.
GREENE—Just now his purpose is,
To sweep invasion from the Carolinas.
MOULTRIE—And he has selected you
To play the part of Southern Mars, to his
Character of All-Surveying Jove.
It is my abundant faith in the
Wisdom of this selection which would call
My life into the hazard,—as I have said.
GREENE—I hope my career against
Cornwallis, may hold this confidence.[1]
MOULTRIE—It was a boon to me,
To bear to Washington in his quarters
Here, the happy story of King's Mountain.
It warmed me through and through to be the first
To pour the details into his greedy ear.
Had there been a need, I would have ridden on,—
And still on,—to zones of jeweled ice
To have heard his great thanksgiving.
GREENE—Of late he has listened
Only to sad tales.
MOULTRIE—I, too, had such to tell;
They were swallowed up, however,
By greater news of happy import.
GREENE—I knew your reference.
The dismal background of your picture,
Would not out with all your skillful touching.
Truth,—at your elbow,—forced it into view.
MOULTRIE—It was the fate of Captain Carroll
To bring to the North the sorry tale of Camden.
I should have stumbled on the road, selected
To bear that burden. Carroll—as in duty
Forced to do—read to our great Chief the horrid
Chapter of Southern persecutions.
There were some things which he could not tell,
Because since occurring.
GREENE—The most savage of your recounting
Was that of Colonel Brown, besieged near
Augusta by our Colonel Clark; when the

[1] October, 1780, Washington removed Gates from the Southern department, d ordered Gen. Greene to assume chief command. Greene reached his destition in December.—*Hildreth.*

Briton was relieved by Colonel Cruger,
Colonel Brown then pursued and captured the
Besiegers. Horrible to tell!
Captain Ashby and many surrendered
Prisoners were hanged—this cruel Brown approving.
Others were surrendered to the Cherokees;
And given to the tomahawk or
Torturing fire.[2]

MOULTRIE—There was much besides;
But why freeze the blood by recital?
We hope to real a cheerful change in
This book of many crimes. Morgan is
Gathering men as though he were a magnet.
Cornwallis is in retreat! His frothy
Boast that he would invade Virginia, leaving
Behind him a conquered South,—needs revision.
Forced from Charlotte by King's Mountain, he rested
October twenty-ninth,—after a weary
March of fifteen days,—at Winnsborough,
Where he remains.[3]

GREENE—It was to him a distressing journey,
Beset with angry rivers and forfeited
Good will. The British nearly starved. They
Only took a leaf from our experience,
To test the quality of their endurance.

MOULTRIE—Marion made for them,
Every step a curse by swift harassment.
His Lordship, wearied in spirit, yielded
To a fever;—and base Rawdon gave orders
To his army. Tarleton was selected
To capture Marion,—the "Swamp fox," as
He was called. It was to be the balm for
His Lordship's speedy cure. The jack-o'-lantern
That dances through bog and fen, were as easily
Brought in! The march of Tarleton was famous

[2] In September, at the siege of Augusta, Ga., Col. Clark besieged the British garrison under Col. Brown. Col. Cruger [English] coming upon them, the siege was raised in flight. They were now pursued by Col. Brown, and some were taken prisoners. Of these, Capt. Ashby, with twelve others, were hanged under the eyes of Col. Brown. Thirteen were given over to Cherokee Indians and were tomahawked or burned.—*Bancroft.*

[3] After King's Mountain, Cornwallis retreated from Charlotte [his camp at the time of the King's Mountain battle] to Winnsborough, which was between the British posts of Camden and Ninety-six. He arrived there October 29, 1780. —*Bancroft.*

Through his cruelties;
But not through Marion's captivity.
GREENE—Then Cornwallis took some other
Medicine, from sheer necessity?
MOULTRIE—Not till another hand,—
With fury also armed,—had made his case more
Desperate. Sumter pursued him even
To Winnsborough. With his avengers,—who
Had the hawk's ability to strike and then
Away,—he fell upon the supplies of
The anxious British camp; and with impudence,
Now and then struck at the assembled army.
Cornwallis then got well, from sheer necessity!
GREENE—Marvelous men,
These partisan commanders!
MOULTRIE—Major Wemyss was detailed
To do for Sumter what Tarleton was
To do for Marion. The agitated
Egg hatches no chicken. All the forces
Of the King were now agitated; and
Marion and Sumter were the agitators.
Wemyss was whipped at Fishdam, his troop
Captured, and he made a prisoner.
Now mark the difference between stern warriors!
Upon this captive was found a list of
Houses burned; and of untried men hanged by
His direction. Yet our Sumter guarded
From harm this assassin and his fellows,
As if they were brother-heirs of his own
Great humanity.[4]
GREENE—Tarleton bagged no game
In his hunt for the "Swamp Fox?"
In English zoology our Marion
Stands thus docketed.[5]
MOULTRIE—Before I left
He was from Marion recalled, and set
Upon the chase for Sumter, who now shook

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[4] Mounting his partisans, Sumter intercepted British supplies and sent his forces close to the British army itself at Winnsborough. Cornwallis sent Maj. Wemyss with a force against him. Sumter captured the Major at Fishdam. Upon him a memorandum was found of the houses he had burned. He had hanged Adam Cusack without provocation. Yet Sumter would not let him be harmed. [See Note 9, Scene 1.]—*Bancroft.*

[5] The British called Marion the "Swamp Fox."—*Butler.*

His audacious lance at Ninety-six, an
Important British post in South Carolina.
The result is yet to be recorded.
[*Enter* GEN. WASHINGTON.]
WASHINGTON—[*bowing to both.*] General Greene,
You are prompt in your attendance.
GREENE—It is a soldier's duty.
WASHINGTON—[*to* MOULTRIE] Colonel Moultrie, I have
Some matters with General Greene
Which concern us alone.
MOULTRIE—[*bowing.*] Having permission, I will retire.
[*Exit* MOULTRIE.]
WASHINGTON—General Greene, I am sending
My staunchest props away. I must trust to
Fate that I do not undermine the house,
By cutting so deeply into its foundations.
I ordered General Morgan to Carolina
Two months ago; and he is there. Now you
Are to follow,—so I have decided,—
With Steuben and Kosciusko.[6]
GREENE—You shall be repaid for this confidence,
If I can do the work expected.
WASHINGTON—I expect you to drive the British
From Southern soil. A great task! but, the thews
Of giants stand out to admiring view
When greatest tasks require heaviest straining.
Morgan and you will each do a giant's work;
For nature has given the strength, uniting
Courage with good judgment.
Morgan was last month made a Brigadier—
A reward too long delayed. This news of
King's Mountain lifts the curtain upon better
Views; and the new actors in them should be
Worthy of the changed drama. From Morgan
I am hopeful of great things. I send you
To the chief command of the Southern
Department, relieving Gates. You will set

[6] Washington having ordered Gen. Greene to the South [See Note 1], directed that Steuben and Kosciusko go with him. Steuben was halted in Virginia to resist Arnold, who had come to the James River with a force from New York. Kosciusko was with Greene through his campaign.—*Marshall.*

Lee ["Light Horse Harry"] was added to the force of Greene. Alexander Hamilton wanted to go, but Washington would not part with him.—*Lossing.*

Forth at once. That you may feel an added
Power to your arm, I shall order in
Your train Harry Lee, our gallant
"Light-Horse Harry." Hamilton I cannot
Lose, though he burns with enthusiasm
To enroll beneath your flag.

GREENE—[*bowing.*] My arm, and heart and head
Will all be fitter for the great work I
Have to do, if you will acquaint me with
That happy charm which makes our Chief
The supremest soldier.

WASHINGTON—Then listen!
Be watchful, courageous, prudent, and humane!
Write these four virtues upon your saddle bow.
The soldier who is surprised, is traitor
To his trust! He who is courageous,
Strikes when he should do so. He who is prudent,
Will refuse a blow profitless if not
Disastrous. And chief of all, he who is
Humane, will protect his soldiers, as if
His better self, to gain the end which
Assembles all in arms. Beware of the
Temptation to win the name of genius!
It has strewn the earth with ruins like a plague.
He is the true genius who is faithful
To his purpose,—and this may shine as brightly
In retreat as in the rush of battle.
He who fills his daily meditations
With plots and plans to awaken the loud trump
Of his own fame, dwarfs the patriot to the
Selfish man, and steals from the power of
The state for his own benefit. He, who,—
Thus meditating,—precipitates a conflict
Which the public weal would then postpone,
For every man who fails, must answer
Hereafter as his murderer.
A trust of human life is in your hands!
So use it that all mankind,—which from its
Ranks this life contributes,—shall be the better
For your using. Then all the world will hail
You as a genius, whether you win or lose;
For doing well is the highest stamp of genius.

But it must surely follow as that the
Fairest day to a foul succeeds, if your
Cause be just, you cannot lose; or at worst,
Be only stayed,
Until the right shall triumph over wrong.[7]

GREENE—Your power here
Will be dangerously impaired?

WASHINGTON—No matter.
I have planned with Rochambeau, that
We demonstrate to the view of Clinton,
As if New York were the object of attack;
And so it may be. Or, by such delusive
Expectation we may restrain him, if
We engage in operations near the fields
Which you will enter.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE III. *Field of battle at the Cowpens, South Carolina. Time: January 17, 1781; forenoon.*

Enter COL. TARLETON, CAPT. LOFTUS, *and British cavalry soldiers, dismounted.*

TARLETON—In November last,—
Recalled from the chase of Marion,—
I was sent after the brigand, Sumter;
For with him rode our greatest danger.
At Blackstocks we met. I retreated, he
Holding the sharpest sword and the bloody field.
This was mortification, intensified
From being beaten by such a tramp in arms.
And cursed be the luck which now throws me
Against this semi-savage, Morgan!
His riflemen defy all rules of warfare.
I fear the day is lost.

LOFTUS—You are wounded?

TARLETON—A saber thrust from one of them,

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[7] Lafayette paid the character of Washington a compliment worthy of its majestic simplicity when, many years after the war, he said to Napoleon: "Sire, in the American Revolution was won the grandest of causes by skirmishes of sentinels and outposts." Washington was no hero of romance. As a warrior he was incapable of fear. He fought for a cause, and not for personal renown. Glory, that blatant word which haunts military men, formed no part of his aspirations. To act justly was his instinct; to promote the public weal his constant effort; to deserve the "affections of good men" his ambition.—*Irving.*

Cut my hand in two—or nearly so.
It might have been much worse.
[*The roar of battle heard in the distance.*]

LOFTUS—It is impossible to re-form our lines.
We must fly or surrender.

TARLETON—It shall not be surrender!
On Christmas Day we started this man on
His run before us, from his camp upon
The Pacolet. I supposed him to be
Flying, as the hare flies when the hunter comes.
Cornwallis has my pledge—in response to
His order to drive this fierce rebel
Relentlessly—that I would destroy him;
Or across the Broad—like a lizard—he
Should skulk in the mountain crannies. It is
This unredeemed pledge which stings more than this
Wound. Here on Carolina soil, which we
Claim to own as conquered territory,
He has turned upon us;—and he—
[*Enter hurriedly an Aid, who speaks, aside, to* TARLETON.]

TARLETON—To horse! To horse! And every
Man for himself, till better fortune comes![1]
[*All retire.*]
[*Enter, hurriedly,* GEN. MORGAN, CAPT. CARROLL, *with Aids and cheering soldiers.*]

MORGAN—None but heroes
Were enlisted with us to-day.
Colonel Washington has branded the flying
Tarleton, so that we shall know him, if we
Meet again. Pickens, Howard, and you, too,
Carroll, have here all won your spurs as
Freedom's chief defenders.
What are the gains of conflict?
[*To an Aid.*]
See that they are gathered, and the army

[1] Tarleton, recalled by Cornwallis from the pursuit of Marion, was sent after Sumter. November 20th they met at Blackstocks, and Tarleton was badly whipped. He retreated, leaving his wounded to Sumter. Then Tarleton was sent after Morgan, in January, 1781. Cornwallis writes to Tarleton: "DEAR TARLETON: If Morgan is anywhere within your reach, push him to the utmost." Tarleton answered with a promise to destroy Morgan and his corps. Then follows the battle of the Cowpens [this scene], and Tarleton is entirely routed by Morgan. Here Col. William Washington, in a personal encounter with Tarleton, nearly cut his hand off.—*Bancroft*.

Made ready for a quick advance.

[*Aid retires.*]

CARROLL—We were in force eight hundred;
The enemy were twelve, with some artillery.
Their entire army are dead or prisoners,—
Less two hundred who got off with Tarleton.
And these fugitives are hotly followed
By Colonel Washington and his dragoons.
We lost but seventy; and hold captured guns,
Standards, and much other spoils. These guns were
Taken from us at Camden, and are now
Come home again.

MORGAN—It thrills me most,
That this is a glorious New Year's gift
To our great Commander upon the Hudson,
Whose ear is ever turned this way.

CARROLL—I bore to him the dismal story
Of Camden. Shall I silver line that cloud
With this report?

MORGAN—You shall be the courier.
It is yet two hours short of noon,—our fight
From first to last was but two hours waged,—and,
Before the sun goes down, he shall see you
Speeding to the North.

CARROLL—General Greene will,
In his cup of care commingle sweets of joy,
When he is told of this sequel of
King's Mountain.[2]

MORGAN—He shall also have a messenger.
Cornwallis has been hit as sorely as
Was Burgoyne at Fort Stanwix and at
Bennington. Two months ago he ordered
Three thousand men from the Chesapeake to
Cape Fear, more surely to rivet the chains

[2] January 17, 1781 [see Note 1], Morgan knew that Tarleton was coming and decided to make a halt for battle. The fight was opened by Tarleton, and began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted two hours. Tarleton was routed, with loss of seven hundred. Col. J. Eager Howard was in command of the Maryland forces, Col. William Washington the cavalry, and the Virginians and Carolinians were under Col. Pickens. The British cavalry [the few who got away] were pursued in flight twenty-four miles by Col. Washington and his cavalry.—*Bancroft.*

Seldom has a victory [the Cowpens], achieved by so small a number, been so important in its consequences.—*Wm. O. McDowell.*

Which he had thrown over Georgia and Carolina.
Besides these, he drew from New York two
Thousand under Leslie, who joined him lately.
To catch me was his plan.[3]

CARROLL—That plan has gone awry?

MORGAN—This fight was forced upon him.
Greene, with an army—gathered at Hick's Creek
Since he reached Charlotte in December—was
On the East side near to the English camp
At Winnsborough; I was on the West, not
Fifty miles away. Thus flanked, Cornwallis
Marched into North Carolina—if he did so—
In peril of destruction. Also, from
My position was threatened Ninety-six
And other important posts, which he dared
Not leave to our mercy. Either Greene or
I was to be destroyed, or his advance
Was checked.[4]

CARROLL—Then he must fight again;
And win his right to march as he designed.

MORGAN—This he will do, since he is provided.
Base Arnold,—the traitor fouls the tongue which
Speaks his name,—on New Year's Day, with an army
Of two thousand, entered the James; and on
The fifth burned Richmond. This was to hold from
Us the helping hand of the Governor of
Virginia, our noble Jefferson.
Steuben was therefore halted in his route
To Greene; and with twelve hundred troops of the
State confronted the traitor. Near Richmond—
Or its ruins—these combatants stand
In double check at present.

[*Re-enter Aid.*]

AID—[*to* MORGAN.] The prisoners are in line,
And the camp awaits your orders.

MORGAN—Work most expeditious,

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[3] A force that had come to the Chesapeake was in November ordered to Cape Fear. Two thousand more from New York reinforced Cornwallis under Gen. Leslie, who came to Charleston.—*Hildreth.*

[4] At the time of the Cowpens fight, Greene with his army was at Hick's Creek to the east of Cornwallis [he at Winnsborough], while Morgan was west of him at the Cowpens. Thus flanked, Cornwallis had to fight on one side or the other. *Lossing.*

After battle's great confusion!
His Lordship—deserting Winnsborough, as
I know—is near at hand, and will seek
Revenge in the release of our prisoners.
We will elude him! and cross the Broad to-day;
And then, by easy marches, the Catawba.
All ready! March![5]

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV. *Room of* COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Minister of Louis XVI, Versailles, France. Same as Scene 5, Act III. Time: April, 1781.*

Enter COUNT DE VERGENNES *and* FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—Your Congress is slow of action. In
Such stirring times, the sluggard in affairs
Is unwelcome wherever he appears.
FRANKLIN—Our Congress may order a jubilee!
And all the earth give thanks.
VERGENNES—Why so?
FRANKLIN—The news is just at hand,
That on March the first,—the month just passed,—my
Country became a nation. Maryland
On that day—the last State of all—approved
The "Articles of Confederation and
Perpetual Union." And here comes
Adams, to brother me in this joy.

[*Enter* JOHN ADAMS.]

FRANKLIN—[*to Adams.*] You have heard,
The grandest of all the reports from home?
We are a nation!
ADAMS—I have heard.
Maryland has yielded, and we stand before
All the world, a united political

---

[5] Morgan knew that Cornwallis would quickly pursue him with all his army to redeem the Cowpens, and to regain the men whom Morgan had taken as prisoners. On the very day of the battle, therefore, at noon, he was across the Broad with prisoners and spoils, and then soon across the Yadkin on the way to Virginia, with Cornwallis after him, as he foresaw. Greene, as requested by Morgan, joined him at the Catawba in this retreat. Greene's command at Hick's Creek, under Gen. Huger and Col. Otho H. Williams, marched by another road and joined Morgan's flying troops at Guilford, North Carolina.—*Lossing.*

Power; to be dealt with as such, as long
As earthly governments shall endure.[1]
FRANKLIN—And all honor to John Adams,—
Who was the better part in this creation.[2]
ADAMS—On the fifteenth of November,
Seventeen seventy-seven,—Congress voted
To propose this plan of union to the States,
I approving. Franklin! you were the
Honored parent of the scheme. Truth concedes
This much to you. In Parliament we have
Ever been a "vagrant horde;"—and by
Facetious Lords have been so baptized.
We should now be re-christened!
VERGENNES—The "vagrants,"—upon this hint combining,—
Now bid for political eminence.
United for business, the present almoners—
For so England boasts herself—may yet be
Their suppliants.
Such are the changes in this world.
ADAMS—It is a year or more since I came here,
Commissioned as agents of the "Colonies,"
To treat for peace and commerce with Great Britain.
Henceforth, I represent a confederated
Power—"The United States of America."
FRANKLIN—Good Count,
This report comes to us, garlanded in
A golden setting—the victory of
King's Mountain and at the Cowpens!
VERGENNES—The representatives of America,
Have reason now, to carry heads so as
To see nothing lower than the stars.

[*All laugh.*]

FRANKLIN—How are other powers impressed?
VERGENNES—Spain is not at ease.
Like an old granny pinched with pains, she whines

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[1] The first day of March, 1781, was a great day in the history of the country. Maryland, the last State, subscribed the "Articles." And the United States of America, each and every one of the thirteen, confirmed and ratified the "Confederation and Perpetual Union."

[2] John Adams, in Congress in 1777, was the moving spirit for this union of the Colonies. [See Note 10, Scene 3, Act 1.] He was the "Colossus of Union." In fighting for the "Declaration of Independence," in 1776, he was styled "The Colossus of Independence."—"*Life of John Adams*," *J. Quincy Adams.*

Continuously that France overreached her,
In procuring this engagement in arms
Between herself and England. Never
Interested in your quarrel,—neither
Principle nor humanity has governed
Her, while posing as your friend and England's foe.
She enlisted in the fight,—spurred on by
Selfish hope,—that from the wreck of Britain
She might regain Gibraltar. Her hope
Comes tumbling down, and she cries for peace,
Regardless of honorable obligations.
France will not engage to win for Spain this
Prize; and so defeats her; and the burglar,
Foiled in his attempt, will curse the chair
Which trips him. King Charles, though his cannon were
Belching at England's flag in your behalf,
Would not receive Jay—your country's
Representative.[3]

FRANKLIN—Last December,
England declared war against Holland?
Midwinter madness!

ADAMS—There was a purpose in it.
This was to forestall Holland's treaty
Of commerce with us.

VERGENNES—The Dutch love liberty;
And like the French, are by nature the
Allies of men contending for their freedom.
Your people can trust the Netherlands.

ADAMS—When I was named as an ambassador
Henry Laurens was sent as such to these
Same Netherlands. A British cruiser
Captured him, and compromising papers
Revealed the friendly footing of the Dutch with us.
This war the sequel. Laurens has since languished
In the Tower charged with treason; and the

[3] When Spain opened war with Great Britain she calculated upon a single campaign. After seven months of hostilities (and England not invaded nor Gibraltar given up as expected), King Charles of Spain said, "France had brought her into collision with England for her own interests alone." Florida Blanca [prime minister to the Spanish King] called himself "a great fool, for having induced the King to declare war against England." Vergennes to all demands for peace inflexibly insisted that the independence of the United States was the first step to peace. Charles would not receive Jay as the Minister of the United States.—*Bancroft.*

Texel foams around gathering keels, its waters
Covered with ready-shotted guns.[4]

FRANKLIN—It is "John," the son of
This same Laurens—called the "Younger Laurens"
For distinction—who is at this Court to-day,
As special agent of Congress; pleading
For more money from this, our already
Much over-taxed friend.[5]

ADAMS—Our necessities compelled it.
Confession sometimes lightens burdens.
On New Year's Day the Pennsylvania line
Revolted. For a year they had served, and
Received in return not one shilling.
It was a fearful moment. Happily,
That State took up the burden of her
Complaining soldiers and restored order.

FRANKLIN—Clinton, to grasp
Advantage which grew from our distress, sent
His agents to these troops. The mutineers
Hanged them as spies! Their hearts were true, though with
Pockets and stomachs empty.[6] The story
Finds ready credence here, that Greene is marching
And countermarching in the South with
Two thousand men, whose only clothing is
The breech-cloth of the savage; who carry
Upon their naked shoulders tufts of padded
Grass to prevent galling wounds where their
Trusty rifles rest.
But how galling to us is this truth![7]

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[4] The declaration of war against Holland grew out of the neutral question on the high seas (see Note 5, Scene 1, Act III), and because of her sympathy with the United States. Henry Laurens, Minister of United States to Holland, had the year before been captured on the ocean and was now a prisoner in the Tower of London.

[5] In the month of April, 1781, John Laurens [son of Henry Laurens] arrived in Paris as special envoy from Congress to the French government for aid.—*Irving.*

[6] On January 1, 1781, the Pennsylvania line revolted, and thirteen hundred marched to Princeton, on the way to Congress at Philadelphia. They demanded clothing and pay. The authorities of Pennsylvania settled the affair. They hanged as spies the agents of Gen. Clinton who came among them.—*Carrington.*

[7] Greene wrote two days before the battle of the Cowpens, "more than half of our command are naked; or so much so that we cannot put them on duty. Indeed, a large number have not a rag of clothes on except a little piece of blanket, like the Indians, around their waist."—*Carrington.*

Our soldiers in the South, two thousand and more, have only the breech-cloth or clothing, and tufts of grass to save the shoulders from the galling rifle.—*Life of Gen. Greene,*" *Johnson.*

ADAMS—Lafayette has written
That no European army would suffer
One-tenth of what the soldiers of America
Have borne. 'Tis so!
But oh! how pitiful, because, 'tis so!
VERGENNES—The visit of Laurens has been profitable.
It is fitting that you should know the King's
Decision. Washington, our Rochambeau,
Lafayette, and you, too, good Doctor Franklin,
Appealed persuasively. Twenty millions
Is the loan His Majesty permits.
Washington foregoes the second armament
Of six thousand men, to which this Kingdom
Stands committed. Our Admiral Count de Grasse,
Now in the West Indies, has received orders
To hold his fleet—a large one, too—at the
Command of Washington. Rochambeau has
Long been the cheerful recipient of
His orders.[8]
ADAMS—[*In great excitement, to* VERGENNES.]
Excuse me, dear Count,
If I withdraw to communicate this
Intelligence to anxious friends.
[ADAMS *retire.*]
VERGENNES—Before that man came in
I said your Congress was slow of action.
FRANKLIN—I know you did; and
Intended to refer to this again.
VERGENNES—I don't like your Adams;—
And in August last, with very explicit
Language gave your Congress to understand
That France would prefer some one else to
Negotiate a peace. Your law makers have
Done nothing.
Hence my charge of sluggishness.[9]

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[8] In response to this appeal for aid [see Note 5], De Grasse was ordered to sail from the West Indies, and to put himself under the orders of Washington. The great expense of sending out the remaining six thousand troops to Rochambeau [only six thousand had been sent of the twelve thousand agreed upon] was on Washington's recommendation given up. Rochambeau was again instructed to act under Washington.—*Bancroft.*

[9] Vergennes did not like Adams, and he had plainly intimated to Congress at Philadelphia that it would be agreeable to France if a person of more conciliatory temper should be employed in the coming negotiations of peace.—*Bigelow.*
If nature had maliciously sought to create a man for the express purpose of aggravating Vergennes, she could not have made one better for the purpose than John Adams.—*Morse.*

FRANKLIN—Adams is strong in
The affections of our people. Impulsive
He may be; but his patriotism glows
As steadily as the radiant sun.
The honesty of John Adams no one
Will question in America, though faults
May through it shine.
VERGENNES—You are a marvel!
If not a saint, you have the making.
Since the day Adams came he has made war
On you; impugned your skill and industry.[10]
He has forced himself upon the Ministers
Of this State, as if he, and not you, were
To it accredited. But for the depth
In which you are rooted in the affections
Of all here, you would have been—in the whirling
Tempest by him invoked—long since overblown.
Meddlesome and petulant! I ask to be
Relieved of his presence.
FRANKLIN—Dear Count,
Shall I take trouble because
The wig is crooked, if the heart be right?
VERGENNES—If a meddlesome fool,
For want of prudence scuttles the ship, what
Difference to the drowning, whether the
Act of ruin was by a pirate done,
Or by an honest man?
I wish this man away![11]
FRANKLIN—In deference to you
I will write to those at home.

[*All retire.*]

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[10] Adams [referring to Franklin] said, "If our affairs had been urged with skill and industry we should at this moment be blessed with peace."—*Bigelow.*
Adams was a natural fault-finder.—*Morse.*

[11] Vergennes, in the name of the King of France, required Franklin to remit correspondence [which was evidence of Adams' meddlesome nature] to Congress.—*Bancroft.*

SCENE V. *Camp of* CORNWALLIS *on the James River near Elk Hill (Estate of* JEFFERSON*), Virginia. Time: June 15, 1781.*

Enter CORNWALLIS *and* COL. TARLETON, *with aids and soldiers.*

CORNWALLIS—[*to* TARLETON.] From Wilmington,
I reached Petersburgh on the twentieth
Of May—and with me brought my full command.
Germain approves my march. So far, well!
Rawdon is left to hold Georgia and the
Carolinas, which——

TARLETON—Which has not been done!

CORNWALLIS—[*astonished.*] Say you so?
Later, we will consider this, not now!
Here, these men seem to be as fleet as hounds.
We have pursued Lafayette for days, and
The chase is still against us. A week ago
He united with Wayne; Steuben has been
His mentor since he reached Richmond; here
Upon the James they held in check our Phillips;—
Whose death in May was as a battle lost.
His successor, Arnold,—detested traitor,—
I sent back to Clinton, who begat him
As an officer in our forces. The
Dainty Lafayette, refused to know him
Even in official correspondence.[1]

TARLETON—You were fortunate
To find large forces here awaiting you?

CORNWALLIS—Foreseeing that the drift of battle
Was this way turning, I asked them of
Clinton in early March. He hesitated,
But dared not refuse. Germain is friend to me;
And more important, so is the King.
Poor man! he dreads an assault upon New York,
And each morning has the shaking fever,
When he hears the names of Washington and

[1] May 20, 1781, Cornwallis abandoned the Carolinas, and by a long march reached Petersburgh. Gen. Phillips there died May 13, and Arnold succeeded him. The first thing Cornwallis did was to tell him [Arnold] to begone. He sent him back to New York.—*Ridpath.*

Following Steuben, Lafayette had been sent to Virginia to oppose Phillips or Arnold.—*Bancroft.*

Arnold, while in command, addressed a note to Lafayette, who returned it, refusing to correspond with the traitor.—*Bancroft.*

Rochambeau. With twelve thousand veterans
Within a fortified city,—thus is
He situated,—I, would laugh at siege
As playful pastime. But Clinton—well—he
Is General Clinton!
He should have gone home with Howe three years ago.[2]

TARLETON—And yet, General, you are well provided.

CORNWALLIS—I have no fear. We
Gather upon the James, and within Virginia,
Seven thousand men. Can these malcontents
Do more than play the game of tag with such
A power—that is touch and run. Even such
A game will end in time, the score in our
Favor, as I am confident.

TARLETON—The heavy work this year
Has fallen to us—whom you left under
Rawdon—in the South.
We have been busy? [*Enter* MAJ. MONCRIEF.]

CORNWALLIS—[*to* MONCRIEF.] We are in a
Reminiscent mood this morning; and you
Make a good third to our discussion!
But first, the purpose of this call?

MONCRIEF—A prisoner has been brought in.
Perhaps you will question him?

CORNWALLIS—Not now.
We are in retrospection occupied;
And no prisoner shall compel us to
Surrender the past to present themes.
The prisoner is safely held?
Then here,—for the time,—we will hold you.

MONCRIEF—I rejoice in such captivity.

CORNWALLIS—At the Cowpens in January last
We were severely hit. I cast no
Censure upon you, Tarleton, who as our
Gladiator upon that field, did your best.
[*To* MONCRIEF.]
You were there!

---

[2] From this time [when Cornwallis was on the James] the hate which had long existed between Cornwallis and Clinton [see Note 3, Scene 8, Act III] showed itself without reserve. Cornwallis was eager to step into the chief command. Clinton, though he had threatened to throw up the place, said, "he would not be 'duped' by his rival into resigning."—*Bancroft.*

MONCRIEF—I was;—and a part of all that followed,
Till you began your advance to Wilmington,
After the affair at Guilford Court House;—
Three months ago this day.
CORNWALLIS—But to go back.
After the Cowpens we moved to the support
Of Tarleton; this was with the hope to
Intercept the victorious, but now
Fleet-footed, Morgan,—so quickly joined on
The Catawba by Greene himself.
To effect this union, Greene left his camp
At Hick's Creek, and became Morgan's partner
In escape. His abandoned army, by Huger
And Williams led,—we were well informed,—
Followed their commander, by another road.
And all forces were united at Guilford,
In the common scramble to be off. The
Rascals sped on before us for many days.
Could this army have been more expeditious?[3]
MONCRIEF—Not; and retain its power to breathe.
We marched with the wind, but they fled with the
Hurricane. They were always just across
The water when we got there. At Broad River;
At the Catawba; the Yadkin, and the Dan,—
We reached one side while the fugitives were
Sending a farewell to us from the other.
The chase began in January; and
With unbroken pace continued until
February fourteenth. Then, Greene entering
Virginia, you turned back from its border
Line, the Dan—thus far we had played the huntsman—
To a former camp at Hillsborough.[4]
TARLETON—It is an accursed territory!
And should be given over to aquatics.

---

[3] See Note 5, Scene 3.

[4] When Cornwallis started in pursuit of Morgan after the battle of the Cowpens, it became the pursuit of Greene and Morgan, after Greene had joined Morgan on the Catawba; and a pursuit of all the forces of both Morgan and Greene, after Greene's army from Hick's Creek had united with Morgan's at Guilford Court House. [See Note 5, Scene 3.] This became the most famous retreat known in history. Greene, for a race of more than two hundred miles, managed to be across the river (and there were many) just as Cornwallis reached the opposite bank.—*Butler.*

These men whom we followed are web-footed
Or back-finned like fish, so easily to skim
This world of waters. Else, they had not escaped
Us! Where over all the earth shall this land
Be river-matched? There is the Great Pedee,
And the Little Pedee; the Big Santee
And the Small Santee; the Ennoree and
Congaree; the Black, Broad and Edisto;
The Catawba and Wateree, the Yadkin
And the Dan. Why, this is not half of them!
And I would rather hang than tax my memory
With the accursed string of names. It is
Enough to drive one mad to recall the
Posts and marches in this liquid waste.
'Tis easier to figure an eclipse, without
The aid of pencil. To curse were useless,
For even curses would be drowned. Send our
Midshipmen to hold this State, and give to
Us landsmen more solid footing.

[*All laugh heartily.*]

CORNWALLIS—I am much of your way of thinking.
Yet as soldiers we must take the land as
God has made it. With much audacity—
After resting but a week—Greene re-crossed
The Dan, and in turn came after us.[5] On
The journey we paused at Guilford. There, on
The fifteenth of March, both armies locked horns—
As mad bullocks do—in bloody battle.

MONCRIEF—And your Lordship, as Conqueror,
Held the field when the day closed?

CORNWALLIS—The victory was not one
To excite us to vociferous applause.
Cursed be that day of battle!
Our loss was greater than the enemy's.

TARLETON—Greene made an orderly retreat.
Reforming his shattered ranks, he would have

---

[5] Greene in his retreat [see Note 4] reached Virginia when Cornwallis, at the opposite side of the Dan, gave up the race and turned southward again, and for Wilmington. No sooner had he done this, than Greene was after him, recrossing the Dan (being recruited from Virginia) in pursuit, and kept close to him.—*Irving.*

In his outburst against the rivers, Tarleton names only a few of them—there being (large and small) about one hundred and fifty in the two Carolinas and Virginia.

Renewed the fight, had we consented.
It was then our turn to fly!
We made for Wilmington, with what speed we
Could, Greene stepping upon our heels, with his
Half-naked rapscallions by his side.
Reaching our journey's end at the sea,—
April seventh,—all else of North Carolina
Was left to the enemy. Twenty days after,
This army left Wilmington for Virginia,[6]
To begin these operations on the James.

MONCRIEF—[*to* TARLETON.] Then, Tarleton, you and I,
Joined Rawdon—to whom was left South Carolina.
[*To* CORNWALLIS.]
Matters have not gone well there since your
Lordship left?

CORNWALLIS—Rawdon did the best he could.
The territory was much too large, to hold
With small commands scattered through it.

MONCRIEF—The moment you departed,
Greene,—free from the fear of your chastisement,—
Planned to clutch South Carolina from us also.
Camden, Ninety-six and Augusta were
Threatened. In April, Marion, Sumter,
Pickens, Lee and Williams,—the last two with
Cavalry commands,—were all activity.[7]
Rawdon presented an unyielding front.
Greene prepared to measure strength with Rawdon
At Hobkirk's Hill, on South Carolina soil.

CORNWALLIS—There Rawdon won a lifetime of renown.
Tarleton, you were a sharer in that glory?

MONCRIEF—The gage of battle was thrown
And accepted April twentieth.

---

[6] March 15, 1781, Greene, now pursuing Cornwallis on his march for Wilmington, came up with him at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, and forced a battle. Greene selected advantageous ground. The battle opened at one o'clock in the afternoon. The North Carolina militia delivered a partial volley and fled. Not so the Virginians and men of Maryland. The battle raged for two hours. Greene gave up the field, but nothing else. The British lost six hundred; the Americans less than half that number. The next day Greene was ready to renew the battle; but three days after it, Cornwallis with his victorious, but now ruined, army, began his flight. Greene pursued him, but could not come up with him, and Cornwallis reached Wilmington.—*Bancroft.*

[7] So soon as Cornwallis was driven away, Greene determined to carry the war into South Carolina and drive the British garrisons from their posts at Camden, Ninety-six, and Augusta, in Georgia. Greene threatened all these places.—*Irving.*

Greene had about twelve hundred men,
To a thousand of us opposed.
TARLETON—We began the attack,
And were received with stubbornness.
Greene retreated: but when he left, we had
No prisoners to count, nor spoils of war to
Encumber us. The loss upon each side
Was about the same;—though we, as at
Guilford, remained upon the field.[8]
CORNWALLIS—That was much, considering
You were inferior in numbers.
MONCRIEF—Following Hobkirk's Hill,
The other stations long held by us, began
To drop like ripe fruit from a shaken tree.
Marion and Lee gained Wright's Bluff on the
Santee; May the tenth Rawdon abandoned
Camden; the next day Orangeburgh fell to
Sumter; the day after that Fort Mott to
Marion; June the fifth Augusta with
Its garrison dropped to Greene himself;
And Ninety-six was next abandoned.
South Carolina was now nearly gathered
To the enemy, Charleston excepted.[9]
CORNWALLIS—Our retrospection, might have been
More highly colored with our success:
But we must take fortune as it comes.
Major Moncrief, will you introduce
Your prisoner? [MONCRIEF *retires.*]
I am still firmly fixed in the faith with
Which I entered upon Southern territory,—
That here is the spot to make successful war.
With the British fleet upon the Chesapeake—
If Clinton will so order—guarding our
Army upon its banks, we can strike North
Or South; and so confuse the enemy.
[*Re-enter* MAJ. MONCRIEF *with* COL. CARROLL: *a Sergeant and a file of soldiers as a guard.*]

---

[8] April 25, Lord Rawdon, now in command of the Carolinas after Cornwallis, who had fled, gave battle at Hobkirk's Hill, in South Carolina. Greene was attacked by Rawdon early in the morning. Greene was forced to retreat, but the loss was about the same; three hundred on each side.—*Lossing.*

[9] Then, in due time, the armed posts throughout the Carolinas and Georgia fell to Greene or his lieutenants, and the British forces were driven from the land to the sea, to Charleston and to Savannah.—*Butler.*

MONCRIEF—This prisoner was taken
By our scouts, as he was riding—so it
Is thought—from the camp of Lafayette to
That of Wayne.
CORNWALLIS—[*to* CARROLL.] What is your name, sir?
CARROLL—I am Thomas Carroll:
Colonel in the United States Army.
CORNWALLIS—You mean the Colonial Army.
There are no United States.
CARROLL—[*with much disdain.*] Therein, does a
Willing servant of a royal master
Show his ignorance of events.
These Colonies became a single and
United power on the first of March.
SERGEANT—[*blustering.*] Prisoner! Remember you
Are speaking to the Commanding General—
My Lord Cornwallis.
CARROLL—[*bowing humbly to the Sergeant.*]
I thank you for this.
I thought you were his Lordship.
[*All laugh heartily.*]
TARLETON—I know this man.
Sir! we have met before.
CARROLL—Yes!
You have a memory as well as I.
At Camden. I followed you—and at the
Point of my sword held your worthless life,
When troops divided us.
TARLETON—Then you were "Captain?"
CARROLL—I won the higher rank at the Cowpens.
Opportunity was there gladly seized
To send many—of your class—to heaven.
Carrying the news—which good fortune fell to
Me—of our victory to Washington,
He extended this reward.
CORNWALLIS—What was your mission
When taken by our scouts?
CARROLL [*with contempt.*] To gather blackberries.
CORNWALLIS—You are facetious.
What is Lafayette doing?

CARROLL—Attending to his own business.
CORNWALLIS—And Steuben?
CARROLL—Helping Lafayette.
CORNWALLIS—I may have you hanged.
CARROLL—Perhaps. You and your creatures
[*looking fiercely at* TARLETON.]
Are capable of doing the vilest things.
CORNWALLIS—What is Wayne up to?
CARROLL—He is weaving a rope,
For more hanging, when I am done for.
TARLETON—This service you would,
Doubtless, gladly render to Arnold?
CARROLL—Oh, no!
We would only hang him in parts,
If we had him.
TARLETON—This is enigmatical.
CARROLL—We would cut off the leg,
Wounded at Quebec and Saratoga,
And bury it with honors of war.
The rest we would hang upon a gibbet.[10]
[*Aside*] If Champe had not failed,
This suggestion would have been long since
Answered by other voice than mine.
Where is that brave soul now, I wonder![11]
CORNWALLIS—You have seen Washington since the Cowpens?
With what new campaign does he purpose
To stir the world to wonder?
CARROLL—[*Aside.*] It was our General's wish,
That report be noised abroad,

---

[10] Arnold asked a prisoner, "What would you do with me, if I fell into your hands?" "We would cut off your leg," was the reply, "which was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war. The rest of you we would hang upon a gibbet."—*Fiske.*

[11] Washington was anxious for the capture of Arnold. Andre had been hanged October 2. Washington learned that Arnold was living at the Watts House, No. 3 Broadway, New York City, next door to Clinton. He sent for "Light-Horse" Harry Lee, and devised a plan. Sergt. John Champe of Lee's cavalry was to desert, go to New York, and there, with companions with whom he was to be made acquainted, seize Arnold at night, in the open grounds in the rear of his dwelling, hurry him to a waiting boat in the North River, and bring him to Washington. Washington drew up the instructions. Champe consented. He did desert on the night of October 20, was pursued by his own people, who were not in the secret, but reached the British in safety. In New York he was enlisted under Arnold himself. On the very night when the plan was to seize Arnold, the traitor changed his quarters to go on his expedition to Virginia; and poor Champe was caught in a dilemma, and had to sail with him. When Arnold was sent back to New York by Cornwallis, Champe came under the command of the latter, and late in the summer of 1781, escaped, and rejoined his old commander, Henry Lee, who was then with Greene in the South.—*Lossing.*

New York was to be assailed.
Here is opportunity.[12]
[*Aloud.*]
He will go gunning for Manhattan snipe.
CORNWALLIS—You mean General Clinton?
CARROLL—That is the other name for my bird.
CORNWALLIS—[*Aside to* TARLETON.] I believe the truth, here
Escapes this man in the guise of ribaldry.
Washington will attack Clinton in New York!
Supported by the French, he may—Ah, well!
I shall not weep whatever the end may be.
With Clinton a prisoner, the aureole
Of Chief General falls upon my brow; and wlil
Find me here at the post of supreme advantage.
[*Aloud.*]
Since the Cowpens you have been South again?
CARROLL—In each event of moment there,
I have had my part.
CORNWALLIS—Greene is fleet of foot
When on the march?
CARROLL—It was necessary;
To keep your backs in view;
You fled so rapidly before him.
CORNWALLIS—[*indignantly.*] Fellow! We pursued him
For days from the Cowpens to Virginia.
CARROLL—[*with mock humility.*] That was to test
Your strength and wind. This done, in his own
Good time he turned;—and drove you across
The great North State to Wilmington.[13]
CORNWALLIS—But we halted at Guilford Court House!
And gained a triumph there.
CARROLL—And straightway from that triumph fled, as
From the ghost of ruin. And still onward fled,

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[12] Early in the summer Washington was willing to have it understood and noised abroad that he was to attack New York. If he really did so, no harm was done by the report. And if at last he decided not to do so, but to move to the South, then Clinton might be deceived.

Washington was willing, bv false rumors, to have it understood he would attack New York.—*Ridpath.*

[13] See Notes 4 and 5.

Till you reached your ocean reinforcements.
That triumph, as you call it, drove you here
To Virginia, as there was no place else
To go; surrendering the land south of
This to our fast-advancing banners.
CORNWALLIS—Since then we have had Hobkirk's Hill.
CARROLL—You were not there.
And I congratulate you.
CORNWALLIS—Why?
CARROLL—You will live longer by keeping
As far as possible from General Greene.
CORNWALLIS—Your insolence deserves the lash!
We are informed that when the army of
The valiant Greene started from camp at
Hick's Creek on the run for the Dan, one thousand
And more of this motley gathering had no
Other clothing than a cloth about the loins.[14]
CARROLL—[*repressing his anger.*] Very true!
Your Lordship! Very true! By army
Regulations this was the court dress; a
Uniform adopted in deference
To you, if the two armies joined.
There was fitness in it. If this style
Is savage, so is our enemy.
CORNWALLIS—And we have further learned,
That half of the ragged herd was weaponless?
CARROLL—Very true! Your Lordship! Very true!
CORNWALLIS—Why were such creatures,
Gathered into a military camp?
CARROLL—[*laughing greatly.*] We are a social people.
They were there for company.
CORNWALLIS—And shall such scum as this,
Recapture conquered states?
CARROLL—It has! Your Lordship! It has!
And already enforced upon the British
Army of the South, a new and most
Pleasing occupation.
CORNWALLIS—To do what?
CARROLL—To gather sea shells.

---

[14] See Note 7, Scene 4.

CORNWALLIS—You have much amused us,
In this character of clown.
CARROLL—Charge, one shilling.
CORNWALLIS—Why so small a sum
For so much amusement?
CARROLL—I always gauge my fee
To the importance of my audience.
CORNWALLIS—[*in anger.*] Away with this man!
I'll speak to him no more. And exchange him
Quickly for one of equal rank. It will
Be agreeable to be well rid of him.
CARROLL—[*bowing meekly.*] A mutual pleasure.
CORNWALLIS—And yet we may meet again.
CARROLL—Yes! When it shall be my duty
To call the roll of prisoners.
CORNWALLIS—[*in continued anger.*] Away with him!
No more. Away!
[*The Sergeant and the guard retire with* COL. CARROLL.]
CORNWALLIS—The unmannered knave
Has put me in a temper. However,
To learn that Washington will attack
Clinton is worth the interview. This is
Our last day here, so far from the protection
Of the fleet, already floating—though yet
Of vessels few in number—where this river
Swoons into the Chesapeake. We march at
Once to Portsmouth—and then to Yorktown.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VI. *New York City. Battery Green. Time: August 25, 1781; forenoon.*

Enter GEN. CLINTON, MAJ. MONCRIEF, *aids and soldiers.*

CLINTON—It is now blazing noon, and
The last platoon has passed in grand review.
Moncrief, I am tired; tired in body and mind!
For three hours I have stood and surveyed the line,
Till twelve thousand men, panoplied and

Shining in their arms, tramped by.
Who thanks me for this labor?[1]
MONCRIEF—It was a grand army, and
Grandly enthusiastic, which we have seen.
I am just arrived from Lord Cornwallis,
Whose force with this compared,
Divides it equally, or nearly so.
CLINTON—No better troops
Ever followed a commander.
They give me confidence for the bitter
Hour when it strikes; the hour when Washington
Opens his guns upon this town.
MONCRIEF—I now recall the words of a prisoner
To Cornwallis, in camp upon the James;
That Washington would here engage his powers.
CLINTON—This is no news to me.
Faithful guardians have brought to me his
Dispatches—intercepted—which reveal
His intentions. I am not defenseless;
But no thanks for this to those who should be
Prop in such a danger. Rochambeau, with
The French contingent, crossed the Hudson
Yesterday, and joined the waiting columns
Of native rebels. I made no opposition;
Since all around prepared, I care not where
Begins the game.[2]
MONCRIEF—Who are those misusing you?
Your speech is loaded with resentment;
And your words bitter thoughts reveal.
CLINTON—Where are my troops, who should
Be here to gird me with their willing arms?
Upon the Chesapeake! To feed the
Ambition of a subordinate. Sent there
By the order of Minister and King!
I commanded Cornwallis to return
To me three thousand. And ten days thereafter
Annulled this, because his Majesty regards
The South as the chief theatre of war.

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[1] In August, 1781, Clinton had twelve thousand veterans in New York.—*Ridpath.*

[2] Clinton all this time (August, 1781) [see Note 12, Scene 5], from bogus dispatches intended to be intercepted by him, was satisfied he would be attacked.—*Ridpath; also Weems.*

MONCRIEF—This is authority, which makes
Obedience a deed of highest honor.
CLINTON—And I have been obedient. Yet, when
I am directed to dethrone myself
To help a rival reap where I have sown,—
Bitter thoughts will from this bitter treatment grow.[3]
MONCRIEF—Of all the fates inimical to man,
Only ingratitude would dare to tarnish
Your renown.
CLINTON—My deeds are my orators!
And they must speak for me. Recounting what
I have done, my conscience is not my
Punishment. I divided the angry
Seas from here to Charleston,—
And wrenched that jewel from disloyal hands.
On the lurid field I have been the last
To leave. Since Howe went home, and I became
His heir,—to fill the urn of royal expectations
Has been my willing labor. I have not
Tired, though sustained so miserly, as Truth—
Time's eldest daughter—will witness for me.
MONCRIEF—It would tax the State,
To equal your deserts.
CLINTON—It taxes nothing!
For deserts alone go unrewarded.
I once reigned in the favor of the King.
What of it? He who does the work of Princes,
At best, a glassy scepter wins, which breaks
With touching. Cornwallis would have me resign
That he may prosper in my shoes. But I
Will not do it. From Virginia he sent
False Arnold here, to taunt me with his presence.[4]
MONCRIEF—My Lord Cornwallis is not so
Spread over the South as once he was. The
Colossus, which only a few months ago
Bestrode three States, from the mountains to the
Sea, is shrunken to ship-engirded towns—
Charleston, Savannah and Yorktown.
CLINTON—You were with him,
On his march back from Richmond?

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[3] It was by order of the King, sustaining Germain, that troops were sent to Cornwallis [see Note 2, Scene 5].—*Irving.*

[4] See Note 1, Scene 5.

GREENE—Put up your swords.
[*Looking intently first at one and then at the other.*]
Two men more closely matched never met
In opposition. Of the same rank; in
Size and mold as if from the self-same die.
This is marvelous! Hair so alike
In color, that if intermingled,—
A mother could not separate the two!
Eyes that are as much the same as twin
Goblets dipped into a crystal spring,
Then sparkling side by side.
[*To the* AMERICAN CAPTAIN.]
Captain Jennings—
[*The* ENGLISH CAPTAIN *drops his sword, staggers as if to fall, when* MARION *supports him.*]
MARION—There is here a mystery?
ENGLISH CAPTAIN—[*reviving—to* AMERICAN CAPTAIN.]
Is your name—pardon me—
Is your name Edmund Jennings?
Jennings of Old Kent in Maryland?
AMERICAN CAPTAIN—[*petrified with astonishment.*]
It is. And you?
ENGLISH CAPTAIN—[*staggering toward him with emotion.*]
I am your Cousin Harry!
[*They fall into each other's arms.* GREENE, MARION *and* CARROLL *turn away to conceal emotion.*]
AMERICAN CAPTAIN—[*holding his cousin in his arms.*]
Oh, cruel, cruel war! that turns the swords
Of the best beloved against each other.
The father of this man is brother to
My father; and from one grandsire are we
Both descended. We have been taught from
Infancy to know each other,—though an
Ocean rolled between;—and the last letter
Between us was filled with the joy to flow
When we should meet. This is that meeting!
[*Weeps.*]

GREEN. This is marvelous! Hair so alike
In color, that if intermingled—
A mother could not separate the two!
Eyes that are as much the same as twin
Goblet dipped into a crystal spring,
Then sparkling side by side.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—[*recovering himself.*] Oh, happy chance!
That stayed my hand from injury.
GREENE—Of the same blood begotten;—
This was a suicidal fray,
That happily has ended. Here is
Epitomized this conflict—most unnatural—
In which England is the common parent,
Whose children are in arms. Oh, cursed spite!
Which—hatred armed—invokes this heartless fight.

[*Picks up the fallen sword and hands it to the* ENGLISH CAPTAIN.]

[*To the* AMERICAN CAPTAIN.] Captain Jennings,
We give this prisoner into your care.
Do with him as you will.

[*The cousins retire, locked in each other's arms.*[2]]

MARION—To-day we have avenged Isaac Hayne.[3]
If foul Rawdon, whose hand did this and
Many other murders, were here, our revenge
Would be much sweetened by his discomfiture.
He has no stomach for further controversy,
And has sailed home to England.
CARROLL—The death of Hayne! It was a wilful
Sacrifice of a noble citizen.
The enemy is discomfited!
At daylight we opened the ball; and the
Afternoon finds us, if not on it, still
Near the field. We are in line, and ready
To begin again. Colonel Stuart led
The English.

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[2] At the battle of Eutaw Springs, as its fury ceased, two officers of the same rank became engaged in a desperate sword encounter. The American beat down the guard of his opponent, and made him prisoner. After the battle, there was observed a strong personal resemblance between them. Inquiry developed the fact that they were first cousins. The American officer obtained a furlough and permission to take his captive cousin home. They now were like brother knights of old, and pledged to each other's defense. On their way home they were beset by a party of English soldiers, but the English captive helped his American cousin to beat them off. Great was the joy of the American family in receiving this English kinsman.—"*Romance of the Revolution.*"

[3] When Rawdon reached Charleston, he sanctioned the execution of Col. Isaac Hayne, because after parole he refused, upon command, to join the King's forces. And deeming this demand a violation of his parole, he joined the patriot forces and was captured.—*Frost.*

GREENE—The opening blows were rightly placed,
And staggered them. They were routed! When
Williams, like a cyclone, broke upon them
With the bayonet, they disappeared,
As the leaves do when the tempest rages.
Campbell, Pickens, Marion and Kirkwood
Were each an avalanche!
Colonel William Washington, Lee, and
Hampton kept them company. But oh! the
Pity of it! that this good fortune, by
Mischance, should be so suddenly snatched from us.
CARROLL—We hold five hundred prisoners;
And left five hundred of the enemy
Behind us, dead. Our loss not one-half.
It is misnamed, to call this mischance.
GREENE—[*petulantly.*] You console for half a victory;
Yet this report tinges retreat with honor.
We should have the whole opposing army!
But some of them got off; we defeated
Of just deserts by gluttony. Our soldiers
Within the enemy's well-provided camp,
Paused to eat and drink. They changed the patriot
To the gourmand, while still over them was
Hanging the sulphurous canopy of war.
MARION—Every commander
Struggled against this dissipation.
GREENE—I know! I know!
I blame no man. The enemy,
Gathering hope from this circumstance,
Came rushing back and swept drunken revelers
From their hard-earned ground.
CARROLL—The temptation
For our men was very great.
GREENE—I lament and do not condemn,
For that very reason. Hunger is the
Greatest of tyrants. A famished man,
Though a King,—no other means availing,—
Will sell his crown for porridge.
We still present a front unbroken,
And will redeem the error.[4] Ho! for a

[4] See Note 1.

Courier; the swiftest, too; that the tidings
Of this great day shall go to Washington.
[*An Aid retires.*]
[*Enter, hurriedly, a Courier, who whispers to* GREENE.]

GREENE—The English are in full retreat!
And make for Charleston. No lagging now!
Quick to saddle and after them! and the
Infantry shame the horses with easy foot.[5]

MARION—The South is free! Georgia and
The Carolinas, emancipated
From the bonds of Lord Cornwallis (only
Charleston and Savannah remaining tied)
Will now shake their threatening spears at him
In Yorktown.
[*To* GEN. GREENE.]
Marvelous results by you accomplished!
General, to an old soldier, impart the
Secret of this grand career?

GREENE—"Be watchful, courageous, prudent and humane."[6]
I wrote these four virtues upon my saddle bow.
And now, Away! Away!
[*All retire.*]

SCENE VIII. *Portico of Mount Vernon, Virginia. Time: September 12, 1781; morning.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* GEN. ROCHAMBEAU.[1]

WASHINGTON—Good-morning, Rochambeau!
Is Chastellux still held a prisoner?

ROCHAMBEAU—A willing prisoner to the sluggard, sleep.
I have twice aroused him; and twice he has
Turned himself; then sunk to deeper slumbers.

WASHINGTON—'Tis a morning of rare wine; distilled
From stream and plain by nature's alchemy.

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[5] The British, the night after the battle [Eutaw Springs] destroying their stores, fled to Charleston. Greene pursued, but could not come up with them. —*Marshall.*

[6] See Scene 2, Washington's advice to Greene.

[1] Washington [while the army was marching south to Yorktown] with Rochambeau and Chastellux, went for a few days to Mount Vernon.—*Hildreth.*

ROCHAMBEAU—This is a place which would
Excuse treason to the State, if it be
Treason to prefer its glowing beauties
To public cares.
WASHINGTON—I give you thanks, Count Rochambeau.
Here my youth and manhood ran the thoughtless
Round. And here I hope to bring the sorrows
Of maturer years, for its assuaging balm,
When present storms have passed.
ROCHAMBEAU—All signs protend,
Soon a gentle sky; or I'm no prophet.
WASHINGTON—I am full of hope.
Our present enterprise is shod with the
Nails of care, proof against all slipping.
The sea of fortune,—like its ever-rolling
All-land embracing mate,—cannot always ebb.
The flood will surely come with that which now
We do.
ROCHAMBEAU—Pardon me, your Excellency,
If I engage this moment for enlargement
Upon another matter. Vergennes is
Persistent for supplanting Adams, and
Requests this appeal which here I make to you.
WASHINGTON—I understand your inquiry.
Franklin has been my correspondent.
The Count de Vergennes, long ago, asked our
Congress to send some one more acceptable
Than Adams, as Commissioner to treat
For peace and commerce. Congress has been slow
In action, while the Count has been alert
In forcing it. The Count has been too good
A friend to remain unappeased.
ROCHAMBEAU—But Adams, he writes,
Is the promoter of strife;—petulant
And ungovernable in temper. That,
From this infirmity, he embitters
Any conclave which admits him.
WASHINGTON—The drug which embitters the mass,
Is often its chieftest virtue. The
Integrity of Adams gives him a
Giant form; and, like a mountain towering
Above its mates he dominates those beneath.

Hence Congress would not willingly release him.
These wise men compromised; and lately
Revoked the commission to Adams
Given to treat for commerce; and with him joined
Jay, Franklin, Laurens and Jefferson, to
Treat for peace, when our arms shall force to the
Front this happy business.[2]

ROCHAMBEAU—This will carry contentment
To our discontented Minister.

WASHINGTON—We are beyond all fear from Clinton?

ROCHAMBEAU—Our troops, well on the march,
In a few days will invest the enemy
At Yorktown: there held, for our coming by
De Grasse, Steuben and Lafayette,—with
Native watchdogs aiding. If Clinton
Moves after us, we can whip him in the
Open field. He dare not leave New York.

WASHINGTON—Our dispatches—
Captured by him through our own connivance—
Have cost him this important game in the
Play of arms.

ROCHAMBEAU—It was fair strategy.
Your Excellency! from small changes this
Plot of battle might have been revised?
When we conferred at Weathersfield in May,
And laid our march, its Southern course—as now
Pursued—was contingent upon De Grasse
Entering the Chesapeake. Had his ships
Come to New York Harbor—Clinton, not
Cornwallis, would have been the object of
Your solicitude. The French marched from New-
port
For the Hudson, with this thought controlling.

WASHINGTON—You accurately divined my purpose.
Through the summer, it has been but the
Drawing of the longer straw in chance, which
Of these two commanders should receive our
Compliments. New York was to be the prize
Of our first engagement. The urgency

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[2] See Notes 9, 10, and 11, Scene 4.
Congress in June, 1781, added to Adams [then sole Commissioner to treat for peace and commerce] Jay, Franklin, Henry Laurens, and Jefferson to treat for peace. And revoked his commission to treat for commerce.—*Ridpath.*

Of Lafayette inclined my heart, however,
To the South; and it is joy to me, that
He has triumphed in his desires.[3]

ROCHAMBEAU—The very pearl of noblest men,
His desires are always honest.

WASHINGTON—Exhausting the superlative, you
Defeat me in a higher compliment.
May I be endorser of your own?

ROCHAMBEAU—Two weeks ago Count De Grasse,
With his fleet, entered the Chesapeake; and
There landed three thousand men under
Marquis Saint Simon. This venerable
Soldier, of lofty rank, of noble scars
And much experience, gallantly placed
Himself under the orders of this boy,
The Marquis de Lafayette; and so
Completed the blockade. This compliment
Excels the first, for deeds convey it.

WASHINGTON—I grant you so. And I am dull
Not to have capped your first with this.

[*Enter a Courier, who hands dispatches to* WASHINGTON.]

WASHINGTON—[*breaking the seal and reading.*]
Why!
This is news, that—could we imitate the
Thunder—should cause the arched skies to vibrate
With our approving cheers. Listen!

[WASHINGTON *reads.*]

"This fleet was engaged from four till sundown
On September fifth, with the British squadron, which
Was vanquished at every point; crippled and
Hopeless, the defeated have sailed away. Signed
De Grasse and Lafayette."
He also holds Lord Rawdon as his prisoner;
Captured by his fleet, while sailing hither
From the Indies.[4]

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[3] The first intentions of Washington (when uniting with Rochambeau in the summer of 1781) were directed against New York. And it was not till he knew that De Grasse would enter the Chesapeake as ordered, with his fleet (which fact [that he had reached there] he heard, September 5), that he changed his mind to Yorktown.—*Frost.*

July 28th came the word to Washington that Admiral De Grasse would sail from St. Domingo, August 3, for the Chesapeake. There was no longer doubt as to the place to attack. Washington then determined upon his Virginia campaign.—*Irving.*

[4] The first thing De Grasse did was to land three thousand soldiers at York-

ROCHAMBEAU—Huzza! Huzza!
I will be gay and frivolous in my joy.
It is a Frenchman's privilege.
The die is thrown, and we are the winners.
All that remains to do is to enroll
The prisoners, with Cornwallis at the head.
And the infamous Rawdon captured!
WASHINGTON—The thirsty traveller,
His strength in some great desert spent, who
Happens suddenly upon a bubbling spring,
Must feel as I do.
[*Enter another Courier, who hands dispatches to* WASHINGTON.]
WASHINGTON—[*in excitement, breaking the seal and reading.*]
Why! Now our blessed angels are on the wing,
To overwhelm us with glad tidings.
Again, good Rochambeau, listen!
This is from Greene. At Eutaw Springs in
South Carolina, four days ago, in a
General engagement, he routed the British,
Who are now pellmell in flight to Charleston.
[*Hands the dispatch to* ROCHAMBEAU, *who glances over it.*]
[*With enthusiasm.*] How poor is speech,
To interpret the heart so swelling
With new-born praise!
ROCHAMBEAU—[*musing.*] Here is a phrase inexplicable.
My poor wits are not equal to the tax
Upon them. Thus the reading runs:
"The South is free, redeemed and undismayed.
It is because I wrote,
'Be watchful, courageous, prudent and humane,'
These four virtues upon my saddle bow."
Indeed! These four virtues carried to the end
Would surely in one man unite
A Washington and a Cæsar.

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town, under the venerable and military veteran. Saint Simon, who at once placed himself under Lafayette. De Grasse brought in Lord Rawdon, a prisoner, having captured him on the way.—*Carrington.*

On the 5th of September De Grasse encountered in the Chesapeake the English fleet. An action began at four o'clock, and lasted till sunset, and the British were so damaged that their fleet returned to New York.—*Bancroft.*

WASHINGTON—[*embarrassed.*] No more of this.
At some other time, perhaps.
Now for action with high ends to win.
Our friends are already up and with their
Armor on! They have struck where the embattled
Lines are set, and call on us to join them.
Now for De Grasse! Now for Yorktown!
Now for the final charge! To horse! To horse!
[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *The quarter-deck of the Ville de Paris, Flagship of the French fleet in Chesapeake Bay. Time: September 14, 1781.*

Enter ADMIRAL DE GRASSE, *with a staff of naval officers.*

DE GRASSE—His Excellency, General Washington,
Will soon be here. Let every gun speak his
Welcome! and from each spar be re-echoed
The sulphurous acclaim. From ship-of-war
To transport, all will join;
For a great man comes upon this deck to-day.
All are ready. See to it that no one falters.
[*Officers retire.*]

[*Enter* GEN. WASHINGTON, KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU *and* CHASTELLUX, *with military suites.*[1] *Cannons boom and sailors cheer.*]

DE GRASSE—[*to* WASHINGTON.] It is an honor
To welcome to the fleet of his Majesty
The much-renowned Washington.

WASHINGTON—[*bowing*]. Your kind words awaken gratitude.
But your acts do words impoverish,
And for both I thank you. My countrymen,
Whose speech is figured upon my tongue, would
Praise with enduring monument if they could,

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[1] The first thing Washington did on reaching Yorktown, was to visit Admiral De Grasse on his flagship, the Ville de Paris, to congratulate him on his naval victory. He was accompanied by Gen. Knox, Rochambeau, Chastellux and Duportail. He was received with great ceremony, naval and military. When he left, the yards of the ships and fleet were manned, and parting salutes were thundered from the flagship. A plan of action was here arranged.—*Irving.*

Count de Grasse had unbounded admiration for Washington. (From Curtis' recollections.) As Gen. Washington reached the quarter-deck of the Ville de Paris, Admiral de Grasse embraced him, kissing him on each cheek.—*Pumpelly.*

The gallant Admiral of France; who, nine
Days ago, upon these waters, lowered
England's standard in defeat. I thank you
For coming here; and being here, again
I thank you for that already done.

DE GRASSE—This approving sentence
Is compensation full for our part.
Permit me now to extend my
Salutations to your attendants.

[*Shakes hands with* KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU *and* CHASTELLUX.]

[*To* ROCHAMBEAU *and* CHASTELLUX.]

I greet you both, as a loyal Frenchman
Should ever greet his distinguished countrymen.

ROCHAMBEAU—We bear a sword,
To be drawn with yours in this great contest;
A link of closest brotherhood.

DE GRASSE—[*to* KNOX.] Upon the farthest waves of ocean,
We have heard the roar of your artillery.

KNOX—Long inured to varying fortunes,
I am knit into a stouter fiber
For future work, by the example
You have set us.

DE GRASSE—You pleased me much,
So highly to commend for my poor service.

WASHINGTON—Admiral de Grasse, in
Yonder town Lord Cornwallis holds his force.
He is imprisoned till we bid him forth.
On the land our armies gird him with a
Wall of iron, firm set against his hand.
To you we assign the duty,—and the
Honor too,—of holding him in this grasp
Of death escapeless upon the waters;
Whether westward or toward the sea.
Do you accept from me these orders,
And this important charge?

DE GRASSE—Freely and willingly.
The watery paths, whichever way they run,
Shall be to his Lordship, closed.

WASHINGTON—The signal given,
All will move together for quick surrender

Or his sure destruction. I am content;
And here end this interview. Brevity, which
Rules this visit, is the child of necessity;
Sometimes a hard driving parent.
And so, pardon it.

[WASHINGTON *bows and retires with* KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU, CHASTELLUX, *and military suites, attended with salvos of artillery and the cheers of seamen.*]

DE GRASSE—If ever a man was sincere in his work,
And in deepest conscience rated it for
Highest human destiny—that man
Is Washington! I know something of him.
The one, solitary, alone, Immortal!
Now for a visit through the fleet.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE X. *Yorktown, Virginia. Quarters of* LORD CORNWALLIS, *within the British lines. Time: October 11, 1781.*

Enter LORD CORNWALLIS, COL. TARLETON, *aids and soldiers.*

CORNWALLIS—So ends our vaunted proclamations!
Surrender is inevitable.
Ruin and disgrace!
TARLETON—Clinton could help you, if he would?
CORNWALLIS—Bah! The burly dolt
Has no such intention; or, if so,
He knows not how to act. He permitted
Washington to march around him for my
Environment, without the interposition
Of one poor protest. He wrote me,—to make
A diversion in my favor,—he sent
Arnold, five weeks ago, to New London.
This apostate to his earlier energy,
Was thus appointed, that he might injure
And slay the playmates of his youth.
He has done so. On September the sixth,
This Judas of the war, wrought such havoc
There, that the heart sickens at the recital.

Will this divert Washington? Or turn from
Us a single gun? Not one! The militia
Will be trusted to resist the traitor.
Greatest of malefactors! Hunted by
His former friends, and despised by his new,
Heaven and hell alike reject him.[1]

TARLETON—Clinton could spare for us
Both ships and soldiers?

CORNWALLIS—But I say he will not!
Nor will he suffer when we march out
As prisoners. A month ago I informed
Him of my danger. He promised aid.
After, withdrew his offer; his purpose,
To excite a hope before the fall, thus
Increasing the descent and injury.
Oh! I could rush upon yonder belching guns;
Tear out my eyes; or play good Socrates
With the fatal drink,—if this would change
The end! But it would not.

TARLETON—Do you regard the fight as surely lost?

CORNWALLIS—Of course!
We will not be of those who deceive
Themselves, with logic at war with judgment.
From all around, from yonder bellowing ships,
And these approaching parallels, a fiery
Hail for many days has pelted us.
This is the eleventh of October.
Eight days ago,—full armed and confident,—
You tried to break this barrier. The
Duke de Lauzun easily trampled you
Beneath his haughty cavalry. Six days
Ago yonder blazing trench was opened
Six hundred yards away,—Heaven knew that
Was much too near,—and to-day, it is but
Half that distance. Can mortal live before
A storm of shot and shell, as fast and many
As the drops of a heavy rain?
This Army is doomed!

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[1] To make a diversion, Clinton sent Arnold with a force to New England. He attacked and burned New London, September 6, 1781, and butchered the captured garrison at Fort Griswold. It was a savage assault by the traitor upon the scenes of his youth. Washington faltered not in his Southern plans.—*Fiske.*

And I, go the way of John Burgoyne,
Yorktown supplementing Saratoga.[2]
TARLETON—Will you capitulate to-day?
CORNWALLIS—Not to-day! Some friendly
Bullet may yet shield me from this fate.
All to the ramparts!
While British hearts shall throb, the fight continues.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE XI. *Yorktown. Before the British battlements. Time: October 17, 1781. In the distance are heard booming cannon. Troops of soldiers, American and French, from opposite directions, vociferously cheering as they meet, move across the stage, and retire.*

Enter WASHINGTON, ROCHAMBEAU, *and aids.*

WASHINGTON—Since this month opened
The enemy have endured a cyclone
Of ceaseless fury.
ROCHAMBEAU—They have borne it
Beyond my prophecy. I looked for
An earlier surrender.
WASHINGTON—The fleet
Has been one blazing fire for weeks!
This,—united with our own upon the land,—
Must be to the enemy, as if
Lucifer were King.
ROCHAMBEAU—Your Excellency,
We Frenchmen, I trust, are worthy of
This honorable alliance.
[*Enter Courier, in haste.*]
COURIER—[*to* WASHINGTON.] Report from Major Fish,
That two guns are dismounted; and
The enemy appear in force upon their
Rampart, facing this mishap.
WASHINGTON—Quickly to General Knox with
My orders for a battery of artillery
To the Major.
[*The Courier retires.*]

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[2] The parallels were drawing closer and closer around Cornwallis, and he decided to surrender after all hope was gone.—*Carrington.*

The best way to defeat assault is to
Prevent it.
[*To* ROCHAMBEAU.] Pardon this interruption!
So gallantly do you Frenchmen bear your
Part, that we of native birth must rest in
Fear, lest we come last in this day's renown.
I would have it, that, like a well-rounded
Apple cut in twain, the superior
Portion was undeterminable.
[*Enter another Courier in haste.*]
COURIER—[*to* WASHINGTON.] General Lafayette
To General Washington! That on the left,—
Where our lines are weak,—the English are
Gathering with dangerous activity.
WASHINGTON—To General Wayne, with orders,
To step into this breach with infantry.
Then quickly to Baron Steuben,
To renew his fire.
[*The Courier retires.*]
ROCHAMBEAU—This part of the line—
Whence comes the report from Lafayette—is my
Special care. I know the situation;
And hence am undisturbed.
WASHINGTON—Three days ago,
We breached two of their main redoubts. It was
A grand achievement! Colonel Hamilton
As leader against one, rises to military
Fame; and linked with him in honor is
Lafayette, who led the assault upon
The other. Between the two assailing
Forces, the rivalry was great, but the
Laurels gained were equal.[1]
ROCHAMBEAU.—Having forced their walls,
We may enter and compel submission.
It is a stubborn enemy.
WASHINGTON—We will so assail,
If his Lordship continues longer to
Contemn good judgment. It is folly to
Contend against the inevitable: the

[1] The two main redoubts were stormed and carried by Lafayette, Hamilton, Count de Deux Ponts, and others, and Cornwallis was then indefensible.—*Irving.*

Resultant loss of life is wanton murder.
Four years ago, this day, Burgoyne gave up his sword.
On such an anniversary, Cornwallis
Should do something in commemoration.

[*Enter* COL. CARROLL *hurriedly, with an excited following of officers.*]

CARROLL—[*to* WASHINGTON.] Your Excellency,
This way comes a white flag.

[*Cries "A truce! A truce! A flag of truce!"*]

CARROLL—[*Aside.*] I may yet call the roll of prisoners,
With Cornwallis at the head.
A prophet after all.

WASHINGTON—At last! At last!

[WASHINGTON *and* ROCHAMBEAU *clasp hands in silence.*]

[*Enter* CAPT. LOFTUS *with four British officers.*]

LOFTUS—A communication from
General Lord Cornwallis to
General Washington.

WASHINGTON—[*bowing to* LOFTUS.] I am prepared to hear you.

LOFTUS—The General commanding
His Majesty's forces, Lord Cornwallis,
To save the useless waste of human life,
Proposes a capitulation.
What terms will be acceptable?

WASHINGTON—Unconditional surrender.

LOFTUS—When and where?

WASHINGTON—Within two hours.
I wish his Lordship's written word, that he
Submits, himself and army. The soldiers,
As prisoners, will then march forth and stack their
Arms on Friday—the day after to-morrow—
Upon yonder green.

LOFTUS—I am authorized so to covenant;
And so it shall be, after Commissioners
Have arranged details. His Lordship names
Colonel Dundas and Major Ross to speak
For him in this consummation.

WASHINGTON—And I name Viscount de Noailles
And Colonel John Laurens to speak for me
In conference suggested.
[LOFTUS *and the British Officers bow and retire.*]
CARROLL—With their work the struggle here is ended.[2]
WASHINGTON—[*To Aids.*] The signal to the
Highest peak! And there let it float, to tell
The fleet and all our forces that,
Their labors ended, they are now to rest.
[*Aids retire.*]
Descending Silence lays her finger upon
The iron lips of war,—and its noisy
Riot dies.
ROCHAMBEAU—[*taking off his hat and looking up.*]
The God of battles has been with us!
WASHINGTON—[*humbly bowing his head.*] The God of Mercy!
The God of human rights! has heard the
Suppliant's cry. The power, which for years,—
For so many weary years,—has rioted
In injury to this people, now in
Ruin falls, because it is His will.
The nation must recognize it so. For
This, throughout the land, every grateful heart,—
As a high Cathedral set,—shall therein
Swell its own Te Deum.
[*All retire.*]

---

[2] A flag of truce was sent to Washington, October 17, and Commissioners appointed, who arranged a surrender on the 19th.—*Marshall.*
Washington piously ordered [upon surrender of Yorktown] that it be finished with thanksgiving.—*Weems.*

SCENE XII. *Yorktown. An open green. Time: October 19, 1781; afternoon.*

Enter American forces, who range themselves on one side; French forces enter and take place upon the other. Drums roll and flags of both nations fly.

Enter WASHINGTON, ROCHAMBEAU, LAFAYETTE, DE GRASSE, DUPORTAIL, CHASTELLUX, HAMILTON, KNOX, BARON STEUBEN, WAYNE, LINCOLN, MOULTRIE, CARROLL, *and other officers of the allied forces.*

Enter, of the British, CAPTAIN LOFTUS *and* MAJ. GEN. O'HARA.

LOFTUS—[*to* WASHINGTON]. General Cornwallis,
Being by illness prevented, appoints
General O'Hara to offer now his sword.

WASHINGTON—I request and appoint
General Lincoln to receive it.[1]

[GENERAL LINCOLN *steps forward and so does* GEN. O'HARA, *and the latter delivers the sword of* LORD CORNWALLIS *to the former.*]

[GENERAL LINCOLN *turns to* WASHINGTON *and offers him the sword: upon a sign from* WASHINGTON, LINCOLN *turns and offers it back to* GEN. O'HARA, *who bows and receives it.*

[*British prisoners, in the rear, begin to march across the stage, and stack their arms as they pass by.*]

[WASHINGTON *and* ROCHAMBEAU *stand side by side. Over them are waved the flags of the United States and of France. The soldiers cheer. The drums roll. Outside the cannons boom.*]

[CURTAIN.]

[END OF ACT IV.]

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[1] When the British forces marched out as prisoners, October 19, 1781, Cornwallis was ill, as announced to Washington. Gen. O'Hara was ready to surrender his sword. Washington appointed Gen. Lincoln to receive it. The sword was surrendered to Lincoln, and he [with the consent of Washington] returned it to Gen. O'Hara, who received it.—*Ridpath*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Royal apartments at Versailles, France. Time: November 19, 1781.*

KING LOUIS XVI. *seated and reading.*

KING—Now France
Mounts highest among the contending powers.
Fleet Mercury, from across the seas, has
Just whispered in our ears the fall of Yorktown.[1]
England must yield to destiny and division!
Shorn of so much strength as that which falls away,—
Sequel to this report—her weakness and
Distress, are to us, the tidings of a
Dangerous rival, doomed. This should warm my
Heart with satisfaction! And yet it does not.
Beyond the waters—what new ideas of
Duty are we helping to plant in the
Minds of men? Will this seed, which we are
Scattering,—teaching political independence,—
Produce a crop to plague us of royal birth?
Or, do we open wide the door where monsters
Wait to tear our high prerogative?
Throughout the earth, Kings are a brotherhood;
By divine appointment, set over all
Remaining. He who wears a crown, and dents
That upon another's brow, does his own
An injury. The future holds the answer,
Whether at Britain's humiliation,
I should laugh or cry.

[*Enter a Physician.*]

[1] The Duke de Lauzun, chosen to take the news of Yorktown across the Atlantic, reached Versailles with it on the 19th of November, 1781.—*Bancroft.*
The King Louis XVI. was forced to his friendship for the Americans. See Act IV. Part I.

KING—Good-morning, Doctor!
How is your patient?[2]
PHYSICIAN—The Queen is quickly rallying.
Her nervousness is past, and nature is
Advancing to the goal of happy health.
KING—For this, good Doctor,
I am your debtor. Aye! to you herein
Beholden, for much more than simple thanks
Repay. And the child?
PHYSICIAN—A rugged boy!
Who grows and cries,
As if he already knew his birthright.
KING—More than all these sounding cymbals
Of victorious war, does your report
Give comfort; that all goes well with this
Suffering mother and our boy. May you speak
As soothingly, when next you have occasion.
[*The Physician retires.*]
[*Musing.*] Our boy! The Dauphin!
The heir of France! and so the partner in
The pleasure of this hour, born of the news
Just come. A happiness which touches all
The orders of our state, and leaves them in
The glow of thankfulness. Shall he live to
Know his heritage in this joy! and coming
To it, will he too applaud, as now all
Others do? The future! The future!
Pavilioned within the shade of chance,—how
Like a thick and voiceless cloud, it conceals
What is behind.
[*Enter* VERGENNES *and* FRANKLIN.]
KING—[*bowing to both.*] Welcome to you, Count;
And to Doctor Franklin also.
You are early to-day; and abroad in time
To have your full share in this gaudy hour.
VERGENNES—He is no friend of France,
Who remains unmoved. How is her Majesty?
KING—All danger is passed; and
The Queen and Dauphin both speed on to health;
So the Physician said just now.

[2] The King, who had just been made happy by the birth of a Dauphin, received the glad news [of Yorktown] in the Queen's apartment.—*Bancroft.*

FRANKLIN—Then your Majesty
Enjoys a brimming cup?
KING—Thanks I give you,
That you should say so.
What word from Maurepas?[3]
VERGENNES—His sands of life are nearly run.
He knew the Duke de Lauzun, and heard from
Him—as we had done—the story of Yorktown.
It threw a halo around the bed of death;
Soothing the moments which—now too few—
Precede the end. The physician says, he
Will cease to live before the day is closed.
KING—So passes into history
A wise and loyal Minister.
FRANKLIN—I shall ever regard it
As a pleasant memory, that he lived
To know of America's success.
KING—My people are wild with delight
To hear of it. Washington towers higher
Than ever, over the best of men.[4]
FRANKLIN—I have already written to him,
That "All the world agrees"—I hold Europe
To be politically all the world—
"No commander ever better planned or
Executed than he has done." The blessings
Flowing from the campaign just ended will be
A growing gain to humanity, even
To remotest time. In the shapeless marble
Is the figure hidden, till artistic
Touches show it. So free America
Shall advance from chaos to the grandest
Of empires. Such is my faith! In the name
Of my countrymen, once more I thank
The King of France for his intervention.
KING—What was the strength at Yorktown?
De Grasse was there with nearly thirty ships;

[3] The very last sands of the Count de Maurepas [Prime Minister] were running; but he could still recognize De Lauzun, and the tidings of Yorktown threw a halo around his death-bed.—*Bancroft.*

[4] The joy penetrated all the people. "History," said Vergennes, "offers few examples of a success so great." Franklin wrote Washington: "All the world agrees that no expedition was better planned or better executed. It brightens the glory that must accompany your name to the latest posterity."—*Bigelow.*

And Rochambeau with five thousand soldiers.
That much I know.

FRANKLIN—De Grasse added three thousand
To the five of Rochambeau; and to these
Washington six thousand more.
Lord Cornwallis confronted with seven
Thousand,—who all marched out as prisoners.

KING—I sigh for peace.
So do Spain and Holland, joined with us and
You in common quarrel against the Briton.
In fact, the Continent, as well as England,
Is worn with this strife. Once engaged, we could
Not recede before independence fell
To you. I trust we all draw near our hopes.

VERGENNES—England is more weary than the rest.
All around her is a hostile fire! While
In the air above, rejoicing furies—
Those friends of evil—flap their demon wings,
Acclaiming her huge injustice. She cannot
Again recruit an army matching that surrendered.
This was possible after Saratoga;
But is now impossible.
Her people clamor and the King must yield.
The end is here. America free and
Independent!
The rival of France prostrate in defeat!
Peace is come, and our arms have helped her hither.

KING—It is now the time
For my visit to the Queen.

[*The* KING *bows and retires.*]

FRANKLIN—The King is not hilarious,
Like the rest of us.

VERGENNES—Louis is a King.
In your affairs he has always carried
A divided heart—and you had only half.
We will now seek further confirmation
From Lauzun of this glorious budget.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *London. Royal audience chamber, Buckingham Palace (same as Scene VII., Act I.). Time: March 21, 1782.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, GERMAIN, *and* GEN. SIR WILLIAM HOWE.

KING—The deed is done! And
George, the King of England, is humiliated.
Think of it, my Lords! That I,—a sovereign,
And from a famous line descended,—should
Be forced, against my will, to make this
Rockingham my Minister. What is it
To be a King, if varlets thus flout you
As they please? I despise this Rockingham!
And all who gather with him; and yet, to-day,
By my signature, he is made Chief Minister
Of England. Fox and Pitt are my aversion!
Still this royal hand,—which would rather write
The epitaph of each,—has just now advanced
Them, as though shining stars, to the zenith
Of the English firmament.[1]

NORTH—My heart beats as heavily, your Majesty.[2]

KING—I know it, North.
And so does the heart of each admitted
To this audience. Faithful friends! your
Sympathy, is all that is left in England
Of comfort to him who wears her crown.
Counterfeit that it is, it symbolizes
Power; but a worthless button on a
Beggar's breast, to the owner, stands for
Strength as great.

GERMAIN—You were spared
A direct appeal to Rockingham?

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[1] The sentiment of the people of England changed for peace after the news from Yorktown, which reached England, from France, November 21, 1781. The Ministry of Lord North was overthrown in March, 1782. When North first heard the news, in November, "It is all over," said he, many times, in the deepest distress. Shelburne was suggested to the King as the successor of North. He was less offensive than the other friends of America. Shelburne refused, and advised Rockingham. The King kept his mind as well as he could, but his "mind was torn to pieces," by the resolve of the Commons to stop the war. The King could not bring himself to accept Shelburne's advice, and spoke of his low opinion of Rockingham, of his horror of Fox and those with him. He blamed them all for having lost the feelings of Englishmen, and he felt "the cruel usage of all the powers of Europe;" every one of whom adhered to the principles of Catharine's armed neutrality.—*Bancroft.*

[2] See Note 1, as to North's distress.

KING—Shelburne saved so much of royal pride.[3]
He was voluntary messenger to this man,
While I, the King, meekly followed Shelburne
In his selection. And,—as if to add
A further smart to the irritation,—
This bumptious Rockingham, would not become
The adviser of the crown, until the
Promise was in writing made, that England's
Ruler would not veto the Independence
Of America. I gave such a promise—
And the new Ministry is installed.
My Lords! is this the realm from Great William
Handed down, whose heir is so abased?
HOWE—Circumstances, your Majesty,
Stronger than the props of royalty, have
Driven you to this pass. Since the news from
Yorktown, your subjects have clamored with an
Alarming tongue; and, behind them, is all
Europe leagued against us. Seven years ago,
We took up the challenge by our Colonies
Extended,—and from Lexington till now
It has been a sorry business. Our money,
Arms, and patiencee are exhausted; and the
Commons,—where the meanest pauper has a
Voice,—now issues orders, which even a King
Dare not disobey.
KING—[*with fierce vehemence.*] I will be King!
And not a shadow. The King is a ruler
Of his people! and since Great Rameses,
The scepter has been the badge of headship
In the State. The scepter is here! and this
Hand holds it. Who then, shall balk this ancient law?
If I insist upon a continuance
Of the war against the rebels, who
Dares resist the King?
HOWE—The united decision of the
Electors—who make and unmake Kings.

[3] Shelburne consented to be the bearer of a message from the King to Rockingham, asking him to be Prime Minister. "Necessity," said the King, "forced me to this." Before accepting, Rockingham demanded, in writing, there should be "no veto to the Independence of America." The King, in bitterness of spirit, agreed in writing to this demand. Rockingham and Shelburne, March 21st, both became Ministers.—*Bancroft.*

The day ended long ago when the
Sovereign's will was law
Assert your prerogative to rule alone,
And another Cromwell will thunder at
These royal gates.
[*The* KING *sinks into a chair, and buries his face in his hands in grief.*]

NORTH—From the Commons
We have already had our admonition,
And I have yielded.[4] So must we all, who
Have fallen with this ill-starred enterprise
To subdue America. Yesterday
I resigned as Prime Minister;
And my rule then ended.

GERMAIN—Three months ago,
I laid down the badge of my authority.
A lost cause, confers no laurels upon
The losers. I have been the Minister
Who went the furthest, for unconditional
Subjugation; and hence fell further than
My colleagues. It was a trying hour, in
Parliament, when I stood abuse most fierce,
Upon the offer of my resignation.[5]

KING—[*rising.*] Pardon me, my Lords!
Selfishly, I assume to be the only
Sufferer. All here have had a share; and
To endure with you is a regal duty.
The inevitable I must accept.
The new Ministry, is revealed already
In its purposes. Clinton recalled—Carleton
Will him succeed, to perfect peace, and
To conduct our defeated armies home.
Howe, you had your part for years upon this stage!
Wherein, did we miss our purpose?

HOWE—In not understanding the men,

---

[4] See Note 1. The fall of North's Ministry.
It was on March 20, 1782, that North, gaining the floor in the Commons, announced that his administration was at an end.—*Bancroft.*

[5] Lord George Germain resigned in December, 1781. The King was at that time saying, while the Christmas bells were ringing, and while the people and Commons were in a ferment over Yorktown, "No difficulties can get me to consent to a separation from America." Yet Germain was compelled to retire from the Cabinet. He was made a peer to palliate his disgrace, and when [as peer] he entered the House of Lords, he was met by reproof for cowardice and incapacity.—*Bancroft.*

[illegible]

[illegible] I will be King!

[illegible] The King is a [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] has been the badge of [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] is [illegible] and this

[illegible] Who [illegible] shall balk this ancient

law?

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the war against the rebels, who

[illegible] me King?

KING—The [illegible] decision of the

Electors—who make and unmake Kings.

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[1] Shelburne [illegible] to be the bearer of a message from the King to Rockingham, asking him to be Prime Minister. "Necessity," said [illegible] me to this." Before accepting, Rockingham [illegible] he "no veto to the Independence of [illegible] agreed in writing to this demand. [illegible] became Ministers.—*Bancroft.*

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Assert your prerogative to rule alone,
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Upon the offer of my resignation.*

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Selfishly, I assume to be the only
Sufferer. All here have had a share; and
To endure with you is a royal duty.
The inevitable I must accept.
The new Ministry, is revealed already
In its purposes. Clinton resolved [illegible]
Will him succeed, to perfect peace and
To conduct our defeated armies home.
Howe, you had your part for years upon this stage.
Wherein, did we miss our purpose?

HOWE—In not unchained [illegible]

Whom you were leagued to ruin. They were
From our own stubborn fiber bred; and,
Like an oak storm-pressed, gained increase of strength
From each recurring gale. When I came home—
Four years ago—my opinion was recorded,
That, with the forces used, America
Could not be subdued.

KING—Until driven to do so,
Have I yielded aught?

NORTH—Not a tittle!
But, step by step, has England's King been forced
Back from his first line of battle. History
Will say so much. When first this news of Yorktown
Stunned our affrighted ears, in November last,—
The Christmas bells had not ceased to ring, before
Your Majesty made known to all, that you
Would refuse a peace at the cost of
Separation.[6] Then,—in February,—
Followed the address of our Commons; with
An order therein written, to stop the war.
Even then, our sovereign was obdurate!
On March the fourth, came the final address,
Proclaiming that all were enemies of the
King and country, who still advised hostilities.
To resist this—meant the Tower, and perhaps
The headman's ax.[7]

KING—To hear this,
From the lips of tried and faithful followers,
Blunts the spear which hatred turns against me.
Oh, it is so hard to yield! To consent
To the dismemberment of this awe-inspiring
Realm! Since the glorious day of Hastings,
Till this time, not an acre of territory
Gained, has been lost. France, in Henry's time,
Fell away—by the law of heritage
Reclaimed, not wrenched from us, unwilling.
Hard is the fate, which makes me the martyr
To this new but inglorious rule.

---

[6] See Note 5.

[7] In February, 1782, a resolution for an address to the King [to stop the war] passed the Commons. The answer of the King was equivocal. Then came the address of March 4, that the House would consider as enemies of the King and country all those who would attempt to further prosecute the war in America. —*Irving*.

NORTH—To this course we are condemned!
The spirit of England, wounded and
Inflamed, upon us so gives her sentence.
KING—It must be so!
America shall be free, and with our consent;—
Since so she will, whether we consent or not.
It was in this very room—seven years ago—
That Franklin,—then agent of the Colonies,—
Declared that America would never, never,
Never be ruled as a subordinate.
NORTH—I well remember the audience, your Majesty.[8]
KING—It seemed to us all
But the frothy threatening of a rebellious
Heart, warmed with treason. This same man, from Paris,
Now dictates the terms of peace, as though a
Monarch! We stand before him, a suppliant;
With hat in hand, and beg for this and that.
Will you give here, your august approval?
Please, good sir, look kindly upon this appeal,
And let us go! Great God! Can such abasement
Be for the monarch of England? England!
The grandest of earthly Empires—to whose
King, as humble subject, this same Franklin
Once bent the willing knee. Because we are
Human, we feel the sting so keenly. But,
Philosophy is now our shrewd physician.
This trouble past, we will think of it no more;
What we can't prevent, that must we endure.
[*All retire.*]

SCENE III. *Newburgh. Portico of the headquarters of* WASHINGTON. *Time: June 1, 1782.*
Enter KNOX, STEUBEN, *and* MOULTRIE.

KING—A lovely morning!
A Saturday this to be remembered.
STEUBEN—The beauty here,
Proclaims the lavishness of nature.
KING—[*to* STEUBEN.] She has done no better,
Upon your famous Rhine?
STEUBEN—The Hudson is her sister.

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[8] See Part I, Act I, Scene 3.

MOULTRIE—The rising mist, gradually
Reveals, the marvels, which it hides;
As if a sudden revelation were too much.
KNOX—And nestling echo
Awaits the early call.
MOULTRIE—It is surely the dwelling place
Of all the muses; who daily start from
Here, to touch their votaries with inspiration.
KNOX—I was summoned,
By our General, to be here.
STEUBEN—And I.
MOULTRIE—And I.
KNOX—This is a period of expectation;
And, doubtless, Washington would make known
To us, the advancing steps of peace.
MOULTRIE—The wounds of war,
Still open their bloody mouths; and will do so,
Till conciliation is proclaimed.
Since Yorktown, our squadrons have not been marshaled
In the field; nor will they be again, as we
Believe. Still, our sorrows are not ended.
The British are cooped up in New York,
Charleston and Savannah—and on no other
Spot claim footing. From these centers, marauding
Bands daily issue forth,—the Tories aiding,—
Both in the North and South.
The air is still befouled with many terrors.
STEUBEN—It is the closing agony
Of protracted conflict. The worst pains,
Sometimes come in the healing process.
MOULTRIE—Not if the injury is death.
Accursed Cunningham! Through all the war,
This British Provost Marshal of New York,
Has there been the fiend promised at his beginning.
To-day, thousands of his prisoners cry to
Us in anguish, as loudly as when the
War was undetermined. The brutal Fanning,
Through the Carolinas—in March last—excelled
The horrors of active operations
Between the armies. In the North the same
Story holds. The Jerseys,are the hunting
Grounds of vindictive Tories.

KNOX—These base villains,—knowing they have lost,—
While all are awaiting peace,
Glut their savage hate.[1]
MOULTRIE—In Monmouth, they tramp
With special step, stealthy and murderous.
From there came so many of the minute men,
Who for years have guarded the extended coast;
These are now the victims of revonges.
Nightly, lurid skies proclaim some patriot
Home to ashes turned. The war is ended!
But suffering has not ceased.[2]
KNOX—There, Huddy was hanged!
And Captain Asgill of the British prisoners,
By lot, since selected as reprisal?
MOULTRIE—General, you state correctly;
And so, unite with truth a story of
Basest inhumanity. I was present.
Washington had sent me into this County,
To report upon these coast defenders.
Joshua Huddy,—a Captain in our service,
And a venerable man,—marked every year
With some good deed, which makes some lives a blessing.
Captured, in April last, on the Jersey
Shore, he was carried to New York. A few
Days after, Clinton gave him up to the
Tory Lippincott,—as vile a brute as
Ever walked in human form,—and, without
A trial or excuse,—except the tiger's

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[1] The delay of peace prolonged the sorrow of America. British partisans, of the brutal kind, were scouring the country (North and South), plundering and taking life at pleasure. On March 12, 1782, David Fanning, the ruffian leader of one of these bands, wrought havoc in North Carolina, burning houses and shooting down unarmed patriots, men, women, and children. In the North Col. James DeLancy, of Westchester, New York, was equally villainous.—*Bancroft.*

The curse of William Cunningham, while British Provost Marshal of New York, cannot be fully told (See Part I, Act III, Scene 3). Thousands were destroyed by him in his New York prisons, and in his hulks at the Wallabout, by starvation and other cruelties. This was continued on up to 1783, when the city was yielded up to the American arms. The hulk Jersey was called "The Hell," by the prisoners; and it is written that over ten thousand American captives died on this one ship.

[2] It was during this period, when the country was standing between war and peace, that Capt. Sam. Allen (grandfather of the author), a minute man, of Monmouth County, New Jersey, had his house burned over his head (as had been done twice before) by a marauding band from New York, aided by resident Tories. He was taken prisoner, but escaped on his way to New York.

Thirst for blood,—he was executed. He died,
Where the Neversink rears its shaggy brow, and
Beckons to its safe retreat from the stormy sea.

KNOX—[*grasping his sword.*] How much longer,
Can we endure?

MOULTRIE—Release your sword.
It cannot help poor Huddy now. I was
Unarmed and in disguise—or indignation
Would have given strength to slay a regiment.
Mounted upon a barrel, and with the noose
Around his neck, he called for paper, and
There wrote his will. Had he been dressed for some
Pleasant game, he could not have held the pen
With a firmer hand.[3]

STEUBEN—Our Washington was stirred
To retaliation. From Clinton,
Lippincott was demanded; and by him
Refused. Then came the drawing among the
Prisoners at Lancaster; and Asgill
Receiving the fatal mark, is now a
Special prisoner. Our Chief is resolved in
This! and, unless punishment falls upon
Huddy's murderers, this young scion of
A noble house will surely die.[4]

MOULTRIE—It is the law of war;
And a righteous law, wheen it leads to mercy.
This is the motive of our Chief; to prevent
Such cruel wrongs, by this law's enforcement.
What is the latest news from Europe?

KNOX—Yesterday, his Excellency
Gave me to read his last dispatches.

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[3] Capt. Joshua Huddy, who was captured in Monmouth County, and held as a prisoner of war in New York, was given over to a Tory named Capt. Lippincott, of the same county. He was taken to the Highlands of Neversink, and there, April 8, 1782, without a trial or excuse, he was hanged. A brave and venerable man, and esteemed by all. While on the barrel, with the noose around his neck, he called for paper, and with a firm hand wrote his will.—*Lossing*

[4] For the execution of Huddy [see Note 3] reparation was demanded by the American people, and Washington responded to the appeal. He wrote to Clinton and demanded that Lippincott be surrendered for punishment. This was refused. Orders were given to draw by lot from among the prisoners of the rank of Captain, then at Lancaster, Pa., a subject for retaliation. In May, 1782, the drawing was had, and Capt. Charles Asgill drew the fatal chance. Lady Asgill, his mother, appealed to Vergennes in France for mercy, and he, supported by Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette, appealed to Washington. The promise of peace eased the necessity of an example, and Washington gladly referred the whole matter to Congress. In November, 1782, Congress ordered Asgill's release.—*Lossing.*

The King—though reluctantly—yields to his
Subjects and moves for peace. Rockingham, our
Friend, is chief of the Cabinet; and Shelburne,—
Officially joined with him—is even more
Pronounced than he, that this cruel war shall end.[5]
General Sir Guy Carleton—ordered to New York,
Is already there, superseding Clinton;
Who, displaced, is now sailing home.

STEUBEN—Carleton has not arrived too soon.
He is a man of large humanity,
Which good judgment rules.[6]

KNOX—I echo you, Steuben!
Carleton is charged, with conducting away
From us, the English army. So the
Advices run. One Oswald—the British
Commissioner for peace—meets our Franklin
In daily conference at Paris.
Various questions, involving much to both,—
The boundaries, the fisheries, with others,—
Keep the argument alive. But on one
Question all are agreed: That is the
Independence of these United States.[7]

MOULTRIE—And that issue
Enwraps all the others;
And shrivels their importance,
In my diplomacy.

KNOX—All will be well.
But from Adams comes rare news, and you shall
Know it. Henry Laurens, our Minister
To the Netherlands,—gripped by English cruisers,
Was carried to London. In the Tower,
He has, perhaps, meditated upon
Raleigh and his end. However, no such end
Has come to him,—and Yorktown gave a reprieve
Forever. Adams was made the Minister
Succeeding. Now mark you what waits upon
The enthusiasm of sincerity.

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[5] See Note 3, Scene 2.

[6] Sir Guy Carleton, on the 5th of May, 1782, superseded Clinton in command, arrived at New York, and moved at once to end hostilities of all kinds.—*Irving*.

[7] Since the Ministry of Rockingham began [See Note 3, Scene 2] Oswald, as chief Commissioner for Great Britain, had been in conference with Franklin and other powers in Paris, arranging peace.—*Bancroft*.

After Yorktown, Adams quickly—and at the
Opening of this year—presented himself
To the ruling authority of the
Netherlands, and demanded instant
Recognition. It was no beggar's plea
Which he put forth, but as his right insisted,
That then and there, his credentials should be
Received, as the representative of a
Sister State. This meant, the recognition
Of American Independence. It was
Audacity born of self-conviction,
That he was right, when he so boldly made
This just claim. He won! He won!

STEUBEN—[*in great excitement.*] So the Netherlands,
Has acknowledged us?

MOULTRIE—[*in great excitement.*] I know not,
Whether to cry or dance for joy.

KNOX—Then, on the nineteenth of April,
Just seven years after Lexington,
And the next nation following France, the
Hollanders recognized the United States
As an independent power.

MOULTRIE—This conclusion gained,—
John Adams, herewith, has plucked a laurel
In the field of fame, worthy to lie with
The many which Washington has gathered.
Steuben! Aren't you sorry you were not born
A Dutchman?

STEUBEN—I am first cousin;
And even that, is a comfort.
It required the fierce egotism of
John Adams, to do so great a work.

MOULTRIE—It was the egotism of the patriot!—
And one with lofty purposes. I like
Bluff John Adams! Many there are who do not.
He may fail in suavity,—but not
In the brain and muscle of a man.
With honesty, he is just; and for
Justice, he is fearless!
When fixed in faith, he's stubborn for the right;
Then strips in noble eagerness to fight.[8]

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[8] After Henry Laurens had been seized upon the ocean and carried a prisoner

STEUBEN—This news—since April—
Has come to us upon swiftest wings.
KNOX—Our cruisers—with favoring winds—
Are now monthly messengers. We have done
Much to lessen the time of an ocean
Journey, since this war began.
MOULTRIE—The history of our navy,
Is worthy of an epic! Would you like
To hear it, while waiting for his Excellency?
I have given it some study.
STEUBEN—Yes, indeed; it will be a pleasure.
KNOX—And I will be all attention.
MOULTRIE—Then to proceed.[9]
That was a good beginning, when in May,
Seventy-five, our daring water-dogs
Of Maine, seized from the English the armed
Margaretta at Machias. In October
Following, Washington sent forth six
Privateers from Boston. Then Congress did
A noble work, standing forth like a
Towering shaft of honor. In December,
Seventy-five, it ordered thirteen sloops
Of war, one for each of the Colonies.
I speak from memory;—but years of danger
Have whetted it to accuracy. Over
This fleet Ezeke Hopkins was made the
Commodore. In this same December, upon
The quarter-deck of his flagship—the
Man-of-war Alfred—in the Delaware,
He saluted the first American ensign,

---

to London, John Adams was made in his place Minister to the Netherlands. Because of Yorktown, Adams, in January, 1782, left Paris and presented his credentials to the President of the States-General, "and demanded a categorical answer" to his claim of recognition. He then visited the chief cities of Holland, and made a like demand. Alone and unsupported, it was a novel and bold procedure. On the seventh anniversary of Lexington [April 19, 1782], he was received as the Minister of the United States, and the Dutch Republic thus became the second power in the world [France first] to recognize the independence of America.—*Bancroft.*

Conceiving it to be of the first importance to obtain, if possible, an acknowledgment of the independence of the United States by the Dutch, he [John Adams] made up his mind to push for it, and to take a daring step to accomplish his great object. He ranked his success in this as the greatest triumph of his life.—*Adams.*

[9] This statement in reference to the navy of the Revolution is from Lossing.

Raised by the hands of his Lieutenant,
John Paul Jones.

STEUBEN—How the name of this
Lieutenant stirs the blood!

MOULTRIE—And many others,
Have since been trumpeted. There is Nicholson,
And Barry, Biddle, Barney, Williams,
Talbot, Dale—the list with length throttles
Repetition—who are all famous Captains.
In France, Franklin made almost as many
Commanders as Congress did. This privilege
To him, was authority to safe hands
Entrusted. And our inland seas have not
Been neglected. In October, seventy-six,
Arnold—on Lake Champlain—fought Carleton back
Till crushed by greater numbers. And so, upon
Both land and water, he won his charter
To immortality, before he fell.
Since our alliance Louis has kept us
Company with many cruisers. But more
Than stately crafts of either power,
Our privateers have damaged England.

KNOX—They were the hornets of the ocean;
And their sting was most uncomfortable.

MOULTRIE—When our war began,
There were seven thousand British keels afloat;
Before it closed, these hornets destroyed
One third of this vast fleet. Now for the
Thrilling tales of each of our men-of-war,
Which—

KNOX—Which—you will postpone;
For here comes the General.

[*Enter* WASHINGTON, *holding a letter in his hand, followed by military attendants.*]

WASHINGTON—[*bowing to all.*] Gentlemen,
I have summoned you here upon a matter
Personal to myself. [*To an aid.*]
Say to Colonel Nicola that I await him.
[*Aid retires.*]
[*Turning to* KNOX *and his fellow officers.*]
I think I can call you all to witness
For me, that since I have commanded the

Armies of America, selfishness
Has not been the spirit of my conduct.
KNOX—[*with indignation.*] Who otherwise
Would intimate, is with the truth no friend.
[*Enter* COL. NICOLA, *who bows to* WASHINGTON. WASHINGTON *does so in return.*
WASHINGTON—Colonel Nicola! You have borne
A good part with our soldiers, and it grieves
Me much to be your accuser of
Impropriety.[10] Stern duty drives me
To this act, since I know not how far
Among your comrades,a poison has
Extended from your distilling. This is
Your letter; in secrecy sent to me.
To it you have my answer. Yet for
Public reasons, I prefer a more public
Judgment. With a hardihood—born I hope
From no inviting act of mine—you have
Dared to offer me a crown. With subtle
Argument have herein set forth, "how smoother
Would be the paths of peace," if upon my
Head should rest the title of a King;
And the further information added—
To me as abhorrent as insulting—
That such ideas exist throughout our army.
I now command you, and all with you
Confederated, never to communicate
To me again, a sentiment so ignoble.
I served to little purpose, if my
Associates in arms do thus regard me.
Have our people pressed onward these weary

[10] This affair of Col. Nicola is covered in history by correspondence. As correspondence of length cannot well be given in drama, it is presented from the correspondence, as in the text, by authority of dramatic license. The following letters passed upon this subject:

"COL. WILLIAM L. STONE:
"As a leading writer upon things pertaining to the Revolution, will you tell me if there is any evidence that Washington ever made a public rebuke to Col. Nicola, when the latter offered him the crown at Newburg?
"Yours very truly,
"ETHAN ALLEN."

"DEAR SIR: I don't think Washington ever made any public rebuke to Col. Nicola. It was a matter confined to letters. Still, if you stick to the historic facts as this correspondence gives them, I think dramatic liberty fully justifies you in presenting it as a scene in public. Yours very truly,
"WILLIAM L STONE."

Years—repelling the elements, the savage,
And famine's lawless rage—that at last
The gain should center upon me? Or, have they
Done so, that all the world should permitted
Be, to drink in happiness from our flowing
Spring of freedom? He is false to me, who
Favors, what I now in bitterness condemn.
If I have won from my countrymen the
Right to choose my own reward, let me beg
From them and history, a higher honor
Than your title of a King;—the honor
Of having lived and died an honest man.
[*Sternly to* NICOLA.]
Go!
[NICOLA *retires.*]

WASHINGTON—[*bowing to the others.*]
You will pardon me for the warmth
Of this occasion; but from that just passed,
You know, how great was the provocation.
I thank you for your attendance.
[WASHINGTON *retires.*]
[KNOX, STEUBEN *and* MOULTRIE *look at each other in astonishment.*]

KNOX—Thrice, the crown was offered to Great Cæsar!
And thrice did he refuse.

STEUBEN—And after that accepted.

MOULTRIE—Once, the crown was offered to English Richard!
And he did once refuse.

STEUBEN—And then took it!
As the hypocrite all the while intended.

KNOX—In the whirl of time, Nature
Has given but a single Washington!
[*All retire.*]

SCENE IV. *Room of* COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Versailles, Trance (same as Scene V, Act III.) Time: November 30, 1782.*

Enter VERGENNES *and* FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—Let him who can,
Refuse to prick this day as one of honor,
On the calendar of time. This is
Saturday, November thirtieth. The last
Day of the week; the last day of the month; and
The last of your labors for independence.
I congratulate you!
FRANKLIN—[*much affected.*] How easy has it been,
For the lame to walk, with such a prop as you!
Your name, must ever remain, associated
With this glorious consummation.
VERGENNES—Of whatever worth my said has been,—
It was a tribute, to your greater worth,
Which has made you the Colossus of this
Great enterprise, since you came to France.
FRANKLIN—To the charter of our independence,
The signature and seal in preliminaries,
Were set to-day!
Nationality and peace are here!
In a sort of daze,—I wonder if I dream?[1]
VERGENNES—Nothing is more real, than the
Solid stucture of political power,
Which, helping Washington, your hands upreared.
FRANKLIN—It has been upon this land,
A six-years' engagement. What weary years!
VERGENNES—And the last, as tiresome
To you as any that went before.
FRANKLIN—Peace-making with the pen,
Has been as slow, as peace-winning with the sword.
VERGENNES—You have borne needless burdens,
Through the intervention of others. Jay, would
Not have peace—unless one contracting party,
Was styled the "United States," and not the
"Colonies." And then he would have

[1] On November 30, 1782, a preliminary treaty of independence and peace was made between England and the United States in Paris. Out of respect to the alliance between the United States and France, the treaty was not to be definitive until terms of peace should be agreed upon between Great Britain and France. With this reservation the treaty of peace was signed and sealed by the commissioners of both countries.—*Bancroft.*

Independence first; and the treaty afterward.
The shadow, and not the substance, of the
Controversy engrossed his thoughts.[2]

FRANKLIN—I know! I know! It endangered all.
Yet, he was a commissioner; though it was
August, before he took part in the negotiations.

VERGENNES—And Adams,
Came still later in the scene.[3]

FRANKLIN—Adams in the Netherlands,
Did grand work, and thence came here.
He was the Chief of us Commissioners;
And as such head, we all acknowledged him.

VERGENNES—It is only a month ago,
When you so received him. Since Yorktown, you
Have been active, though alone. And the first
Thing Adams did on coming, was to join with
Jay, against you, in proposing to recognize,
By treaty, ancient financial obligations,—
Which, the new government could not enforce,
Being no party to them. This was a grave
Danger, and you averted it; but it
Was burdensome to correct the many
Follies of colleagues, ill-advised.[4]

FRANKLIN—Laurens—released from imprisonment—
Came not to us till to-day; and Jefferson,
Not at all. The results are so glorious,
I will not quarrel with the journey to
Obtain them.

VERGENNES—But I have been a party
To these proceedings,—since peace with France is
With your own involved,—and am entitled
To a hearing. Your generous Jay wanted

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[2] Jay said, "He would not treat at all till the independence of the United States, as such, had been irrevocably acknowledged." But at last he consented to be satisfied with other methods. Franklin saw, with dismay, that delay from this might lose the chance for peace.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Jay came to Paris, June, 1782, but because of illness did not take any part in negotiations till August. October 25, 1782, John Adams, the chief commissioner came to Paris. He once had been sole commissioner. He ascribed the change to the French government and Franklin. Toward Franklin he never relented. Adams came fresh from a grand achievement in the Netherlands. [See Note 8, Scene 3.] Laurens came not till the very day the treaty was signed. Jefferson not at all.—*Bancroft.*

[4] November 4th Adams and Jay together overruled Franklin by consenting to recognize in treaty the validity of debts contracted before the war: thus involving the country in difficulties, because the United States had no power to give effect. Franklin saw and averted the danger.—*Bancroft.*

To concede to England the free navigation
Of the Mississippi. That empire had
Not the hardihood to ask, for what was
So freely pushed upon her. She might as well
Have equal control in your growing cities,
As to sail unquestioned into the very heart
Of your possessions. Spain, scenting her
Advantage, sought the same; and over the heads
Of all, appealed to Shelburne, in London.
Shelburne—your friend, as he surely is—
Doubtless bewildered at so much diplomatic
Kindness, hesitated; but not till on
The verge of full compliance. This was a
Moment of appalling danger. Again,
Your great influence, with your wisdom joined,—
In weight more than all the field opposed,—
Leaped this chasm to the bank of safety.
Thanks to Franklin;—the Mississippi is
The boundary of the United States; and
Its waters hers.[5]

FRANKLIN—We are out of all peril now.
I am too much rejoiced to look behind
And count the hills which I have surmounted.
Rockingham was our friend?

VERGENNES—Your friend! Ay, indeed!
Your friend when they were few. Your friend,
Before he became Prime Minister in March.
Your friend, when, last July, he died. It was
He, who forced the King of England to grant
You independence.

FRANKLIN—And, following the
Lamented Rockingham,—Shelburne equaled

[5] Jay sent a special envoy to Shelburne [now Prime Minister; Rockingham having died in July, 1782], proposing to give Great Britain the free navigation of the inland lakes and rivers of America. "And in future, the navigation of the Mississippi," he said, "would be as important to Great Britain as to the United States." In this unsolicited intercourse with the chief minister of Great Britain, Jay offered to give away the equal right to navigate the Mississippi. When the articles were agreed upon finally between Franklin and Shelburne, Jay added the gratuitous concession of the free navigation of the Mississippi. He pleaded in favor of the future commerce of England as if her counsel. The Spanish ambassador [in Paris], to gain advantage from the conduct of Jay, set off for London to establish a good understanding with Shelburne with regard to Spanish rights upon the Mississippi. "Spain wants complete control of the Gulf of Mexico," said he to Shelburne. Shelburne was true to Franklin, and made no reply to these insinuations. Franklin, having the fullest respect for Shelburne, interfered, and again averted the danger.—*Bancroft.*

Him in kindness to America. Oswald
Was never alien to his direction,
Which was toward peace and independence.

VERGENNES—It will be relief from great anxiety,
To know that young Asgill survives this day,
In which the savage law of retaliation dies.
His mother has pleaded successfully
To their Majesties and to me. In the
Name of all, I have appealed for mercy
To your Washington.[6]

FRANKLIN—An appeal never made in vain,
If justice stays not his hand.
Here come my colleagues.

[*Enter* ADAMS, JAY *and* HENRY LAURENS.]

VERGENNES—[*bowing to all.*] Gentlemen!
Congratulations, which I have given
To Doctor Franklin, I now extend to you.
To-day you have sunk into the ocean,—
Fathoms deep,—this bloody head of war.
The world everywhere rejoices.

ADAMS—Can all the oceans
Wash out the stains upon this horrid head?

JAY—Say, rather, all the horrid heads.
For, hydra-like, in many empires,
They have blasted peace.

LAURENS—Though having as many heads
As the sands of the sea, all are now severed,
And in perdition lost. In turn we
Congratulate France,—through her great Minister,—
The Count de Vergennes. She, too, is weary
Of the roll of martial drums.

VERGENNES—I acknowledge it.
France, Spain, the Netherlands, and England, too,—
Fling the white banner out, folding up the red.
You raise your song of harmony; and
All sing with you this pleasing melody.

FRANKLIN—The order has gone forth from England,
Calling her legions home. In July last,
Savannah was given up, and Charleston
Received her retiring guard. Soon,—Charleston

[6] In this very month of November Congress had released Asgill, in deference Vergennes, and the King and Queen of France. See Note 4, Scene 3.

And New York following,—the last British
Soldier turns his back in leaving.

VERGENNES—When Congress and Parliament
Have ratified your labors of to-day,—
A formality,—you will begin your
Career, as a sovereign power new-born
Into the world. May your future glory
Be worthy of your illustrious past,
And present promise!
'Tis now the hour, by their Majesties
Appointed, for your reception.

VERGENNES *offers his arm to* FRANKLIN.]
[*All retire.*]

SCENE V. *Newburgh. Assembly Hall in the New Building. Time: March 15, 1783; noon. One chair in the room.*

[*Enter* GENS. GREENE, KNOX, WAYNE, *and* COLS. MOULTRIE *and* CARROLL; *and following*, GENS. GATES, LINCOLN, PUTNAM, KOSCIUSKO, *and many officers of the army of all grades.*

WAYNE—[*to* GEN. GREENE.] Is the war ended
Or is it not?

GREENE—It ought to be.
Last November, the Commissioners of
The powers signed peaceful treaties in Paris.
It is now a month since we shouted ourselves
Hoarse over the report—just then at hand—
That the King in December, said to his
Opening Parliament, that,—the treaties
Ratifying,—he had granted Independence;
Further, he had given official proclamation
Of the signing; and later had directed
That hostilities cease from January
Twentieth—when treaties became effective.
What further assurance can there be
That the war is ended?[1]

WAYNE—It is a year and a half since Yorktown;
This lazy inactivity is bad for

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[1] See Note 1, Scene 4.

Our army; more, it is dangerous!
Strong men will seek engagement; and the Devil
Will furnish it, if the Saints do not.

KNOX—Wayne, you closed the strife.
The Maryland line of your command, in
September,—six months ago,—assaulted
John's Island. Here Captain Wilmot fell,
Expiring in the gallant Kosciusko's arms.
In regular combat, he the dismal
Record ended. On the soil of Massachusetts,
The first sacrifice to liberty, and
On that of South Carolina, the last,
Found heroic graves.[2] Charleston was abandoned
To us in December. Only New York City
Holds, to-day an English soldier.

WAYNE—The record is as you have stated.
It is likely now to remain unchanged,
Until New York is free.

GREENE—Has Asgill suffered?
In the South I heard of this affair.

KNOX—The King and Queen of France
Pleaded for him; and Vergennes was aiso
Advocate with them. Washington thus beset,
Asked Congress to decide; by their decree,
In November last, Asgill was released,
And lives. But for peace and its healing,
Ere this, he were chambered with the worms.[3]

MOULTRIE—It is not reconciliation,
And future amity with former enemies,
Which engross us now. Are we at peace at home?

CARROLL—This gathering answers you, that we are not.

MOULTRIE—And why not?

CARROLL—The army is clamoring for payment.
The soldiers expected it, with the
Final decrees. It has not come!
But this meeting has.

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[2] September, 1782, an attack was made on John's Island, South Carolina, and Capt. Wilmot was killed. He died in the arms of Kosciusko. He was the last to fall during the war.—*Lossing.*

December 14, 1782, Charleston was evacuated, as Savannah had been the 11th of July before.—*Fiske.*

[3] See Note 4, Scene 3, and Note 6, Scene 4.

WAYNE—The soldier is entitled
To what he now demands.
If he has not earned his hire,
Was there ever man who did?
KNOX—No one will dispute your allegation.
But if Congress has not the means, then the
Impossible cannot be done; and so,
The warrior must wait like others.
GREENE—One complaint is,
That Congress is dumb to all appeals. Months
Ago, it was petitioned from the army;
Nothing has been done thereon.[4]
KNOX—And shall that justify our mutiny?
GREENE—Never!
The army may not now, Saturn-like,
Destroy its offspring. Still, this assembly
Gives token of deep feeling. The best are here!
Yonder is Kosciusko. Illustrious engineer!
His embankments were our shield at Saratoga,
And on every field in the Carolinas.
To me, his ready spade was often worth
More than batteries.[5] There is Lincoln the
Conservative, yet now excited with
The rest; and Putnam, and Gates, who—
MOULTRIE—I have observed,
That when any deviltry was brewing
Gates was in it. At Valley Forge, as I
Remember, there was once great outcry made
Against our Washington. The voice of Gates
Was heard. Now, again Washington
Is secretly assailed!
GREENE—Not so! By Heavens, I say not so!
Who dares attack our General?
MOULTRIE—Look at your circular,—
This anonymous address to the army,

[4] The army, about to be dissolved [now March, 1783], was clamoring for payment. In January, 1783 [and theretofore] they had sent an address to Congress, but nothing came of it.—*Irving*.

[5] Kosciusko was with Greene all through his Southern campaign.

Which is foundation for this conclave[6].

[*Takes from his pocket a printed circular address. So do the other officers. Many of the assembled group have them in their hands, and are readiug them and discussing them (in pantomime) among themselves.*]

I observe you all have the document.
So have the others. See!

[*Sweeps his hand toward the group of officers, who are reading and debating in secret.*]

This paper has been well distributed,
And become the fashion of the time.
What is it, but a secret bid for mutiny?
During many weeks, discontent has been
Encouraged, even to the verge of madness;
And boldly has the threat been made, that we
Who are here in arms, would not sheathe the sword,
Till we were paid.

WAYNE—A good resolve,
If payment is a possibility;
Infamous, if it is not.

MOULTRIE—There spoke a wise man and a patriot!
But to resume. While the blood of all is
Flowing at red-heat, comes this address, which
In your hands you hold. We are therein told,
That "we must appeal to the fears of Congress;
Force the agents of the people to do
This thing demanded." What call you this?
I pause for an answer.

KNOX and WAYNE—[*in unison.*] It is treason!
Treason against the State!

MOULTRIE—You have spoken well. We have given
Birth to a grand political power.
It may be the grandest of the earth.
We are now advised to throttle it.
Refusing to disband and go quietly
To our homes, we are urged to tramp the country
As armed bands, and to take at will.

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[6] Various addresses were sent anonymously at this time [March, 1783], through the army, arousing them to a sense of their alleged wrongs. The soldiers were told to enforce their demands upon Congress. To appeal to its [Congress] fears, and to suspect the man who advised any other way. [This clearly meant Washington.]—*Frost; also Weems.*

CARROLL—Our defeat by England would have been
A blessing against this consummation.
MOULTRIE—[*reading from the circular address.*]
This precious document recites:
"Is the country willing to reward your
Services, or rather to insult your cries?
If you have sense enough, while still you wear
Your swords, to oppose tyranny,
Awake to the situation!"
GREENE—This is damnable! I have not
Earlier grasped this controversy.
[*Loud mutterings are heard from the group of officers. A voice: "We will be compensated or be avenged!" Many cry, "We will! We will!"*
MOULTRIE—[*pointing to the group.*]
Listen to that, you leaders!
Tremble for your country, though crowned with
Victory. Your ears tell you, how closely this
Subtle poison creeps to the hearts of patriots.
Let me further read. Precious paper! who
Loaded you with thought I know not; but this
I know,—he was at heart a villain.
[*Continues his reading.*]
"Appeal"—lose not this, I beg! "Appeal from
The justice, to the fears of the Government;
And suspect the man who would advise,
Forbearance."
Who is this man to be suspected?
Again I pause.
KNOX, CARROLL and GREENE [*in unison.*]
Washington! Washington!
MOULTRIE—[*looking up.*] Oh, God of Justice!
Has it come to this? That he, who, from the
First until the end has stood foremost,
Ready, if demanded, to make his body
The bulwark of the State, should, as his reward,
Reach the goal of foul suspicion. He is
To be suspected, if he favors not revolt?
GREENE—You have made good your words.
Washington herein is secretly assailed.
CARROLL—Fear not. This meeting
Was to assemble on Tuesday last. Our

Chief apprised, and ready for any danger
When apprised, forbade the meeting then,
And called it for to-day, at noon. This is
Saturday, the fifteenth of March; and I
Will never more prediction make, if he
Scatters not this infamy.

WAYNE—Will Washington attend?

CARROLL—He will. He is due already.

[*The assembled officers arrange themselves, as if to be in order for business, and* GEN. GATES *assumes the chair as president of the meeting.*]

CARROLL—[*looking toward the entrance.*]
His Excellency General Washington!

[GATES *winces with surprise, and all are startled.*]

[*Enter* WASHINGTON.][7]

WASHINGTON [*looking around the room and laying off his cloak, which* MOULTRIE *receives.*]
Gentlemen! If any apology
Is needed for my presence, it is, that
While a great calamity is impending,
I may not be silent. This anonymous
Address, which with others calls us into
Meeting here, is fit to proceed from no
One but a British emissary.
It has stirred your hearts profoundly, for the
Author is skilled in rhetoric. A word
Upon your grievances. I know, they are
Many and are just. But, would you do a
Greater wrong because a lesser one prevails?
I was among the first to embark in
The cause of our Country! I have never
Left your side. I cannot be indifferent
To your distresses. Compulsion now, will

[7] A meeting of the officers was to be held March 11, 1783. Washington adjourned the meeting till March 15, at noon, in the "New Building," Newburgh. Washington came unexpectedly to the meeting, and Gates winced at his presence. Gates was called to the chair, and Washington addressed them. Advised moderation and offered to do what he could for them within the law and reason. When he put on his spectacles to read a letter from a member of Congress and said, "I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind," there were many in tears. Washington, having concluded his remarks, retired, and upon motion of Knox, seconded by Gen. Putnam, the meeting unanimously agreed to follow the advice of Washington.—*Irving; also Bancroft.*

Further remove the attainment of your
Ends. In all legal ways, you may command
My services. But let me conjure you,
As you value your honor, to put away
With horror the man who attempts to open
The floodgates of civil discord, and to
Deluge our rising Empire in blood.
Congress is well disposed toward the army;
And the proof is in my hand, from a
Member of that body, which I will read.

[*Takes a letter from his pocket, attempts to read it, and fails. Then draws from his pocket a pair of spectacles.*]

[*To the audience.*] You will pardon me,
I know, that I am compelled to pause,
To put these glasses on.

[*Puts on the glasses.*]

I have grown gray in your service,
And now find myself growing blind.

[*Reads.*]

"I will say that Congress is powerless,
To do as the army demands; but it
Is the firm resolve, that so far as
Possible, the soldiers shall be justly
Dealt with."

[*Looking over the audience.*]

I have no more to say.
There can be no need of more.

[WASHINGTON *retires.*]

[*Many of the officers are in tears. Some cry,* "WASHINGTON! WASHINGTON!"]

KNOX—I offer this resolution:
"The officers of the American Army,
View with abhorrence, and reject with disdain,
The infamous propositions, contained
In the late anonymous address to them."

[*Loud cheering and cries of "Yes! Yes!"*]

KNOX—Clearly, the resolution
Prevails, and this meeting ends.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE VI. *New York City. Reception room in Fraunces' Tavern (same as Scene IV, Act II.). Time: December 4, 1783.*

Enter GEN. WAYNE, STEUBEN, *and* CARROLL.

WAYNE—We are in advance of our comrades.
Surely, it is not because we would
Hasten this sad hour.
STEUBEN—To me the heaviest, of years.
CARROLL—It gives no buoyancy to the heart,
To part—perhaps forever—from our
Washington. How well I remember, his
Last meeting with the officers in March.
It was after the Newburgh addresses
Had been circulated, advising mutiny.
Washington said—like his only
Greater Prototype—"Peace, be still," and
Youthful treason slunk away.[1]
WAYNE—He has since done a work as grand!
STEUBEN—Great deeds fall from him,
Like seeds from a farmer's palm. Still, I know
Not, to what you specially refer.
WAYNE—In April last, Congress
Gave forth the official proclamation,
That war was ended. On the nineteenth
Was this announcement made; the Anniversary
Of Lexington, and the eighth year thereafter.
STEUBEN—I well remember that.
WAYNE—Hardly had the ink
Released the absorbing sands upon this
Document, when Washington issued his
Circular letters to the Governors.
It was in June that his ever-watchful soul,—
Through the eyes of care,—saw the dangers, now
Quickly gathering over the infant republic.
He spoke for a stronger union. This has
Long been his text. Unless he is heeded,
We may all yet be charged with being fools;

[1] See Notes 6 and 7, Scene 5.

For years engaged in making a fool's
Great holiday.[2]

CARROLL—I do regard this
As a step of supreme moment. His appeal
Was to the Governor of every State. I
Now regard the pith: "It is indispensable,
That there should be lodged somewhere a supreme
Power to govern the republic; without which,
The Union cannot long endure, and all
Things tend to anarchy." The statesman, here
Rises to the zenith; the soldier, having
Gone with the brightest laurels that the sword
Had ever won.

STEUBEN—This is Thursday,
And the fourth of December. Nine days ago,
The Briton gave us his parting blessings,
And sailed away. Then our triumphant
Washington came in.[3] That was a day, as
Bright with sunshine as this is dark. For the
Day is dark to me, that brings the command—
And so this is charged—to say farewell to
Washington. Now he says, "Good-by" to us;
And then to Congress in Annapolis,
He will forthwith yield up his commission.
Such is his intention.

[*Enter* KNOX, GREENE, LINCOLN, KOSCIUSKO, MOULTRIE, GATES, LEE, PUTNAM, STARK, GEO. CLINTON, HAMILTON, *and thirty more. All stand in silence.*]

[*Enter* WASHINGTON, *who takes his place beside a table with a decanter of wine and glasses upon it.*]

WASHINGTON—[*in silence pouring out a glass of wine and raising it.*][4]
With this pledge of enduring affection,

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[2] After peace was formally declared by Congress on April 19, 1783, the eighth anniversary of Lexington, Washington issued a circular letter to all the Governors of the States, advocating a stronger union of the States, and for a central supreme power to enforce legislation and execute its laws.—*Irving*.

[3] November 25, 1783, the British under Carleton evacuated New York City, and with them the last British soldier left American soil. Washington, on the same day, riding by the side of George Clinton, the Governor of the State, came into and took possession of the city.—*Ridpath*.

[4] The officers of the army were gathered in Fraunce's Tavern, December 4, when Washington entered. There was absolute silence. Washington pouring

I greet you for the last time.
[*Drains the glass and sets it down.*]
With a heart full of love and gratitude,
I now take leave of you. May your
Latter days be as prosperous and happy
As your former ones have been glorious!
I shall be obliged if each of you,
Will come and take me by the hand.
[KNOX (*tears rolling down his cheeks*) *steps forward and they embrace and kiss each other. Then so with all.* WASHINGTON *in silence withdraws. Two by two, in linked arms, all retire.*]

SCENE VII. *Drawing Room, Mount Vernon.*[1] *Time: March 28, 1785; afternoon. A center table and chairs in the room.*

Enter two Commissioners of the State of Virginia, and three of Maryland.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Here, in the home
Of Washington, must we seek for the
Prescription, to heal the disorders of
The State.
SECOND COMMISSIONER—We shall not seek
Unadvisedly. Washington has long
Been committed to the only remedy;—
A strong Union of States, with power to
Enforce its laws. This "Confederation,"
Born in eighty-one, has run its course to
Failure. It did well as the first step;
But not for the second.
FIRST COMMISSIONER—The first step
Was one of sentiment; the sentiment

---

out a glass of wine, drank it as a pledge of affection. He then said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. May your latter days be prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious! I shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Knox (his eyes in tears) stepped forward and they embraced and kissed, and so did all in perfect silence to the end. December 23, 1783, Washington resigned his commission to Congress at Annapolis.—*Irving.*

[1] Much more than a year had now run (March, 1785) since Washington had given up his military commission, and come home to Mount Vernon as a private citizen. The country was meantime ruled by Congress and departmental bureaus, and was gradually drifting into anarchy. Foreigners were predicting the experiment of free government must fail. But for the efforts of Washington in peace, as important as were those in war, it might have done so.

Of Brotherhood! that we would stand together
In union for the war. The war is over;
And this sentiment is now a worthless sham;
Since it extends to this confederation,
No authority for self-protection.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—The "Confederation"
Under which we exist, cannot raise a
Dollar, nor force the enlistment of a
Single soldier. That nation is the sport
Of the winds, which carries not the purse in
One hand, and the sword in the other.
The one to pay its way—and the other
To clear the road.[2]

[*Enter* MARTHA WASHINGTON.]

[MRS. WASHINGTON *bows to the Commissioners, who bow in return.*]

MRS. WASHINGTON—You have business
With the General?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—We have.
Business of great moment.

MRS. WASHINGTON—When you were announced,
I supposed as much; and straightway dispatched
A servant to summon him from the fields.
To-day he is riding over the estates.
It is the spring season, when thrifty planters
Set things in order, to win autumn's bounty.[3]

SECOND COMMISSIONER—We thank you, madam,
For so much consideration.

MRS. WASHINGTON—I was tutored to it,
Through the war. I am a veteran in arms;
And though I did not bear them, I had my
Share of tribulation.
Will all be seated?

[MRS. WASHINGTON *and the Commissioners sit.*]

FIRST COMMISSIONER—We all regret it,
If we have disturbed your plans.

---

[2] The "Confederation and Perpetual Union," which was the civil government adopted in 1781, was a loose union of independent Commonwealths. From the very first the inadequacy of this government was manifest. Congress could only recommend, not enforce. For three years after peace, affairs bordered on chaos.—*Ridpath.*

[3] At Mount Vernon Washington took personal charge. His frequent rides over his estates, his planting and constant supervision, are well known. It was his custom after breakfast to mount his horse and ride to different parts of his estate to see that all were at the post of duty.—*Irving.*

MRS. WASHINGTON—You have disturbed nothing.
I am always delighted to meet
Compatriots. You were in the army?
SECOND COMMISSIONER—Some of us played our parts,
In battles which now are famous.
MRS. WASHINGTON—And so did I.
Not in your way, perhaps, but in my own.
I was with the General in camp at Cambridge.
That was ten years ago. It seems an age
In time, because the few years following,
Were a century in suffering.
Then was the green-leaf season,—when the soldiers
Were inexperienced. The army was
Without discipline,—I think that is what
They called it,—and nothing aggressive could
Be done. Yet, we frightened Howe away from
Boston.
SECOND COMMISSIONER—A pitched battle
Could have done no more.
MRS. WASHINGTON—I remember,
The General said as much. The next year came
That awful march across New Jersey, and
That fight at Trenton in the storm. I was
Not with my husband then; but felt these trials,
As if in the din. I have never forgiven
General Lee—I mean Charles Lee—for his conduct
At that time; and I never shall! I hope
I am telling no forbidden secrets,
In the absence of the General?

[*Laughing.*]

FIRST COMMISSIONER—It is history now.
MRS. WASHINGTON—And Valley Forge!
The horrors of that winter! Through nearly
All, I was in camp. We occupied the
House of Isaac Potts; a good Quaker soul.
I can now shut my eyes, and see the
Panorama painted with the brush of
Tragedy. In our woe, Congress was active
With complaints, and sluggish with needed aid.
It was then, that cruel men added
Conspiracy to our many burdens.[4]

[4] The Conway-Mifflin cabal. See Note 12, Scene 3, Act I.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—It was a base conspiracy,
To supersede Washington.
MRS. WASHINGTON—And through it all,
He was so uncomplaining! I lost my
Patience, if he did not his. Oh, how
Differently I would have reckoned with those men.
SECOND COMMISSIONER—The world knows his suffer-
ings;
And time will not outrun its memory.
He knew his course, and kept it undismayed.
So some tall ship sails on a glassy sea,
And still straight onward goes, regardless of
The ice cakes which gather round her prow.
MRS. WASHINGTON—In every happy thought
Violets bloom. I thank you for your sentiment.
Morristown gave me shelter, in that awful
Winter! Then Mrs. Ford's mansion was our home.
I cannot tell you of all my visits
To the army,—nor do you care to know.
I supped my full cup of horrors. At
New Windsor and at Newburgh, I was the
Season through. The fright that came to me,
When mutiny was in the air! I tremble,
Even now, referring to it. The trouble
It brought the General was surpassed by no
Other trial.[5] Not even Arnold's treason
Weighed more heavily; and that is much to say.
I may whisper to you, in confidence,
That at Tappan—the night before poor Andre
Died—my husband walked the portico,
All that night long, in agony.[6]
FIRST COMMISSIONER—Indeed, madam,
We now comprehend that you are in truth
A veteran in arms, and have had your share
Of tribulations.
MRS. WASHINGTON—The war is over now;
Let us hope, never to be revived upon
This stricken land. More than a year has passed,
Since my husband, to Congress, at Annapolis,

[5] Referring to the excitement over the anonymous addresses at Newburg. See Notes 6 and 7, Scene 5.

[6] See Note 1, Scene 10, Act III.

Gave his commission back. How thankful I
Was for that! In this retreat, we since have
Found that pleasant peace, which puts gratitude
Ill at ease, when for repayment, it is
Limited to words. I am jealous lest
This peace may be again invaded.
I hope you come with no such intention.
Excuse me, if I ask, what is your
Business with the General?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Your fears are pardonable; and
So we all do pardon them. Be not disturbed!
In substance, we seek to take, from here, nothing
More weighty than his advice. You will be
No poorer from this loss, though the nation
Will be much richer from gaining it.

MRS. WASHINGTON—This is a relief to know.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—Other sorrows than
Andre's execution often forbade
Sleep to Washington?

MRS. WASHINGTON—The world will never know,
How many nor how heavy those sorrows were.
The suffering of the army, was his own.
The dangers of the State, were his personal
Misfortunes. Do what I could, he always
Made them so. How many hundred times,
Like some dark sentinel within our room,
He has kept his weary tread till break of day,—
Heaven and I alone, have the record!
This rest-disturbing grief, came at periods
Of disaster; as woe invades the
Helpless flocks in seasons of great storms.
I suppose it was to be,—and for the
Best ordained. Indeed, I hope so! I often
Wonder if posterity will appreciate
Our labors, or be worthy of them.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—If a just God rules,—
And Holy Writ so teaches,—great must be
The punishment, if it does not.

[*Enter* GEN. WASHINGTON. *All rise to receive him.*]

WASHINGTON—[*bowing to all.*] Gentlemen, if

I have kept you waiting, you have not failed
Of entertainment, as I see.
[*Bows with deference to* MRS. WASHINGTON.]
FIFTH COMMISSIONER—And so agreeable, that to end
It, is a pleasure suddenly cut off.
[MRS. WASHINGTON *bows and retires.*]
WASHINGTON—Again be seated.
[*All sit down.*]
You have traveled far, good friends,—for I know
Where stand the homes you came from,—to visit me.
THIRD COMMISIONER—We are Commissioners—
From the States of Virginia and Maryland
Accredited—to quiet matters upon
The Chesapeake. These waters wash two States;
And conflicting interests, bring forth the ugly
Fact, that these two States are, to each other,
Foreign territory.[7]
WASHINGTON—I comprehend your mission. Trade
Demands laws, fixed and safe, for her enlargement.
The thirteen colonies, each jealous of
The other's jurisdiction, still confine
Commerce within bonds which it strains to bursting.
In the end, this must surely terminate.
The Confederation of these States,—useless

[7] Certain questions arose between Maryland and Virginia as to the respective rights of each State over the waters of the Chesapeake. They appointed Commissioners to meet at Alexandria to settle these questions in March, 1785. These Commissioners, March 28, 1875, made a visit to Washington at Mount Vernon, and there in consultation with Washington entered into more important plans. This was the first step toward the Constitution of the United States. By advice of Washington an appeal was made to Virginia, and this State invited all the others into a convention to promote commerce and their mutual interests. Such a convention assembled at Annapolis, September, 1786, but found itself powerless to accomplish what all desired. This convention, however, agreed upon a report, and laid it before Congress, recommending that body to call a general convention of all the States, with power to amend the "Articles of Confederation." Congress approved of this recommendation, and called a general convention of the States, which met at Philadelphia, May, 1787. This was the Constitutional Convention of the nation, which gave us our present Constitution. Its deliberations closed September 17, 1787, and the Constitution proposed was laid before Congress [then sitting in New York City], and by Congress submitted to the States for approval, and to be ratified and operative when nine States voted for it. It was then a fearful fight for and against it in all the States. Washington was a Hercules for its approval. The ninth State was New Hampshire, which approved it June 21, 1788, and the "Constitution of the United States" was born. By it the election for President and Vice-President was to be held in January, 1789. The election was held as directed by law and electors chosen. The new Government was to go into operation March 4, 1789. But such was the delay that Congress did not come together to count the electoral vote till April. It was then found that George Washington was unanimously chosen President, and John Adams had a majority for Vice-President. These officers were inaugurated April 30, 1789.—(*Condensed*) *Frost.*

As this has now become,—and then the signal
Fly, for standing armies in each petty
Province, with clashing systems of foreign
Politics. Since peace was proclaimed, we have
Drifted like a huge hulk at sea, without
Sails or rudder. Congress, with its bureaus,
Has governed, and poorly, as we all know.
This cannot long continue.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—He, who conducted
Us safely through the ways of war, is best
Equipped to open the paths of peace.
This equipment, is the confidence of
His countrymen. We ask from Washington,
The remedy for our confederated ills.
What shall it be?

WASHINGTON—Upon one platform I have ever stood:—
For a strong and central government, which
Can legislate for all, and with the power
To enforce its legislation. This, and
This alone, will make us a nation.
For this I pleaded while the war was on;
And ever since have urged it. We are
A united people or we are not!
If the former, in matters of general
Importance let us act as a nation.
If the States, separately attempted to
Regulate affairs—common to each—then,
A many-headed monster will devour us.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—These views,—
To which all here assent,—it enforced,
Will give a shield of safety.
But how to give them action?

WASHINGTON—By a general
Convention of the States; which shall arrange
A written compact acceptable;
And under which, all unite as one.
Virginia, may be induced to take this
First step—the invitation that others
Join her, in this consultation.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—May it be heralded,
That Washington so advises.

WASHINGTON—It may.

And to this, upon proper occasions,
I will further endorsement give.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—At best, two years
Shall come and go before accomplishment.
The States, aroused to duty, must through their
Legislatures speak; and so a year will run.
The convention—if assembled—will tax
Another year, in work and ratification.

WASHINGTON—It may be so!
But if that is the best then do it.
We dare not wait for some better time to come!
Yesterday we were not; to-morrow we
Will not be; only to-day is ours. Then,
To-day press the work demanded from our hands.
Thus acting, we are loyal to ourselves,
And duty.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—[*looking inquiringly at his associates.*]
We are all contented,
Here to take our cue, and push this matter
As to-day instructed.[8]

[*All bow in acquiescence.*]

[*Enter three servants, bearing cake, wine, and fruits, which they place upon the center table. They hand filled glasses of wine, and cake and fruits to all the guests (who accept) and last to* WASHINGTON, *who accepts a glass of wine.*]

WASHINGTON—This wine, gentlemen,
Was imported, and must speak for itself;
The fruits are my own raising; and for them
I will speak in pride and praise.[9]

FIRST COMMISSIONER [*raising his glass.*]
I ask you, [*looking toward his colleagues.*]
To join me, in the wish for long and happy
Years to General and Mrs. Washington.

[*They all drain their glasses, which the waiter receives.*]

WASHINGTON—You are very kind to us.

---

[8] See Note 7.

[9] Washington took the greatest delight in his fruits, his groves, and shrubbery. —*Irving.*

Before you go, I must show you over
My many acres. Nature, I think, has
Endowed me with my share of boasting, and
Here I lavish it. I will take you to
Bubbling springs of sweetest waters; to plants,
Which exude the juices of the tropics;
To bowers of rarest flowers, breathing
Odors forth that make the air ambrosial.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—We shall regard it,
As a day to be marked with a white stone,—
Ever suggestive of sweetest memories,—
To be thus indulged. We have all heard much
Of the rural excellence of Mount Vernon;
Its stock incomparable, and many
Other things.

WASHINGTON—You shall see them for yourselves.
I am proud of my horses, my cattle,
And my flocks; which though few,—as becomes a
Virginia planter,—are the source of daily
Pleasure.[10] My broad tobacco fields lie close
To the heart, for in importance their yield
Crowns all the rest.[11] He who loves agriculture
Loves the grandest of occupations.
The first shovel-maker leads all benefactors.[12]
You shall go with me to my favorite oak!
Which, born about my time, has with my years
Kept friendly pace: under its shade, Lafayette
And Rochambeau have given company.
But, too much like the world, it now requites
My care with haughty head and proud upstanding,
While I creep, bending, to its side.
Please to follow me!

[*All retire.*]

---

[10] On his four farms Washington had 54 horses, 12 mules, 317 head of black cattle, and 360 sheep, with a large number of swine.—*Irving.*

[11] The staple yield of Mount Vernon was tobacco.

[12] "I am more and more pleased with agriculture," he wrote, "I find no pursuit so filled with satisfaction. How much more delightful the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vainglory from a career of conquest!" —*Irving.*

SCENE VIII. *Philadelphia. Vestibule in Independence Hall. Time: September 14, 1788.*

Enter WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, THOMAS MIFFLIN, JOHN ADAMS, *and* JAY.

FRANKLIN—We have passed three years
Of great anxiety, and come forth the victors.
In peace or in war, this people find
Equal favor.
MIFFLIN—Strong men have opposed our labors.
ADAMS—And being narrow-minded
And short of vision, have been floored,—as was
The proper thing. In eighty-five, the King
Of England received me, as the Minister
Of a nation tied with a rotten string.
Now—should I return to him again—he
Would receive me, as an agent of a
Power, firm-bound in iron.
JAY—I was early for the constitution.
WASHINGTON—Yesterday, Congress in New York,
Completed the civic arch of power,
By fixing upon the seventh of January
Next, for the general election; and the
Fourth of March as the day, when—by
Inauguration of the Executive-elect—
Our new compact shall become a living force.[1]
MIFFLIN—It took Congress two months after the
Constitution was born, to do this little.
Thankful we should be, that a new body
Of representatives,—with duties well defined,—
Gives promise of more activity.
FRANKLIN—The steps, though slow, have been
Deliberate and sure, to our present
Station. In September, eighty-six, the
Commissioners at Annapolis—whom
Washington pushed forward to feel the way—
Gave their advice for a general convention.
It was the first great step; and this is
Always the step that counts. Congress gave its

[1] See Note 7, Scene 7. Congress was sitting in New York, September, 1788, and on the 13th, under the ratified Constitution, selected January, 1789, as the time for a general election.

Sanction, and the general convention of
All the people met here in Philadelphia—
In May, eighty-seven.[2]

JAY—These dates are correct.

ADAMS—And deliberations here, extended
From May until September of that year,
When the constitution came forth, a grand
Achievement. Not of the convention,
I am permitted to praise it.

JAY—Nor was I a member.
But great men were there! It is enough to say
That Washington [*bows to* WASHINGTON] guided it as helmsman,
And that Franklin [*bows to* FRANKLIN] laid the course.
Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, and other
Giants were there, of a younger generation.

WASHINGTON—Monroe was with me at Trenton;
Madison and Hamilton bore arms.
Their years are proving their youth.

FRANKLIN—Approved by Congress
And submitted to the States,—then came the
Surprising struggle for the year ensuing.
Surprising, that so many opposed, who
Should have given hearty commendation.
Patrick Henry and Harry Lee assailed it.
Hamilton and Madison offset them
In this year of combat. So the contest
Was divided, between men of all degrees.
The hand of Washington was raised for
Approval; and this hand beat all the others down!
[WASHINGTON *bows.*]
Nine States were required to ratify;—and
June twenty-first, eighty-eight, New Hampshire
Completed this number. Happy day and
Happy State, to set the magic wheels in
Motion, which should now roll onward,
While time shall run!

WASHINGTON—Anxiety, drops like a mantle
From shoulders weary of their burden.
Nothing but suicidal hands,—self-nurtured

[2] See Note 7, Scene 7.

For self-slaughter, can shake the nation now,
From its broad foundations.
My labors of this life are done!

JAY—Labors, that sap life with exciting fears,
Are doubtless done. May they be so! for of
Such, you have borne a part colossal,—
Like that of Hercules. But other labors,
More agreeable, which run in the paths of peace,—
I doubt if they are done!

FRANKLIN—And so I doubt.

MIFFLIN—And I.

ADAMS—And I.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *New York City. Balcony of City Hall, on Wall Street, facing Broad. Time: April 30, 1789. A table with a crimson cover stands within the balcony. Upon the table an open Bible. The street in front is lined with soldiers, and back of them filled with cheering people.*

Enter (*upon the balcony*) ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, *Chancellor of the State of New York, dressed in his robes of office, and* GEN. KNOX.

KNOX—The people spoke at the late election,
As was foreseen. Washington had no
Competitor for President.
A wise and just selection.

LIVINGSTON—A smaller vote fell to Adams,
For second place; but it was enough.
Already he has taken the oath, and is
Vice-President, before the
Chief Executive has sworn.

KNOX—Washington had a
Longer road to travel;—and was delayed?

LIVINGSTON—Delayed by flowers,
With which affection clogged his way!
That was a reception at Trenton,
Which shall become memorable.

KNOX—The fourth of March, is fixed by the
Constitution for inauguration?

LIVINGSTON—But not till April sixth,
Was the Senate, in assembled quorum,
Ready to count the votes, in the presence of
The nation's representatives. Behold
In this delay,—upon a matter of such
Weight,—the vastness of our domain!
There is a full month of after-time, because
Of the many miles from circumference to
This spot:—to-day the all-important center.

[*Great cheering is heard, and drums roll along the military lines.*]

KNOX—That is the signal.
The President-elect is here!

[LIVINGSTON *takes his position beside the table upon which lies the Bible. The cheering continues.*]

[*Enter (upon the balcony)* WASHINGTON, *escorted by* JOHN ADAMS, *and followed by Generals, Senators and Representaives.*]

[ADAMS *conducts* WASHINGTON *to the table on the opposite side of which stands* LIVINGSTON. ADAMS *takes position on the right of* WASHINGTON. KNOX *stands behind him, with* STEUBEN *and many others. Vociferous cheering from the street below.* LIVINGSTON *raises his hands to the people, and all are still.*]

LIVINGSTON—[*to* WASHINGTON.] The time has come,
For you to take the oath of office, as
President of the United States.
WASHINGTON—I am ready.
LIVINGSTON—Will you lay your hand upon the Bible?

[WASHINGTON *does so.*]

And repeat the oath prescribed by the Constitution?
WASHINGTON [*repeats the oath as follows:*]
"I do solemnly swear, that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect,

WASHINGTON. I do solemnly swear that I will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help me God.

LIVINGSTON. Long live George Washington, President of the United States.

and defend the Constitution of the United States."

[WASHINGTON *adding to the oath.*]

So help me God!

[WASHINGTON *bows reverently and kisses the open Bible.*]

LIVINGSTON—[*stepping forward and facing the multitude in the streets.*]

Long live George Washington,
President of the United States!

[*Vociferous cheering; flags wave; drums roll; bells ring and cannons boom.*]

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

[END OF ACT V. PART II.]

THE END.

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